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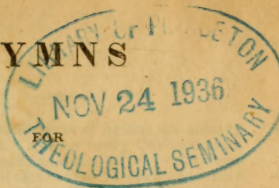








# HYMNS



## CHRISTIAN MELODY.

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SELECTED  
FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

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Be filled with the Spirit—teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs—singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord.—*Apostle Paul.*

Free Will Baptists

BOSTON :  
PUBLISHED BY DAVID MARKS,  
For the Free-will Baptist Connection.

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1835.

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## PREFACE.

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MANY choice collections of hymns are already before the public. Almost every Christian sect has its Hymn Book, adapted to its own convenience. Nor can this course be a bad one, since it is the duty of all Christians to do what lies in their power to promote the kingdom of Christ on earth.

This publication is designed to furnish churches of the Free-will Baptist Connection with a Hymn Book, combining a sufficient variety of matter with a convenient arrangement of subjects; and possessing sentiments consistent with their views of Scripture doctrine. Such a work was thought to be much needed. Our last General Conference expressed views of this nature, and requested their publishing committee to compile and publish a suitable Hymn Book for the use of the Connection.

The following is the result of their labors. It is not supposed to be perfect. Yet no pains have been spared to render it as free from fault as the time allowed for its preparation would admit. In selecting from a large number of authors, however, some expressions may have passed, that would allow of a change for the better. But, in general, we believe the sentiments are Scriptural.

Parts of hymns that were exceptionable, or of little value, have been freely omitted. But hymns that could not be admitted without considerable alteration, have been laid aside for others more suitable.

As this was designed to be a standard work for the Connection, those pieces only have been sought, which possess poetic merit. Experience has proved, that no composition of an inferior character can long be used to edification. Yet, under several heads, sacred poetry could not be found which had the desirable qualities. The

## PREFACE.

only course, then, was, to omit putting hymns under those heads, or use such as could be obtained. On some subjects, very many hymns appeared to be almost equally worthy. And some may be disappointed to find their favorite hymns left out. But, as others, too, have their favorite hymns, and many must be omitted, it became necessary to make that selection which promised the greatest usefulness. Some may have been retained instead of better ones that have been rejected, though it is hoped such instances are not frequent.

For conveniency, the hymns are arranged under heads. The Attributes of God, Characters of Christ, and the Christian Graces, are severally arranged under their heads in alphabetical order. The articles under Scripture Doctrine, the hymns on the Seasons, and a few others, stand in their supposed natural order. Under the other heads, the hymns are, in general, arranged alphabetically.

The Index of Scriptures, and Index of Subjects, are believed to be copious and accurate. An improved Table of First Lines has also been prepared. With these advantages, we hope the book will be found sufficiently convenient.

As many singers desire the names of tunes to be placed over each hymn, they have been inserted. If some do not wish it, no harm is done to them, and to others it may be useful.

When it is considered that the judicious selection and arrangement of one thousand hymns, must be attended with some difficulty, it is hoped the imperfections of our work will not be viewed with an unfriendly eye. Having endeavored to prepare the Hymn Book in that form best calculated to promote the interests of Zion, we would submit it to the candor of our Christian brethren, while we humbly implore the divine blessing on our labors, and on the Israel of God universally.

HENRY HOBBS,  
SAMUEL BEEDE,  
WILLIAM BURR.

} Publishing Committee,  
chosen by the General  
Conference of the Free-  
will Baptist Connection.

*Limerick, April, 1832.*

# H Y M N S.

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## BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

1 L. M. Old Hundred, Lowell.  
*Being of God. Ps. 104.*

1 **T**HERE is a God—all nature speaks,  
Thro' earth, and air, and sea, and skies;  
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,  
When the first beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,  
O'er the wide world's extended frame,  
Inscribes, in characters of light,  
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,  
And trace creation's wonders o'er,  
Confess the footsteps of the God;—  
Bow down before him—and adore.

STEELE.

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2 L. M. Rothwell.

1 **T**HERE is a God, who reigns above,  
Lord of the heaven, and earth, and seas;  
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,  
And with my lips I sing his praise.

2 There is a law which he has writ,  
To teach us all what we must do;  
My soul, to his commands submit,  
For they are holy, just, and true.

3 There is a gospel rich in grace,  
Whence sinners all their comforts draw;  
Lord, I repent and seek thy face,  
For I have often broke thy law.

### 3, 4 BEING AND ATTRIBUTES

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- 4 There is an hour when I must die,  
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come ;  
How many, younger much than I,  
Have passed by death to hear their doom.
- 5 Let me improve the hours I have,  
Before the day of grace is fled ;  
There's no repentance in the grave,  
Nor pardon offered to the dead. WATTS.
- 

3

S. M.

Watchman.

*Compassion of God.* Ps. 103.

- 1 **M**Y soul, repeat His praise,  
Whose mercies are so great ;  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.
- 2 His power subdues our sins,  
And his forgiving love,  
Far as the East is from the West,  
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 3 The pity of the Lord,  
To those that fear his name,  
Is such as tender parents feel ;  
He knows our feeble frame.
- 4 He knows we are but dust,  
Scattered with every breath :  
His anger, like a rising wind,  
Can send us swift to death.
- 5 Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower ;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.
- 6 But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure ;  
And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure. WATTS.
- 

4

L. M.

Nantwich.

*Condescension of God.*

- 1 **T**HY favors, Lord, surprise our souls :  
**I** Will the ETERNAL dwell with us ?  
What canst thou find beneath the poles,  
To tempt thy chariot downward thus ?
- 2 Still might he fill his starry throne,  
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs ;  
But heavenly Majesty comes down,  
And bows to hearken to our tongues



- 3 Great God ! what poor returns we pay,  
 For love so infinite as thine :  
 Words are but air, and tongues but clay,  
 But thy compassion's all divine. WATTS.

5

L. M.

Portugal, Truro.

- 1 UP to the Lord, who reigns on high,  
 And views the nations from afar,  
 Let everlasting praises fly,  
 And tell how large his bounties are.
- 2 He who can shake the worlds he made,  
 Or with his word, or with his rod,—  
 His goodness, how amazing great,  
 And what a condescending God !
- 3 Our sorrows and our tears we pour  
 Into the bosom of our God :  
 He hears us in the mournful hour,  
 And helps to bear the heavy load.
- 4 In vain might lofty princes try  
 Such condescension to perform ;  
 For worms were never raised so high,  
 Above their meanest fellow-worm.
- 5 Oh ! could our thankful hearts devise  
 A tribute equal to thy grace—  
 To the third heaven our songs should rise,  
 And teach the golden harps thy praise.  
 WATTS.

6

L. M.

Old Hundred, Portugal.

*Dominion of God. Ps. 93.*

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns ! he dwells in light,  
 Girded with majesty and might ;  
 The world, created by his hands,  
 Still on its first foundation stands.
- 2 But ere this spacious world was made,  
 Or had its first foundation laid,  
 Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
 Thyself the ever-living God.
- 3 Like floods the angry nations rise,  
 And aim their rage against the skies ;  
 Vain floods, that aim their rage so high !  
 At thy rebuke the billows die.
- 4 For ever shall thy throne endure ;  
 Thy promise stands for ever sure ;

And everlasting holiness  
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

WATTS.

7

S. P. M.

Dalston.

1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,  
And royal state maintains;  
His head with awful glories crowned;  
Arrayed in robes of light,  
Begirt with sovereign might,  
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,  
The world securely stands,  
And skies and stars obey thy word:  
Thy throne was fixed on high,  
Before the starry sky:  
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 Let floods and nations rage,  
And all their powers engage,—  
Let swelling tides assault the sky:  
The terrors of thy frown  
Shall beat their madness down:  
Thy throne for ever stands on high

4 Thy promises are true,  
Thy grace is ever new;  
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove:  
Thy saints, with holy fear,  
Shall in thy courts appear,  
And sing thine everlasting love.

WATTS.

8

C. M.

Arundel, Braintree.

*Eternity of God.*

1 **R**ISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,  
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,—  
And rouse up every tuneful sound,  
To praise the eternal God.

2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,  
Jehovah filled his throne;  
Or Adam formed, or angels made,  
Jehovah lived alone.

3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,  
But still maintain their prime;  
Eternity's his dwelling-place,  
And EVER is his time.

- 4 While like a tide our minutes flow,  
The present and the past—  
He fills his own immortal NOW,  
And sees our ages waste.
- 5 The sea and sky must perish too,  
And vast destruction come ;  
The creatures—look, how old they grow,—  
And wait their fiery doom !
- 6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,  
And flame melt down the skies ;—  
My God shall live an endless day,  
When old creation dies.

WATTS.

9

C. M. St. Ann's, Canterbury.

- 1 **T**HOU didst, O mighty God, exist  
Ere time began its race ;  
Before the ample elements  
Filled up the void of space ;
- 2 Before the ponderous earthly globe  
In fluid air was stayed ;  
Before the ocean's mighty springs  
Their liquid stores displayed.
- 3 And when the pillars of the world  
With sudden ruin break,  
And all this vast and goodly frame  
Sinks in the mighty wreck ;—
- 4 When from her orb the moon shall start,  
The astonished sun roll back ;  
While all the trembling starry lamps  
Their ancient course forsake, —
- 5 For ever permanent and fixed,  
From agitation free,  
Unchanged, in everlasting years,  
Shall thy existence be.

ROWE.

10

L. M. Portugal, Wells, Shoel.

*Faithfulness of God.*

- 1 **Y**E humble saints, proclaim abroad  
The honors of a faithful God ;  
How just and true are all his ways,  
How much above your highest praise !
- 2 He will not his great self deny :  
A God all truth can never lie :  
As well might he his being quit,  
As break his oath or word forget.

## 11, 12 BEING AND ATTRIBUTES

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- 3 Let frightened rivers change their course,  
Or backward hasten to their source ;  
Swift through the air let rocks be hurled,  
And mountains like the chaff be whirled ;—
- 4 Let suns and stars forget to rise,  
Or quit their stations in the skies ;  
Let heaven and earth both pass away,  
Eternal truth shall ne'er decay.
- 5 True to his word, God gave his Son,  
To die for crimes which men had done ;  
Blest pledge ! he never will revoke  
A single promise he has spoke. NEEDHAM.
- 

11

C. M. Barby, Swanwick.

*Goodness of God.* Ps. 145.

- 1 **S**WEET is the memory of thy grace,  
My God, my heavenly King ;  
Let age to age thy righteousness  
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high ; but ne'er confines  
His goodness to the skies :  
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,  
And every want supplies.
- 3 How kind are thy compassions, Lord !  
How slow thine anger moves !—  
But soon he sends his pardoning word,  
To cheer the souls he loves.
- 4 Creatures, with all their endless race,  
Thy power and praise proclaim ;  
But saints, who taste thy richer grace,  
Delight to bless thy name. WATTS.
- 

12

L. M. Nantwich, Orland.

*Goodness of God.* Ps. 103.

- 1 **B**LESS, O my soul, the living God ;  
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ;  
Let all the powers within me join,  
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;  
His favors claim thy highest praise ;  
Why should the wonders he hath wrought  
Be lost in silence and forgot ?
- 3 'Tis he, my soul, who sent his Son,  
To die for crimes which thou hast done ;  
He owns the ransom, and forgives  
The hourly follies of our lives.

- 4 The vices of the mind he heals,  
And cures the pains that nature feels ;  
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves  
Our wasting life from threatening graves.
- 5 Our youth, decayed, his power repairs ;  
His mercy crowns our growing years :  
He satisfies our mouth with good,  
And fills our hope with heavenly food.

WATTS.

13

C. M.

Clarendon.

Nahum i. 7.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, approach your God,  
With songs of sacred praise ;  
For he is good, immensely good,  
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,  
In him we live and move ;  
But nobler benefits declare  
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,  
To ransom rebel worms ;  
'Tis here he makes his goodness known,  
In its divinest forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come ;  
'Tis here our hope relies ;  
A safe defence, a peaceful home,  
When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,  
The souls who trust in thee ;  
Their humble hope thou wilt reward  
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy almighty love  
What honors shall we raise ?  
Not all the raptured songs above  
Can render equal praise.

STEELE.

14

L. M.

Antigua, Blendon.

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, with joy record  
The various wonders of the Lord ;  
And let his power and goodness sound,  
Through all your tribes the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,  
Those spacious fields of brilliant light ;

## 15, 16 BEING AND ATTRIBUTES

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Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,  
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.

- 3 But oh! that brighter world above,  
Where lives and reigns incarnate Love!  
God's only Son, in flesh arrayed,  
For man a bleeding victim made.
- 4 Thither, my soul, with raptures soar;  
There, in the land of praise, adore;  
The theme demands an angel's lay,  
Demands an everlasting day. DODDRIDGE.
- 

15

L. M. Old Hundred, Blendon.

### *Greatness of God.*

- 1 **W**HAT is our God, or what his name,  
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;  
He dwells concealed in radiant flame,  
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.
- 2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,  
Compared with him, how short they fall!  
They are too dark, and he too bright;  
Nothing are they, and God is all.
- 3 He spoke the wondrous word, and, lo!  
Creation rose at his command;  
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,  
Bound in the hollow of his hand.
- 4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres;  
There Nature leans, and feels her prop;  
But his own self-sufficiency bears  
The weight of his own glories up.
- 5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,  
Measuring their changes by the moon;  
No ebb his sea of glory knows;  
His age is one eternal noon.
- 6 Then fly, my song, an endless round,  
The lofty tune let Gabriel raise;  
All nature dwell upon the sound;  
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

WATTS.

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16

L. M. Green's, Nantwich.

Ps. 145.

- 1 **M**Y God, my King, thy various praise  
Shall fill the remnant of my days;  
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,  
Thy death and glory raise the song.

- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear  
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;  
And every setting sun shall see  
New works of duty, done for thee.
- 3 Thy works with boundless glory shine,  
And speak thy majesty divine:  
Let every realm with joy proclaim  
The sound and honor of thy name.
- 4 Let distant times and nations raise  
The long succession of thy praise;  
And unborn ages make my song  
The joy and labor of their tongue.
- 5 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?  
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:  
Vast—and unsearchable thy ways,  
Vast—and immortal be thy praise. WATTS.

17 C. M. Barby, Rochester.  
*Greatness and mercy of God. Ps. 145.*

- 1 **L**ONG as I live I'll bless thy name,  
My King, my God of love;  
My work and joy shall be the same,  
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord; his power unknown;  
And let his praise be great:  
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,  
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;  
And while my lips rejoice,  
The men, who hear my sacred song,  
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,  
And children learn thy ways;  
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,  
And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 The world is managed by thy hands;  
Thy saints are ruled by love;  
And thine eternal kingdom stands,  
Though rocks and hills remove. WATTS.

18 C. M. Abridge, York  
*Holiness of God.*

- 1 **H**OLY and reverend is the name  
Of our eternal King;  
Thrice holy, Lord, the angels cry;  
Thrice holy, let us sing.

- 2 Holy is he in all his works,  
And truth is his delight;  
But sinners and their wicked ways  
Shall perish from his sight.
- 3 The deepest reverence of the mind  
Pay, O my soul, to God;  
Lift with thy hands a holy heart  
To his sublime abode.
- 4 With sacred awe pronounce his name,  
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;  
A broken heart shall please him more  
Than the best forms of speech.
- 5 Thou holy God! preserve my soul  
From all pollution free;  
The pure in heart are thy delight,  
And they thy face shall see.
- RIPPON'S COLL.
- 

## 19

L. M.

Wells, Windham.

- 1 **S**HALL the vile race of flesh and blood  
Contend with their Creator, God?  
Shall mortal worms presume to be  
More holy, wise, or just than he?
- 2 Behold, he puts his trust in none  
Of all the spirits round his throne;  
Their natures, when compared with his,  
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.
- 3 But how much meaner things are they,  
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay!  
Touched by the finger of thy wrath,  
We faint, and vanish like the moth.
- 4 Almighty Power, to thee we bow;  
How frail are we! how glorious thou!  
No more the sons of earth shall dare  
With an eternal God compare.
- WATTS.
- 

## 20

S. M.

Dover, Watchman

*Holiness and vengeance of God.* Ps. 99.

- 1 **E**XALT the Lord our God,  
And worship at his feet; •  
His nature is all holiness,  
And mercy is his seat.
- 2 When Israel was his church,  
When Aaron was his priest,—



When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,—  
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,  
Nor would destroy their race;  
And oft he made his vengeance known.  
When they abused his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,  
Whose grace is still the same:  
Still he's a God of holiness,  
And jealous for his name.

WATTS.

## 21

L. M. Blendon, Monmouth.

*Incomprehensibility of God.*

1 GREAT God! in vain man's narrow view  
Attempts to look thy nature through;  
Our laboring powers with reverence own  
Thy glories never can be known.

2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,  
Who countless years his God has sought,  
Such wondrous height or depth can find,  
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show  
Enough for mortal man to know;  
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,  
Through all thy works and conduct shine.

4 O may our souls with rapture trace  
Thy works of nature and of grace;  
Explore thy sacred name, and still  
Press on to know and do thy will. KIPPIS.

## 22

L. M. Green's Hundredth.

*Incomprehensibility of God.*

1 GOD is a name my soul adores;  
The almighty Three, the eternal One!  
Nature and grace, with all their powers,  
Confess the Infinite Unknown.

2 From thy great self thy being springs:  
Thou art thy own original,  
Made up of uncreated things,  
And self-sufficiency bears them all.

3 Thy voice produced the seas and spheres,  
Ere the waves roar and planets shine;  
But nothing like thyself appears  
Through all these spacious works of thine.

## 23, 24 BEING AND ATTRIBUTES

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- 4 Still restless nature dies and grows ;  
From change to change the creatures run ;  
Thy being no succession knows,  
And all thy vast designs are one. WATTS.
- 

23

C. M.

Bedford, Arlington.

*Infinity of God.*

- 1 **T**HY names, how infinite they be !  
Great, everlasting one !  
Boundless thy might and majesty,  
And unconfined thy throne.
- 2 Thy mysteries of creation lie  
Beneath enlightened minds :  
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,  
And fly before the winds ;
- 3 Reason may grasp the massy hills,  
And stretch from pole to pole ;  
But half thy name our spirit fills,  
And overloads our soul.
- 4 In vain our haughty reason swells,  
For nothing's found in thee  
But boundless inconceivables,  
And vast eternity.

WATTS.

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24

L. M.

Wells.

*Invisibility of God.*

- 1 **L**ORD, we are blind, poor mortals, blind ;  
We can't behold thy bright abode ;  
Oh ! 'tis beyond a creature mind,  
To glance a thought half way to God
- 2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky,  
The great Eternal reigns alone ;  
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,  
Nor angels climb the topless throne.
- 3 The Lord of glory builds his seat  
Of gems insufferably bright ;  
And lays, beneath his sacred feet,  
Substantial beams of gloomy night.
- 4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes  
Look through and cheer us from above :  
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,  
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

WATTS.

25

C. M.

Barby, Wantage.

*Kindness of God. Ps. 142.*

- 1 **T**O God I made my sorrows known,  
From God I sought relief;  
In long complaints, before his throne,  
I poured out all my grief.
- 2 My soul was overwhelmed with woes,  
My heart began to break;  
My God, who all my burden knows,  
He knows the way I take.
- 3 On every side I cast mine eye,  
And found my helpers gone;  
While friends and strangers passed me by,  
Neglected and unknown.
- 4 Then did I raise a louder cry,  
And called thy mercy near;  
"Thou art my portion when I die,—  
"Be thou my refuge here."
- 5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low;  
Now let thine ear attend;  
And make my foes, who vex me, know  
I've an Almighty Friend.
- 6 From my sad prison set me free,  
Then shall I praise thy name;  
And holy men shall join with me,  
Thy kindness to proclaim.

WATTS.

26

L. M.

Portugal, Park Street.

*Majesty of God.*

- 1 **D**O thou, my soul, in sacred lays,  
Attempt thy great Creator's praise;  
But, oh! what tongue can speak his fame!  
What mortal verse can reach the theme!
- 2 Before his throne a glittering band  
Of seraphim and angels, stand;  
Ethereal spirits, who, in flight,  
Outwing the active rays of light.
- 3 To God all nature owes its birth;  
He formed this ponderous globe of earth;  
He raised the glorious arch on high,  
And measured out the azure sky.
- 4 In all my Maker's grand designs,  
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines;

His works, through all this wondrous frame,  
Bear the great impress of his name.

- 5 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,  
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing:  
And let his praise employ thy tongue,  
Till listening worlds applaud the song.

UPTON'S SELECTION.

27

C. M.

Arlington, Walsall.

*Long-Suffering of God.*

- 1 **A**ND are we, wretches, yet alive!  
And do we yet rebel!  
'Tis boundless—'tis amazing love,  
That bears us up from hell!
- 2 The burden of our weighty guilt  
Would sink us down to flames;  
And threatening vengeance rolls above,  
To crush our feeble frames.
- 3 Almighty goodness cries—Forbear!  
And straight the thunder stays:  
And dare we now provoke his wrath,  
And weary out his grace?
- 4 Lord, we have long abused thy love,  
Too long indulged our sin;  
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see  
What rebels we have been.
- 5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command,  
No more will we obey;  
Stretch out, O God, thy conquering hand,  
And drive thy foes away. WATTS.

28

S. M.

Watchman, St. Thomas.

*Love and Mercy of God.*

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs  
To an immortal tune;  
Let the wide earth resound the deeds  
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how Eternal Love  
Its chief Beloved chose;  
And bid him raise our ruined race  
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,  
No terror clothes his brow;  
No bolts to drive our guilty souls  
To fiercer flames below.

- 4 'Twas mercy filled the throne,  
And wrath stood silent by—  
When Christ was sent with pardons down,  
To rebels doomed to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,  
Let hopeless sorrow cease;  
Bow to the sceptre of his love,  
And take the offered peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey thy call;  
We lay an humble claim  
To the salvation thou hast brought;  
And love and praise thy name.

29 L. M. Quercy, Duke Street.  
*Majesty and Condescension of God.*

- 1 YE servants of the Almighty King,  
In every age his praises sing:  
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,  
The nations shall his praise repeat.
- 2 Above the earth—beyond the sky,  
Stands his high throne of majesty;  
Nor time nor place his power restrain—  
Nor bound his universal reign.
- 3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,  
Or angels, with their God compare?  
His glories how divinely bright,  
Who dwells in uncreated light!
- 4 Behold his love! he stoops to view  
What saints above and angels do;  
And condescends, yet more, to know  
The mean affairs of men below.
- 5 From dust, and cottages obscure,  
His grace exalts the humble poor;  
Gives them the honor of his sons,  
And fits them for their heavenly thrones.

WATTS.

30 S. M. Watchman.  
*Majesty of God and wickedness of man. Ps.36.*

- 1 WHEN man grows bold in sin,  
My heart within me cries,  
"He hath no faith of God within,  
"Nor fear before his eyes."
- 2 His heart is false and foul,  
His words are smooth and fair;

- Wisdom is banished from his soul,  
And leaves no goodness there.
- 3 He plots upon his bed  
New mischiefs to fulfil:  
He sets his heart, and hands, and head,  
To practise all that's ill.
- 4 But there's a dreadful God,  
Though men renounce his fear;  
His justice, hid behind a cloud,  
Shall one great day appear.
- 5 His truth transcends the sky,  
In heaven his mercies dwell;  
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,  
His anger burns to hell.
- 6 How excellent his love,  
Whence all our safety springs!  
O never let my soul remove  
From underneath his wings! WATTS.

## 31

S. M.

Dover.

*Mercy of God. Ps. 103.*

- 1 **O** BLESS the Lord, my soul;  
Let all within me join;  
And aid my tongue to bless his name,  
Whose favors are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul,  
Nor let his mercies lie  
Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins;  
'Tis he relieves thy pain;  
'Tis he who heals thy sicknesses,  
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,  
When ransomed from the grave;  
He, who redeemed my soul from hell,  
Hath sovereign power to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good,  
He gives the sufferers rest;  
The Lord hath judgment for the proud,  
And justice for the oppressed.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways  
He made by Moses known;  
But sent the world his truth and grace  
By his beloved Son. WATTS

32

C. M.

Lebanon.

*Omniscience and Omnipresence.* Ps. 139.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou, with an unerring beam,  
Surveyest all my powers;  
My rising steps are watched by thee,  
By thee my resting hours.
- 2 My thoughts, scarce struggling into birth,  
Great God, are known to thee;  
Abroad, at home, still I'm enclosed  
With thine immensity.
- 3 To thee the labyrinths of life  
In open view appear;  
Nor steals a whisper from my lips  
Without thy listening ear. BLACKLOCK.

33

L. M.

Portugal.

*Omnipresence.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of spirits! Mighty God!  
Our inmost thoughts are known to thee;  
Thou, Lord, canst hear each idle word,  
And every private action see.
- 2 Could we on morning's swiftest wings  
Pursue our flight through trackless air,  
Or dive beneath deep ocean's springs,  
Thy presence still would meet us there.
- 3 In vain may guilt attempt to fly,  
Concealed beneath the pall of night;  
One glance from thy all-piercing eye  
Can kindle darkness into light.
- 4 Search thou our hearts, and there destroy  
Each evil thought, each secret sin;  
And fit us for those realms of joy,  
Where nought impure shall enter in.

*SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.*

34

L. M. 6L.

Morning Hymn.

*God omnipresent and omniscient.* Ps. 139.

- 1 **S**EARCHER of hearts, to thee are known  
The inmost secrets of my breast;  
At home, abroad, in crowds, alone,  
Thou mark'st my rising and my rest,  
My thoughts far off, through every maze,  
Source, stream and issue,—all my ways.
- 2 How from thy presence should I go,  
Or whither from thy Spirit flee,

### 35, 36 BEING AND ATTRIBUTES

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Since all above, around, below,  
Exist in thine immensity?

If, up to heaven I take my way,  
I meet thee in eternal day;—

- 3 If in the grave I make my bed  
With worms and dust, lo, thou art there;  
If on the wings of morning sped;  
Beyond the ocean I repair,  
I feel thine all-controlling will,  
And thy right hand upholds me still.

- 4 Search me, O God, and know my heart;  
Try me; my secret soul survey;  
And warn thy servant to depart  
From every false and evil way;  
So shall thy truth my guidance be  
To life and immortality. MONTGOMERY.
- 

35

L. M.

Bath, Monmouth.

- 1 **C**OULD I so false, so faithless prove,  
To quit thy service and thy love;  
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,  
Or from thy dreadful glory run?
- 2 If up to heaven I take my flight,  
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthroned in light;  
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,  
And Satan groans beneath his chains;—
- 3 If, mounted on a morning ray,  
I fly beyond the western sea;  
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,  
And there arrest thy fugitive;—
- 4 Or should I try to shun thy sight  
Beneath the spreading veil of night;  
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,  
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there. WATTS.
- 

36

C. M.

Walsall, Plymouth.

- 1 **T**HE eye of God is every where  
To watch the sinner's ways;  
He sees who join in humble prayer,  
And who in solemn praise.



- 2 One glance of thine, eternal Lord,  
Can pierce and search us through;  
Nor heaven, nor earth, nor hell afford  
A shelter from thy view!
- 3 The universe, in every part,  
At once before thee lies;  
And every thought of every heart  
Is open to thine eyes.
- 4 Prepare us, Lord, to pray and praise  
With fervent, holy love;  
And fit us, by thy word of grace,  
To worship thee above.

37

C. M.

Wantage, Dundee.

*God is every where.* Ps. 139.

- 1 **I**N all my vast concerns with thee,  
In vain my soul would try  
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee  
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys  
My rising and my rest;  
My public walks, my private ways,  
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,  
Before they're formed within;  
And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!  
Where can a creature hide?  
Within thy circling arms I lie,  
Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,  
And like a bulwark prove,  
To guard my soul from every ill,  
Secured by sovereign love.

WATTS.

38

C. M.

Barby, Ferry.

*Omnipotence of God.*

- 1 **W**HENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?  
And where's our courage fled?  
Has restless sin, and raging hell,  
Struck all our comforts dead?
- 2 Have we forgot the Almighty Name  
That formed the earth and sea?  
And can an all-creating arm  
Grow weary, or decay?

- 3 Treasures of everlasting might  
In our Jehovah dwell;  
He gives the conquest to the weak,  
And treads their foes to hell.
- 4 Mere mortal powers shall fade and die,  
And youthful vigor cease;  
But we, who wait upon the Lord,  
Shall feel our strength increase.
- 5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,  
And taste the promised bliss,  
Till their unwearied feet arrive  
Where perfect pleasure is. WATTS.

39

S. M. Dover, Watchman.

*Power of God.*

- 1 **O**H! the almighty Lord,  
How matchless is his power!  
Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,—  
While all the heavens adore.
- 2 Above the skies he reigns;  
And, with amazing blows,  
He deals insufferable pains  
On his rebellious foes.
- 3 Yet, everlasting God,  
We love to speak thy praise;  
Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,  
The sceptre of thy grace.
- 4 The arms of mighty Love  
Defend our Zion well;  
And heavenly mercy walls us round,  
From Babylon and hell.
- 5 Salvation to the King,  
Who sits enthroned above;  
Thus we adore the God of might,  
And bless the God of love. WATTS.

40

C. M. Plymouth.

*Power and Majesty of God. Ps. 89.*

- 1 **W**ITH reverence let the saints appear,  
And bow before the Lord,  
His high commands with reverence hear,  
And tremble at his word.
- 2 How terrible thy glories rise!  
How bright thy beauties shine!  
Where is the power with thee that vies?  
Or truth compared with thine?

- 3 The northern pole, and southern, rest  
On thy supporting hand ;  
Darkness and day, from east to west,  
Move round at thy command.
- 4 Thy words the raging winds control,  
And rule the boisterous deep ;  
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,  
The rolling billows sleep.
- 5 Heaven, earth, and air, and sea are thine,  
And the dark world of hell :  
How did thine arm in vengeance shine,  
When Egypt durst rebel !
- 6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,  
Yet wondrous is thy grace ;  
While truth and mercy, joined in one,  
Invite us near thy face. WATTS.

41

L. M. Duke Street, Dryden.

*The divine Perfections.*

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,  
His robes are light and majesty ;  
His glory shines with beams so bright,  
No mortal can sustain the sight.
- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe,  
His justice guards his holy law ;—  
His love reveals a smiling face,  
His truth and promise seal the grace.
- 3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,  
And baffles Satan's deep designs ;  
His power is sovereign to fulfil  
The noblest counsels of his will.
- 4 And will this glorious Lord descend,  
To be my Father and my friend ?  
Then let my songs with angels join !  
Heaven is secure, if God be mine. WATTS.

42

L. M. Blendon, Park Street.

*Creation, Providence and Redemption. Ps.135.*

- 1 **G**REAT is the Lord, exalted high,  
Above all powers and every throne ;  
Whate'er he please, in earth or sea  
Or heaven or hell, his hand hath done.
- 2 At his command the vapors rise,  
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar !  
He pours the rain, he brings the wind  
And tempest from his airy store !

- 3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,  
 O Egypt, through thy stubborn land!  
 When all thy first-born, beasts and men,  
 Fell dead by his avenging hand!
- 4 What mighty nations, mighty kings,  
 He slew, and their whole country gave  
 To Israel, whom his hand redeemed,  
 No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave!
- 5 His power the same; the same his grace,  
 That saves us from the hosts of hell;  
 And heaven he gives us to possess,  
 Whence those apostate angels fell. WATTS.

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43 C. M. Colchester, Ferry.  
*Wisdom of God in the formation of Man.* Ps. 139.

- 1 **W**HEN I, with pleasing wonder stand,  
 And all my frame survey,  
 Lord, 'tis thy work! I own thy hand  
 That built my humble clay.
- 2 Heaven, earth, and sea, and fire and wind,  
 Show me thy wondrous skill;  
 But I review myself, and find  
 Diviner wonders still.
- 3 Thy awful glories round me shine,  
 My flesh proclaims thy praise;  
 Lord, to thy works of nature join  
 Thy miracles of grace. WATTS.

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44 C. M. St. John, St. Martin.  
*Praise to the Deity.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of glory, to thy name  
 Immortal praise we give,  
 Who dost an act of grace proclaim,  
 And bid us rebels live.
- 2 Immortal honor to the Son,  
 Who makes thine anger cease;  
 Our lives he ransomed with his own,  
 And died to make our peace.
- 3 To thy Almighty Spirit be  
 Immortal glory given,  
 Whose influence brings us near to thee,  
 And trains us up for heaven.
- 4 Let men, with their united voice,  
 Adore the eternal God,  
 And spread his honors, and their joys,  
 Through nations far abroad.

- 5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,  
 One general song to raise ;  
 Let saints, in earth and heaven, combine  
 In harmony and praise. WATTS

45

C. M.

Arundel

*Trinity.*

- 1 **H**AIL, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !  
 One God in persons three ;  
 Of thee we make our joyful boast,  
 And homage pay to thee.
- 2 Present alike in every place,  
 Thy Godhead we adore :  
 Beyond the bounds of time and space,  
 Thou dwell'st for evermore.
- 3 In wisdom infinite thou art,  
 Thine eye doth all things see ;  
 And every thought of every heart  
 Is fully known to thee.
- 4 Whate'er thou wilt, in earth below,  
 Thou dost, in heaven above ;  
 But chiefly we rejoice to know  
 The Almighty God of love.
- 5 Thou lov'st whate'er thy hands have made ;  
 Thy goodness we rehearse,  
 In shining characters displayed  
 Throughout our universe.
- 6 Mercy, with love, and endless grace,  
 O'er all thy works doth reign ;  
 But mostly thou delight'st to bless  
 Thy favorite creature man.
- 7 Wherefore let every creature give  
 To thee the praise designed ;  
 But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,  
 The hearts of all mankind. METH. COLL.

46

L. M.

Old Hundred, Portugal.

*Unity of God.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL God ! Almighty Cause  
 Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown,  
 All things are subject to thy laws,  
 All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,  
 Of all within itself possessed ;  
 Controlled by none are thy commands ;  
 Thou from thyself alone art blessed.

- 3 To thee alone ourselves we owe :  
 Let heaven and earth due homage pay ;  
 All other gods we disavow,  
 Deny their claims, renounce their sway.
- 4 Spread thy great name through heathen lands ;  
 Their idol deities dethrone ;  
 Reduce the world to thy commands ;  
 And reign, as thou art, God alone.

WILLIAMS'S PSALMS.

## CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

47

C. M.

Braintree, Devizes.

*Creating Wisdom.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,  
 Thee the creation sings ;  
 With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas,  
 And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky !  
 How glorious to behold !  
 Tinged with the blue of heavenly dye,  
 And starred with sparkling gold.
- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,  
 And strike the gazing sight,  
 Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,  
 With terror and delight.
- 4 Almighty power, and equal skill,  
 Shine through the worlds abroad,  
 Our souls with vast amazement fill,  
 And speak the builder, God.
- 5 But still, the wonders of thy grace  
 Our softer passions move ;  
 Pity divine in Jesus' face  
 We see, adore, and love.

WATTS.

48

L. M.

Wells, Brewer.

*Creation, Providence, and Grace. Ps. 136.*

- 1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise ;  
 Mercy and truth are all his ways ;  
 Wonders of grace to God belong,  
 Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 He built the earth, he spread the sky,  
 And fixed the starry lights on high ;

Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.

- 3 He sent his Son with power to save  
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave ;  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 Give to the Lord of lords renown,  
The King of kings with glory crown ;  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When lords and kings are known no more.

WATTS.

49 C. M. Devizes, St. Martin.  
*Our Bodies frail, and God our Preserver.*

- 1 **L**ET others boast how strong they be,  
Nor death nor danger fear ;  
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,  
What feeble things we are.
- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,  
And flourish bright and gay ;  
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,  
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,  
And dies, if one be gone ;  
Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings  
Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,  
The God who built us first ;  
Salvation to the Almighty Name,  
That reared us from the dust.
- 5 While we have breath, or use our tongues,  
Our Maker we'll adore ;  
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,  
Or they would breathe no more. WATTS.

50 C. M. Winter, Clarendon.  
*Creation of the World.*

- 1 "**N**OW let a spacious world arise,"  
Said the Creator Lord ;  
At once the obedient earth and skies  
Rose at his sovereign word.
- 2 He gave the lion and the worm  
At once their wondrous birth ;  
And grazing beasts, of various form,  
Rose from the teeming earth.

- 3 Adam was formed of equal clay,  
 Though sovereign of the rest,  
 Designed for nobler ends than they,  
 With God's own image blest.
- 4 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye,  
 The young creation stood ;  
 He saw the building from on high ;  
 His word pronounced it good.
- 5 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,  
 Thy praise shall fill my tongue ;  
 But the new world of grace demands  
 A more exalted song. WATTS.

51 L. M. Truro, Duke Street.  
*The Creation and Dissolution of the World.*

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, who built the skies,  
 The Lord, who reared this stately frame ;  
 Let all the nations sound his praise,  
 And lands unknown repeat his name.
- 2 He formed the seas, and formed the hills,  
 Made every drop and every dust ;  
 Nature and time, with all their wheels,  
 And put them into motion first.
- 3 Now from his high imperial throne,  
 He looks far down upon the spheres ;  
 He bids the shining orbs roll on,  
 And round he turns the hasty years.
- 4 Thus shall this moving engine last,  
 Till all his saints are gathered in ;  
 Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast—  
 To shake it all to dust again !
- 5 Yet when the sound shall tear the skies,  
 And lightning burn the globe below,  
 Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,  
 There's a new heaven and earth for you.  
WATTS.

52 S. M. Aylesbury, America.  
*The Mystery of Providence unfolded. Ps. 73.*

- 1 **S**URE there's a righteous God,  
 Nor is religion vain ;  
 Though men of vice may boast aloud.  
 And men of grace complain.
- 2 I saw the wicked rise,  
 And felt my heart repine ;



While haughty fools, with scornful eyes,  
In robes of honor shine.

3 The tumults of my thought  
Held me in hard suspense;  
Till to thy house my feet were brought.  
To learn thy justice thence.

4 Thy word, with light and power,  
Did my mistakes amend;  
I viewed the sinners' lives before,  
But here I learn their end.

5 On what a slippery steep  
The thoughtless wretches go!  
And, oh! that dreadful, fiery deep,  
That waits their fall below!

6 Lord, at thy feet I bow,  
My thoughts no more repine;  
I call my God my portion now;  
And all my powers are thine.

WATTS

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## UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

53

4 6s and 2 7s.

1 **A**NGELS, assist to sing  
The honors of your God;  
Touch every tuneful string,  
And sound his name abroad;  
Pour the trembling notes along;  
Swell the grand, immortal song.

2 And ye of meaner birth,  
Your joyful voices raise;  
Inhabitants of earth,  
Your great Redeemer praise:  
Let your loud hosannas rise;  
Shake the earth, and pierce the skies!

3 Let day and dusky night,  
In solemn order, join  
His praises to recite,  
And speak his power divine:  
Every hill, and every vale,  
Echo with the sacred tale.

4 Ye winds and raging seas,  
 With wild, tempestuous roar,  
 Resound, in mightier lays,  
 His name from shore to shore :  
 Thunders, spread his name abroad ;  
 Lightnings, flash before your God.

5 Let every creature sing  
 The honors of our God ;—  
 Touch every tuneful string,  
 And spread his praise abroad :  
 Pour the trembling notes along ;  
 Swell the universal song.

GEMS OF SACRED POETRY.

54

C. P. M. Rapture, Kew.

*Concert of Praise. Ps. 148.*

1 **B**EGIN, my soul, the exalted lay,  
 Let each enraptured thought obey,  
 And praise the Almighty's name ;  
 Lo ! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,  
 In one melodious concert rise,  
 To swell the inspiring theme.

2 Thou, heaven of heavens, his vast abode,  
 Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God ;  
 Ye thunders, speak his power :  
 Lo ! on the lightning's fiery wing,  
 In triumph walks the eternal King :  
 The astonished worlds adore.

3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,  
 To join the thunders of the skies ;  
 Praise him, who bids you roll :—  
 His praise in softer notes declare,  
 Each whispering breeze of yielding air,  
 And breathe it to the soul.

4 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,  
 Let man, in God's own image made,  
 His breath in praise employ ;  
 Spread wide his Maker's name around,  
 Till heaven shall echo back the sound,  
 In songs of holy joy. OGILVIE.

55

L. M. Old Hundred, Wells.

*God exalted above all Praise.*

1 **E**TERNAL Power ! whose high abode  
 Becomes the grandeur of a God ;—  
 In vain the tallest angel tries  
 To reach thine height with wondering eyes.

- 2 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?  
We should adore our Maker too;  
From sin and dust to thee we cry,  
The Great, the Holy, and the High!
- 3 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,  
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;  
But oh! the glories of thy mind,  
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 4 God is in heaven, but man below;  
Be short our tunes; our words be few;  
A sacred reverence checks our songs,  
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

WATTS.

## 56

L. M.

Dunstan, Effingham.

*Praise to God through the whole of our Existence.*

- 1 **G**OD of my life, through all its days,  
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;  
The song shall wake with opening light,  
And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,  
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,  
Thy tuneful praise I'll raise on high,  
And check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,  
And all its powers of language fail,  
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,  
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But oh! when that last conflict's o'er,  
And I am chained to flesh no more,  
With what glad accents shall I rise  
To join the music of the skies!
- 5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains,  
Which echo through the heavenly plains;  
And emulate, with joy unknown,  
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

EVANS'S COLL.

## 57

S. M.

St. Thomas, Lisbon.

*Universal Praise. Ps. 148.*

- 1 **L**ET every creature join  
To praise the eternal God;  
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,  
And sound his name abroad.

- 2 Thou sun, with golden beams,  
And moon, with paler rays,  
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,  
Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,  
And fixed their wondrous frame;  
By his command they stand or move,  
And ever speak his name.
- 4 By all his works above,  
His honors be expressed;  
But saints, who taste his saving love,  
Should sing his praises best. WATTS.

## 58

C. M.

Devizes, Irish.

*Praise to God from all Creatures.*

- 1 **T**HE glories of my Maker, God,  
My joyful voice shall sing;  
And call the nations to adore  
Their Former and their King.
- 2 'Twas his right hand that shaped our clay,  
And wrought this human frame;  
But from his own immediate breath  
Our nobler spirits came.
- 3 We bring our mortal powers to God,  
And worship with our tongues;  
We claim some kindred with the skies,  
And join the angelic songs.
- 4 Let grovelling beasts of every shape,  
And fowls of every wing,  
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,  
Their various tribute bring.
- 5 Ye planets, to his honor shine,  
And wheels of nature roll;  
Praise him in your unwearied course,  
Around the steady pole.
- 6 The brightness of our Maker's name  
The wide creation fills;  
And his unbounded grandeur flies  
Beyond the heavenly hills. WATTS.

## 59

S. M.

St. Thomas, Watchman.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the sovereign King,  
Hath fixed his throne on high;  
O'er all the heavenly world he rules,  
And all beneath the sky.

- 2 Ye angels, great in might,  
And swift to do his will,  
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,  
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.
- 3 Let the bright hosts, who wait  
The orders of their King,  
And guard his churches when they pray,  
Join in the praise they sing.
- 4 While all his wondrous works  
Through his vast kingdom, shew  
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,  
Shalt sing his praises too. WATTS.

60

L. M. Old Hundred, Monmouth.

*Praise to our Creator. Ps. 100.*

- 1 **Y**E nations of the earth, rejoice  
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;  
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;  
With all your tongues his glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God;—'tis he alone  
Doth life, and breath, and being give;  
We are his work, and not our own;  
The sheep that on his pastures live.
- 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,  
With praises to his courts repair;  
And make it your divine employ,  
To pay your thanks and honors there.
- 4 The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;  
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;  
And the whole race of man shall find  
His truth from age to age endure. WATTS.

## FALL OF MAN.

61

C. M.

Windsor, Ferry.

- 1 **B**LESSED with the joys of innocence,  
Adam, our father, stood,  
Till he debased his soul to sense,  
And ate the unlawful food.
- 2 Now we are born a sensual race,  
To sinful joys inclined;

Reason has lost its native place,  
And flesh enslaves the mind.

3 While flesh, and sense, and passion reigns,  
Sin is the sweetest good;  
We fancy music in our chains,  
And so forget the load.

4 Great God! renew our ruined frame,  
Our broken powers restore;  
Inspire us with a heavenly flame,  
And flesh shall reign no more!

5 Eternal Spirit, write thy law  
Upon our inward parts,  
And let the second Adam draw  
His image on our hearts.

WATTS.

## 62

L. M.

Limehouse, Putney.

*Fall and Recovery of Man.*

1 **D**ECEIVED by subtle snares of hell,  
Adam, our head, our father, fell!  
When Satan, in the serpent hid,  
Proposed the fruit that God forbid.

2 Death was the threatening; death began  
To take possession of the man;  
His unborn race received the wound,  
And heavy curses smote the ground.

3 But Satan found a worse reward;  
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord,  
"Let everlasting hatred be  
"Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.

4 "The woman's seed shall be my Son;  
"He shall destroy what thou hast done;  
"Shall break thy head, and only feel  
"Thy malice raging at his heel."

5 He spake—and bid four thousand years  
Roll on;—at length his Son appears;  
Angels with joy descend to earth,  
And sing the young Redeemer's birth.

6 Lo! by the sons of hell he dies;  
But, as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,  
He gave their prince a fatal blow,  
And triumphed o'er the powers below

## THE SCRIPTURES.

63

C. M.

Stephens, Medfield.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy word  
What endless glory shines!  
Forever be thy name adored  
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find;  
Riches above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
And yields a free repast;  
Sublimier sweets than nature knows  
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around;  
And life, and everlasting joys,  
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.
- 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be thou forever near;  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour there. STEELE.

64

L. M.

Truro, Uxbridge.

- 1 **G**OD, in the gospel of his Son,  
Makes his eternal counsels known;  
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,  
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here sinners of an humble frame  
May taste his grace, and learn his name;  
'Tis writ in characters of blood,  
Severely just, immensely good.
- 3 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,  
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;  
Its influence makes the sinner live,  
It bids the drooping saint revive.

- 4 Our raging passions it contrails,  
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;  
It brings a better world in view,  
And guides us all our journey through.
- 5 May this blest volume ever lie  
Close to my heart, and near my eye,  
Till life's last hour my soul engage,  
And be my chosen heritage! BEDDOME.
- 

## 65

C. M.

Barby, London.

*The Scriptures a System of Knowledge.*

- 1 **H**OW precious is the book divine,  
By inspiration given !  
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts  
In this dark vale of tears ;  
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,  
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night  
Of life, shall guide our way ;  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day. RIPPON'S SEL.
- 

## 66

L. P. M.

Eaton, 46th Psalm.

- 1 **I** LOVE the volumes of thy word ;  
What light and joy these leaves afford  
To souls benighted and distressed !  
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,  
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,  
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.
- 2 From the discoveries of thy law,  
The perfect rules of life I draw ;  
These are my study and delight :  
Not honey so invites the taste,  
Nor gold that has the furnace passed,  
Appears so pleasing to the sight.
- 3 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,  
And warn me where my danger lies ;  
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,  
That makes my guilty conscience clean,  
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,  
And gives a free, but large reward.



- 4 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?  
 My God, forgive my secret faults;  
 And from presumptuous sins restrain:  
 Accept my poor attempts of praise,  
 That I have read thy book of grace  
 And book of nature not in vain. WATTS.

## 67

S. M.

Watchman.

*Searching the Scriptures.*

- 1 IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,  
 And dreads the curious eye:  
 But sacred truths the test invite;  
 They bid us search and try.
- 2 O may we still maintain  
 A meek, inquiring mind;  
 Assured we shall not search in vain,  
 But hidden treasures find.
- 3 With understanding blessed,  
 Created to be free,  
 Our faith on man we dare not rest,  
 Subject to none but thee.
- 4 Lord, give the light we need;  
 With soundest knowledge fill;  
 From noxious error guard our creed,  
 From prejudice our will.
- 5 The truth thou shalt impart,  
 May we with firmness own;  
 Abhorring each evasive art,  
 And fearing thee alone.

SCOTT.

## 68

L. M. 6L.

Eaton.

*Prayer for Light in the Scriptures.*

- 1 INSPIRER of the ancient seers,  
 Who wrote from thee the sacred page,  
 The same through all succeeding years;  
 To us, in our degenerate age,  
 The Spirit of thy word impart,  
 And breathe the life into our heart.
- 2 While now thine oracles we read,  
 With earnest prayer and strong desire,  
 O let thy Spirit from thee proceed,  
 Our souls t' awaken and inspire;  
 Our weakness help, our darkness chase,  
 And guide us by the light of grace.
- 3 The sacred lessons of thy grace,  
 Transmitted through thy word, repeat,

And train us up in all thy ways,  
 To make us in thy will complete:  
 Fulfil thy love's redeeming plan,  
 And bring us to a perfect man.

- 4 Furnished out of thy treasury,  
 O may we always ready stand,  
 To help the souls redeemed by thee,  
 In what their various states demand;  
 To teach, convince, correct, reprove;  
 And build them up in holiest love.

METH. COLL.

## 69

C. M. Braintree, Peterborough.

- 1 **T**HE counsels of redeeming grace  
 These sacred leaves unfold;  
 And here the Saviour's lovely face  
 Our raptured eyes behold.
- 2 Here light, descending from above,  
 Directs our doubtful feet:  
 Here promises of heavenly love  
 Our ardent wishes meet.
- 3 Our numerous griefs are here redressed,  
 And all our wants supplied:  
 Nought we can ask to make us blessed,  
 Is in this book denied.
- 4 For these inestimable gains,  
 That so enrich the mind,  
 O may we search with eager pains,  
 Assured that we shall find! STENNETT.

## MORAL AND CEREMONIAL LAW.

## 70

C. M.

Grafton, Medfield.

*Conviction by the Law.*

- 1 **L**ORD, how secure my conscience was,  
 And felt no inward dread!  
 I was alive without the law,  
 And thought my sins were dead.
- 2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright,  
 But, since the precept came  
 With a convincing power and light,  
 I find how vile I am

- 3 I'm like a helpless captive sold  
Under the power of sin ;  
I cannot do the good I would,  
Nor keep my conscience clean.
- 4 My God, I cry with every breath  
For some kind power to save ;  
To break the yoke of sin and death,  
And thus redeem the slave. WATTS.

## 71

C. M.

Barby, Cambridge.

*Our Duty to God.*

- 1 **T**HAT God, who made the worlds on high,  
And air, and earth, and sea,  
Own as thy God, and to his name  
In homage bow the knee.
- 2 Let not a shape, which hands have made,  
Of wood, or clay, or stone,  
Be deemed thy God ; nor think him like  
Aught thou hast seen or known.
- 3 Take not in vain the name of God ;  
Nor must thou ever dare,  
To make thy falsehood pass for truth,  
By his dread name to swear.
- 4 That day on which he bids thee rest  
From toil, to pray and praise,  
That day keep holy to the Lord,  
And consecrate its rays.
- 5 O may that God, who gave these laws,  
Write them on every heart,  
That all may feel their living power,  
Nor from his paths depart ! GIBBONS.

## 72

L. M.

Arnley, Woodstown.

*The Law and Gospel distinguished.*

- 1 **T**HE law commands, and makes us know  
What duties to our God we owe ;  
But 'tis the gospel must reveal  
Where lies our strength to do his will.
- 2 The law discovers guilt and sin,  
And shows how vile our hearts have been ;  
Only the gospel can express  
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.
- 3 What curses does the law denounce  
Against the man who fails but once ?  
But in the gospel Christ appears,  
Pardoning the guilt of numerous years.

- 4 My soul, no more attempt to draw  
Thy life and comfort from the law;  
Fly to the hope the gospel gives;  
The man who trusts the promise lives.

WATTS.

73

L. M.

Bath, Effingham.

*Love to God and our Neighbor.*

- 1 **T**HUS saith the first, the great command,  
"Let all thy inward powers unite  
"To love thy Maker, and thy God,  
"With utmost vigor and delight.
- 2 "Then shall thy neighbor, next in place,  
"Share thine affection and esteem;  
"And let thy kindness to thyself  
"Measure and rule thy love to him."
- 3 This is the sense that Moses spoke;  
This did the prophets preach and prove;  
For want of this the law is broke,  
And the whole law's fulfilled by love.
- 4 But oh! how base our passions are!  
How cold our charity and zeal!  
Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,  
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

WATTS.

74

C. M.

York, Jordan.

*Obedience better than Sacrifice. Ps. 50.*

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord, "The spacious fields,  
"And flocks and herds are mine;  
"O'er all the cattle of the hills  
"I claim a right divine.
- 2 "I ask no sheep for sacrifice,  
"Nor bullocks burnt with fire;  
"To hope and love, to pray and praise,  
"Is all that I require.
- 3 "Call upon me when trouble's near,  
"My hand shall set thee free;  
"Then shall thy thankful lips declare  
"The honors due to me.
- 4 "The man who offers humble praise,  
"He glorifies me best:  
"And those who tread my holy ways,  
"Shall my salvation taste."

WATTS.

75

L. M. Arnheim, Ellenthrope.

*The Law and Gospel.*

- 1 **W**HILE Sinai roars, and round the earth  
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings,  
Jesus, thy dear, expiring breath  
And Calvary, speak gentler things:—
- 2 Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,  
Streaming along a Saviour's blood;  
And life, and joys, and crowns above,  
Purchased by our redeeming God.
- 3 Hark! how he prays (the charming sound  
Dwells on his dying lips)—“FORGIVE!”  
And every groan, and gaping wound,  
Cries, “Father, let the rebels live!”
- 4 Go, ye that rest upon the law,  
And toil and seek salvation there;  
Look to the flames that Moses saw,  
And shrink, and tremble, and despair.
- 5 But I'll retire beneath the cross;  
Saviour, at thy dear feet I'll lie:  
And the keen sword that justice draws,  
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

WATTS.

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 VANITY OF CREATED THINGS.

76

L. M. Darwen, Windham

*The Vanity of Creatures.*

- 1 **M**AN has a soul of vast desires;  
He burns within with restless fires!  
Tossed to and fro, his passions fly  
From vanity to vanity.
- 2 In vain on earth we hope to find  
Some solid good to fill the mind:  
We try new pleasures—but we feel  
The inward thirst and torment still.
- 3 So when a raging fever burns,  
We shift from side to side by turns;  
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,  
To change the place, but keep the pain.
- 4 Great God! subdue this vicious thirst,  
This love to vanity and dust;

Cure the vile fever of the mind,  
And feed our souls with joys refined.

WATTS.

77

C. M. St. Ann's, Ferry, Bedford.

*God my only Happiness.*

- 1 **M**Y God, my portion, and my love,  
My everlasting All,  
I've none but thee in heaven above,  
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 What empty things are all the skies!  
And this inferior clod!  
There's nothing here deserves my joys,  
There's nothing like my God.
- 3 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,  
And health and safe abode;  
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,  
But they are not my God.
- 4 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,  
If once compared to thee!  
Or what's my safety or my health,  
Or all my friends to me?
- 5 Were I possessor of the earth,  
And called the stars my own,  
Without thy graces and thyself,  
I were a wretch undone.
- 6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,  
And grasp in all the shore;  
Grant me the visits of thy face,  
And I desire no more.

WATTS.

78

C. M. Windsor, Funeral Thought.

*The Misery of being without God.*

- 1 **N**O, I shall envy them no more,  
Who grow profanely great,  
Though they increase their golden store,  
And rise to wondrous height.
- 2 They taste of all the joys that grow  
Upon the earthly clod;  
Well, they may search the creature through  
For they have ne'er a God.
- 3 Shake off the thoughts of dying, too,  
And think your life your own:  
But death comes hastening on to you,  
To mow your glory down.

4 Yes, you must bow your stately head ;  
 Away your spirit flies ;  
 And no kind angel near your bed,  
 To bear it to the skies.

5 Go, now, and boast of all your stores,  
 And tell how bright they shine :  
 Your heaps of glittering dust are yours,  
 And my Redeemer's mine. WATTS.

79 C. M. Bangor, Greenwalk.  
*The Instability of worldly Enjoyments.*

1 THE evils that beset our path,  
 Who can prevent or cure ?  
 We stand upon the brink of death,  
 When most we seem secure.

2 If we to-day sweet peace possess,  
 It soon may be withdrawn ;  
 Some change may plunge us in distress  
 Before to-morrow's dawn.

3 Disease and pain invade our health,  
 And find an easy prey ;  
 And oft, when least expected, wealth  
 Takes wings and flies away.

4 The grounds from which we look for fruit,  
 Produce us often pain ;  
 A worm unseen attacks the root,  
 And all our hopes are vain.

5 Since sin has filled the earth with wo,  
 And creatures fade and die ;  
 Lord, wean our hearts from things below,  
 And fix our hopes on high. COWPER.

80 L. M. Arnley, Macedonia.  
*Vanity of the World.*

1 THE joy that vain amusements give,  
 To him who thoughtless sports and sings,  
 Is like the honey of a hive,  
 When guarded by ten thousand stings.

2 'Tis thus the world rewards the fools,  
 Who live upon her treacherous smiles :  
 She leads them blindfold, by her rules,  
 And ruins all whom she beguiles.

3 'Tis thus that thousands hasten down  
 From pleasure into endless wo ;  
 And with a long, despairing groan,  
 Blaspheme their Maker as they go.

- 4 Warned by their woes, may we be wise,  
 Delighting in a Saviour's charms;  
 Then God will take us to the skies,  
 Embraced in everlasting arms. COWPER.

## 81

C. M.

Dorset.

- 1 **W**E wander in a thorny maze,  
 A vale of doubts and fears;  
 A night, illumed with sickly rays,  
 A wilderness of tears:  
 We wander, bound to empty show,  
 The slaves of boasted will;  
 We wander, dupes to hope untrue,  
 And love to wander still.
- 2 We wander; while unfading joy  
 We ne'er with zest approve,  
 The bliss that sparkles to destroy  
 Secures our warmest love.  
 Some siren leads our steps astray,  
 But speaks no peace within;  
 We wander in a flowery way,  
 We wander, heirs of sin!
- 3 We wander; but though oft we roam,  
 Led by allurements strong,  
 Yet from our heavenly Father's home  
 We would not wander long.  
 Cleanse us, O Saviour! from this stain,  
 In mercy's living flood;  
 Restore the lost, and bring again  
 The wanderers back to God. TAPPAN.

## 82

C. M. Carthage, Hymn Second.

*The Supreme Good.*

- 1 **W**HEN fancy spreads her boldest wings,  
 And wanders unconfined  
 Amid the unbounded scene of things,  
 Which entertain the mind,—
- 2 In vain we trace creation o'er,  
 In search of sacred rest;  
 The whole creation is too poor,  
 Too mean, to make us blest.
- 3 In vain would this low world employ  
 Each flattering, specious wile;  
 There's nought can yield a real joy,  
 But our Creator's smile.



- 4 Let earth and all her charms depart,  
Unworthy of the mind ;  
In God alone this restless heart  
An equal bliss can find.

STEELE.

83

C. M.

Clarendon.

*The World's three chief Temptations.*

- 1 **W**HEN, in the light of faith divine,  
We look on things below,—  
Honor, and gold, and sensual joy,  
How vain and dangerous too!

- 2 Honor's a puff of noisy breath ;  
Yet men expose their blood,  
And venture everlasting death,  
To gain that airy good.

- 3 While others starve the nobler mind,  
And feed on shining dust,  
They rob the serpent of his food,  
T' indulge a sordid lust.

- 4 The pleasures that allure our sense,  
Are dangerous snares to souls ;  
There's but a drop of flattering sweet,  
And dashed with bitter bowls.

- 5 God is mine all-sufficient good,  
My portion and my choice ;  
In him my vast desires are filled,  
And all my powers rejoice.

- 6 In vain the world accosts my ear,  
And tempts my heart anew ;  
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,  
Nor part with heaven for you.

WATTS.

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## CHRIST AND HIS INCARNATION.

84

L. M.

Blendon, Rotterdam.

*God the Son equal with the Father.*

- 1 **B**RIGHT King of glory, dreadful God !  
Our spirits bow before thy seat ;  
To thee we lift an humble thought,  
And worship at thine awful feet.

- 2 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,  
Stand round the glorious Deity ;

- who, amongst the sons of light,  
Pretends comparison with thee?  
Yet there is one, of human frame,  
Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,  
Thinks it no robbery to claim  
A full equality with God.  
4 Then let the name of Christ our King  
With equal honors be adored;  
His praise let every angel sing,  
And all the nations own him Lord.

WATTS.

85

L. M. Castle Street, Mt. Vernon.

*The Deity and Humanity of Christ.*

- 1 **E**RE the blue heavens were stretched abroad,  
From everlasting was the Word;  
With God he was; the Word was God!  
And must divinely be adored.  
2 By his own power were all things made;  
By him supported, all things stand;  
He is the whole creation's head,  
And angels fly at his command.  
3 But lo! he leaves those heavenly forms:  
The Word descends and dwells in clay,  
That he may hold converse with worms;  
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.  
4 Mortals, with joy behold his face,  
The Eternal Father's only Son;  
How full of truth! how full of grace!  
When thro' his eyes the Godhead shone.

WATTS.

86

8's, 7's & 4.

Greenville.

*Good Tidings of great Joy to all People.*

- 1 **A**NGELS, from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,  
Ye who sang creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King  
2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the infant light;  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar;  
Seek the great desire of nations;  
Ye have seen his natal star;  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ the new-born King.
- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In his temple shall appear;  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ the new-born King.
- 5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance  
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,  
Justice now revokes the sentence,  
Mercy calls you,—break your chains;  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ the new-born King.

PRATT'S COLL.

87

7's.

Alcester, Adullum,

*Birth of the Saviour.*

- 1 **H**ARK! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King!  
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
"God and sinners reconciled!"
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies;  
With the angelic host proclaim,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem,
- 3 Mild, he lays his glory by;  
Born, that man no more may die;  
Born, to raise the sons of earth;  
Born, to give them second birth,
- 4 Veiled in flesh—the Godhead see;  
Hail the incarnate Deity!  
Pleased as man with men t' appear,  
See the great Emmanuel here.
- 5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all he brings,  
Risen with healing in his wings.

RIPPON'S COLL.

88

C. M. Arundel, Stephens, Dedham.

- 1 **J**OY to the world—the Lord is come!  
 Let earth receive her King;  
 Let every heart prepare him room,  
 And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth—the Saviour reigns!  
 Let men their songs employ;  
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,  
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,  
 Nor thorns infest the ground;  
 He comes to make his blessings flow,  
 Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace;  
 And makes the nations prove  
 The glories of his righteousness,  
 And wonders of his love.

WATTS.

89

8, 6, &amp; 5.

Christmas.

*Christmas Morn.*

- 1 **L**IFT up your heads in joyful hope,  
 Salute the happy morn:  
 Each heavenly power,  
 Proclaim the glad hour;  
 Lo, Jesus the Saviour is born!
- 2 All glory be to God on high,  
 To him all praise is due;  
 The promise is sealed—  
 The Saviour's revealed—  
 And proves that the record is true.
- 3 Let joy around like rivers flow;  
 Flow on, and still increase;  
 Spread o'er the glad earth,  
 At Immanuel's birth—  
 For heaven and earth are at peace.
- 4 Now the good will of God is shown  
 Towards Adam's helpless race;  
 Messiah is come—  
 To ransom his own—  
 To save them by infinite grace.

MADAN'S COLL.

90

C. M. Braintree, Devizes.

*Christ's Nativity.*

- 1 **M**ORTALS, awake; with angels join,  
And chant the solemn lay;  
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine  
To hail the auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,  
And sweet seraphic fire  
Through all the shining legions ran,  
And strung and tuned the lyre.
- 3 Swift, through the vast expanse, it flew,  
And loud the echo rolled;  
The theme, the song, the joy was new,  
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky  
The impetuous torrent ran;  
And angels flew with eager joy  
To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,  
And glory leads the song;  
Good will and peace are heard throughout  
The harmonious heavenly throng.

MEDLEY.

91

C. M. Cambridge, Clifton.

- 1 **S**HEPHERDS, rejoice; lift up your eyes,  
And send your fears away;  
News from the region of the skies—  
Salvation's born to-day!
- 2 "Jesus, the God whom angels fear,  
"Comes down to dwell with you;  
"To-day he makes his entrance here,  
"But not as monarchs do.
- 3 "No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,  
"Nor royal shining things;  
"A manger for his cradle stands,  
"And holds the King of kings!
- 4 "Go, shepherds, where the Infant lies,  
"And see his humble throne;  
"With tears of joy in all your eyes,  
"Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."
- 5 Thus Gabriel sang—and straight around  
The heavenly armies throng:

They tune their harps to lofty sound,  
And thus conclude the song:

- 6 "Glory to God who reigns above;  
"Let peace surround the earth;  
"Mortals shall know their Maker's love,  
"At their Redeemer's birth." WATTS.

92

L. M. Nantwich, New Sabbath.

*Miracles at the Birth of Christ.*

- 1 **T**HE King of glory sends his Son,  
To make his entrance on this earth;  
Behold the midnight bright as noon,  
And heavenly hosts declare his birth!
- 2 About the young Redeemer's head,  
What wonders, and what glories meet!  
An unknown star arose, and led  
The eastern sages to his feet.
- 3 Simeon and Anna both conspire  
The infant Saviour to proclaim;  
Inward they felt the sacred fire,  
And blessed the babe, and owned his name.
- 4 Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,  
And treat the holy child with scorn;  
Our souls adore the Eternal God,  
Who condescended to be born. WATTS.

## LIFE AND MINISTRY OF CHRIST.

93

C. M.

Arundel, Bolton.

*His Ministry.*

- 1 **H**ARK,—the glad sound!—the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promised long!  
Let every heart prepare a throne—  
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes—the prisoners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held;  
The gates of brass before him burst—  
The iron fetters yield!
- 3 He comes—from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray;  
And on the eye-balls of the blind  
To pour celestial day.

- 4 He comes—the broken heart to bind—  
The bleeding soul to cure ;  
And, with the treasures of his grace,  
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name. DODDRIDGE.

94

L. M.

Bath, Effingham.

*The example of Christ.*

- 1 **M**Y dear Redeemer, and my Lord,  
I read my duty in thy word ;  
But in thy life the law appears  
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
Such deference to thy Father's will—  
Such love, and meekness so divine—  
I would transcribe and make them mine
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,  
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer ;  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern ; make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here !  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name,  
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

WATTS.

95

L. M.

Windham, Macedonia.

*Gethsemane.*

- 1 **'T**IS midnight—and on Olive's brow,  
The star is dimmed that lately shone ;  
'Tis midnight in the garden now,  
The suffering Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight—and, from all removed,  
Emmanuel wrestles lone with fears ;  
E'en the disciple that he loved  
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight—and for others' guilt,  
The man of sorrows weeps in blood ;  
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt,  
Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight—and from ether plains  
Is borne the song that angels know ;

Unheard by mortals are the strains  
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's wo.

TAPPAN.

96

L. M.

Antigua, Pilesgrove.

*Christ's Transfiguration.*

- 1 **W**HEN at this distance, Lord, we trace  
The various glories of thy face,  
What transport pours o'er all our breast,  
And charms our cares and woes to rest!
- 2 Away, ye charms of mortal joy!  
Raptures divine my thoughts employ!  
I see the King of glory shine;—  
I feel his love, and call him mine.
- 3 Yet still, O Lord, my waiting eyes  
To nobler visions long to rise;  
That grand assembly would we join,  
Where all thy saints around thee shine.

WATTS.

## CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

97

C. M. Funeral Thought, Greenwalk.

- 1 **'T**WAS in an hour when wrath prevailed,  
And powers of darkness rose,  
A sudden groan my ear assailed,  
Expressing dying woes.
- 2 I turned, then wondered as I stood  
At what mine eyes surveyed!  
A Prince expiring in his blood,  
And on a cross displayed!
- 3 I knew him, though his thorny crown  
Dimmed his majestic air;  
Then I demanded, with a frown,  
"What traitor fixed him there?"
- 4 No answer to my voice I heard,  
Nor could discern a foe;  
When, lo! his fainting head he reared,  
And spoke in words of wo—
- 5 "Cease, wretch, from vain inquiry rest;  
"My cruel murderer see;



"Thy sins have rent my bleeding breast,  
 "And nailed me to the tree."

6 Trembling I fell, and kissed his wounds,  
 And wiped the gore away;

I saw him smooth his killing frowns,  
 And heard him gently say—

7 "Rise; let thy heart its grief compose,  
 "Thy Saviour will forgive;

"He feels the burden of thy woes,  
 "And dies to bid thee live.

HUMPHREY'S COLL.

98

L. M.

Bath, Windham.

*Christ's Sufferings and Death.*

1 **S**TRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour dies;  
 Hark! his expiring groans arise:  
 See, from his hands, his feet, his side,  
 Runs down the sacred crimson tide!

2 But life attends the deathful sound,  
 And flows from every bleeding wound;  
 The vital stream, how free it flows,  
 To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

3 Can I survey this scene of wo,  
 Where mingling grief and wonder flow;  
 And yet my heart unmoved remain,  
 Insensible to love or pain?

4 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,  
 To warm this cold, this stupid heart,  
 Till all its powers and passions move  
 In melting grief and ardent love. STEELE.

99

C. M.

Salem, Ferry, Wal. al.

1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind  
 Nailed to the shameful tree!  
 How vast the love that him inclined  
 To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,  
 And earth's strong pillars bend!  
 The temple's veil in sunder breaks,  
 The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!  
 "Receive my soul," he cries:  
 See where he bows his sacred head!  
 He bows his head, and dies!

- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,  
And in full glory shine:  
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,  
Was ever love, like thine! METH. COLL.

100 L. M. Armley, Windham.  
*Christ's Passion and Sinners' Salvation.*

- 1 **D**EEP in our hearts, let us record  
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;  
Behold the rising billows roll,  
To overwhelm his holy soul!
- 2 In long complaints he spends his breath,  
While hosts of hell, and powers of death,  
And all the sons of malice, join  
To execute their cursed design.
- 3 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love  
Have made the curse a blessing prove;  
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son  
Atoned for sins that we had done
- 4 Oh, for his sake, our guilt forgive,  
And let the mourning sinner live!  
The Lord will hear us in his name,  
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.  
WATTS.

101 L. M. 6L. Carolans, Newcourt

- 1 **O** LOVE divine, what hast thou done!  
The Lord of life hath died for me!  
The Father's co-eternal Son  
Bore all my sins upon the tree;  
The incarnate God for me hath died,  
The Lord, my love, was crucified.
- 2 Sinners, behold, as ye pass by,  
The bleeding Prince of life and peace;  
Come, sinners, see your Saviour die,  
And say, was ever grief like his?  
Come, feel with me his blood applied;  
The Lord, my love, was crucified—
- 3 Is crucified for you and me,  
To bring us, rebels, back to God;  
Salvation now for us is free;  
His church is purchased with his blood;  
Pardon and life flow from his side;  
The Lord, my love, is crucified.

- 4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,  
And gladly catch the healing stream;  
All things for him account but dross,  
And give up all our hearts to him;  
Of nothing speak, or think beside,  
The Lord, my love, was crucified.

METH. COLL.

## 102

C. M.

China, Cambridge.

*The Saviour's Death.*

- 1 FROM whence these direful omens round,  
Which heaven and earth amaze!  
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground?  
Why hides the sun his rays?
- 2 Well may the earth astonished shake,  
And nature sympathize:  
The sun as darkest night be black—  
Their Maker, Jesus—dies.
- 3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree  
His all-atoning blood!  
Is this the Infinite?—'Tis he—  
My Saviour and my God.
- 4 For me—these pangs his soul assail,  
For me—this death is borne;  
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,  
And pointed every thorn.
- 5 Let sin no more my soul enslave;  
Break, Lord, its tyrant chain;  
O save me, whom thou cam'st to save;  
Nor bleed—nor die in vain.

## RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

## 103

7's.

Pleyel's Hymn, Lincoln.

- 1 ANGELS! roll the rock away!  
Death! yield up thy mighty prey;  
See! he rises from the tomb,  
Rises with immortal bloom.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour: angels, raise  
Your triumphant shouts of praise;  
Let the earth's remotest bound  
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

- 3 Lift, ye saints—lift up your eyes!  
Now to glory see him rise!  
Hosts of angels on the road  
Hail and sing the incarnate God.
- 4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide:  
Gracious conqueror! through them ride;  
King of glory! mount thy throne;  
Boundless empire is thine own.
- 5 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,  
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;  
Praise him in the noblest songs,  
Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

GIBBONS.

## 104

C. M. St. Martin's, Bedford.

*Hope of Heaven by Christ.*

- 1 **B**LESSED be the everlasting God,  
The Father of our Lord;  
Be his abounding mercy praised,  
His majesty adored.
- 2 When from the dead he raised his Son,  
And called him to the sky,  
He gave our souls a lively hope  
That they should never die.
- 3 What though our inbred sins require  
Our flesh to see the dust!  
Yet, as the Lord our Saviour rose,  
So all his followers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine,  
Reserved against that day;  
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,  
And cannot waste away.
- 5 Saints by the power of God are kept,  
Till the salvation come;  
We walk by faith, as strangers here,  
Till Christ shall call us home.

WATTS.

## 105

7's.

Alexandria, Alcester.

*Christ's Resurrection.*

- 1 **H**ARK! the herald angels say,  
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day!  
Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
Let the glorious tidings fly.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done!  
The battle's fought, the victory won!

- Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;  
Lo! he sees in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—  
Christ has burst the gates of hell;  
Death in vain forbids his rise;  
Christ has opened Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King;  
“Where, O death, is now thy sting?”  
Once he died our souls to give;  
“Where’s thy victory, boasting grave?”
- 5 What though once we perished all,  
Partners of our parents’ fall!—  
Second life we shall receive,  
And in Christ for ever live. CUDWORTH.

106 L. M. Dresden, Darwen.  
*Christ's Dying, Rising and Reigning.*

- 1 **H**E dies!—the Friend of sinners dies!  
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!  
A solemn darkness veils the skies!  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,  
For him who groaned beneath your load;  
He shed a thousand drops for you—  
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree—  
The Lord of glory dies for men!  
But, lo! what sudden joys we see!  
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb!  
Up to his Father's court he flies!  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies!
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
How high our great Deliverer reigns;  
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,  
And led the tyrant Death in chains.
- Say, “Live for ever, glorious King,  
“Born to redeem, and strong to save!”  
Then ask—“O death, where is thy sting?  
“And where thy victory, boasting grave?”
- WATTS.

107

S. M.

Concord, Beveridge.

*Resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 "THE Lord is risen indeed ;"  
And are the tidings true ?  
Yes, we beheld the Saviour bleed,  
And saw him living too.
- 2 The Lord is risen indeed ;  
Then Death has lost his prey,  
With him is risen the ransomed seed,  
To reign in endless day.
- 3 The Lord is risen indeed ;  
Attending angels hear ;  
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,  
The joyful tidings bear.
- 4 Then take your golden lyres,  
And strike each cheerful chord ;  
Join all the bright celestial choirs,  
To sing our risen Lord.

KELLY.

108

L. M.

Wells, Mount Vernon.

*Christ's Resurrection.*

- 1 UPRISING from the silent tomb,  
See the victorious Jesus come !  
The Almighty Captive quits the prison,  
And angels tell, "The Lord is risen."
- 2 Ye mourning saints, no longer grieve ;  
Hear the glad tidings, and believe ;  
God's holy law is satisfied,  
And justice now is on your side.
- 3 When ye in guilt's dark dungeon lay,  
Mercy cried, "Spare," and Justice, "Slay ;"  
But Jesus answered, "Set them free,  
"Forgive their guilt, and punish me."
- 4 Your Surety now before your God  
Pleads the rich ransom of his blood ;  
No new demand, no bar remains,  
But mercy all triumphant reigns.
- 5 Believers, bless your risen Head,  
The first-begotten from the dead ;  
Your resurrection's sure through His,  
To endless life and boundless bliss !

HART.

ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

109

L. M. Old Hundred, Park Street.

*Christ's Death, Resurrection, and Ascension.*

- 1 COME, tune, ye saints, your noblest strains,  
Your dying, rising Lord to sing;  
And echo, to the heavenly plains,  
The triumphs of your Saviour King.
- 2 In songs of grateful rapture tell  
How he subdued your potent foes;  
Subdued the powers of death and hell,  
And, dying, finished all your woes.
- 3 Then to his glorious throne on high  
Returned; while hymning angels round,  
Through the bright arches of the sky,  
The God, the conquering God, resound.
- 4 Almighty love, victorious power!  
Not angel tongues can e'er display  
The wonders of that dreadful hour—  
The joys of that illustrious day.
- 5 Then well may mortals try in vain,  
In vain their feeble voices raise;  
Yet Jesus hears the humble strain,  
And kindly owns our wish to praise.
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous grace  
Fill every heart, and every tongue;  
Till the full glories of thy face  
Inspire a sweeter, nobler song. STEELE.

110

C. M. Colchester, Clarendon.

- 1 IT is the voice of love divine,  
That strikes the listening ear,  
That soothes his mourning followers' grief,  
And wipes the falling tear.
- 2 "Because I leave this world," he cries,  
"Your weeping eyes o'erflow;  
"But though I seek my native skies,  
"My heart remains below.
- 3 "My Spirit shall descend, and rest,  
"Upon each faithful head;  
"Till I, your Lord, return to call  
"My servants from the dead."

## 111, 112 ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

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- 4 He said—and lifting up his hands,  
Pronounced his parting prayer;  
When, lo! a bright descending cloud  
Conveyed him through the air.
- 5 With solemn awe his followers viewed  
The splendor of the scene,  
While the unfolding gates of light  
Received the Saviour in.
- 6 Burning with holy zeal, they spread,  
Through distant lands, his word;  
And we, like them, with faith and joy,  
Expect our risen Lord. COLLYER.
- 

### 111

H. M. Eagle Street, Plainfield.

- 1 COME, every pious heart  
That loves the Saviour's name,  
Your noblest power exert  
To celebrate his fame:  
Tell all above, and all below,  
The debt of love to him you owe.
- 2 He left his starry crown,  
And laid his robes aside;  
On wings of love came down,  
And wept, and bled, and died:  
What he endured, oh, who can tell,  
To save our souls from death and hell!
- 3 From the dark grave he rose,  
The mansion of the dead;  
And thence his mighty foes  
In glorious triumph led:  
Up through the sky the conqueror rode,  
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.
- 4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay  
The debt we owe thy love:  
Yet tell us how we may  
Our gratitude approve:  
Our hearts—our all to thee we give:  
The gift, though small, do thou receive.

STENNETT.

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### 112

L. M. Carthage, Windham.

- Christ's Sufferings and Exaltation. Ps. 22.*
- 1 NOW let our mournful songs record  
The dying sorrows of our Lord;  
When he complained in tears and blood,  
As one forsaken of his God.



- 2 But God his Father heard his cry ;  
 Raised from the dead, he reigns on high ;  
 The nations learn his righteousness,  
 And humble sinners taste his grace.

WATTS.

113

L. M. Truro, Arnheim, Appleton.

*Christ's Ascension.*

- 1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead ;  
 Our Jesus is gone up on high :  
 The powers of hell are captive led,  
 Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits ;  
 And angels chant the solemn lay—  
 "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !  
 "Ye everlasting doors, give way !"
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
 And wide unfold the radiant scene ;  
 He claims those mansions as his right ;  
 Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 "Who is the King of glory—who?"  
 The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame ;  
 The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew ;  
 And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,  
 And angels chant the solemn lay !  
 "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !"  
 "Ye everlasting doors, give way !"
- 6 "Who is the King of glory—who?"  
 The Lord, of boundless power possessed ;  
 The King of saints and angels too ;  
 God over all, for ever blest.

WESLEY.

114

S. M.

Peckham, Fairfield.

*Christ's Kingdom and Majesty. Ps. 99.*

- 1 **T**HE God Jehovah reigns !  
 Let all the nations fear ;  
 Let sinners tremble at his throne,  
 And saints be humble there.
- 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns !  
 Let earth adore his Lord ;  
 Bright cherubs his attendants stand,  
 Swift to fulfil his word.
- 3 In Zion is his throne,  
 His honors are divine :

## 115, 116 INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

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His church shall make his wonders known ;  
For there his glories shine.

- 4 How holy is his name !  
How terrible his praise !  
Justice and truth, and judgment join,  
In all his works of grace. WATTS.
- 

### 115

L. M. Old Hundred, Antigua.

- 1 **T**HE mighty frame of glorious grace,  
That brightest monument of praise  
That e'er the God of love designed,  
Employs and fills my laboring mind.
- 2 He, that distributes crowns and thrones,  
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans ;  
The Prince of life resigns his breath—  
The King of glory bows to death.
- 3 But see the wonders of his power !  
He triumphs in his dying hour ;  
And, while by Satan's rage he fell,  
He dashed the rising hopes of hell.
- 4 Thus were the hosts of death subdued,  
And sin was drowned in Jesus' blood ;  
Then he arose, and reigns above,  
And conquers sinners by his love. WATTS.
- 

## INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

### 116

L. M. Rothwell, Luton, Shoel.

- 1 **H**E lives ! the great Redeemer lives !  
(What joy the blest assurance gives !)  
And now, before his Father, God,  
Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,  
And justice, armed with frowns, appears ;  
But in the Saviour's lovely face  
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence, then, ye black, despairing thoughts !  
Above our fears, above our faults,  
His powerful intercessions rise ;  
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

- 4 In every dark, distressing hour,  
When sin and Satan join their power,  
This, this dear hope repe's the dart—  
That Jesus bears us on his heart. STEELE.

117

C. M.

Barby, Ferry.

*Christ the Substance of the Levitical Priesthood.*

- 1 **T**HE true Messiah now appears,  
The types are all withdrawn.  
So fly the shadows and the stars,  
Before the rising dawn.
- 2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,  
Nor kid, nor bullock, slain;  
Incense and spice, of costly names,  
Would all be burnt in vain.
- 3 Aaron must lay his robes away,  
His mitre and his vest,  
When God himself comes down to be  
The offering and the priest.
- 4 He took our mortal flesh, to show  
The wonders of his love;  
For us he paid his life below,  
And prays for us above.
- 5 "Father," he cries, "forgive their sins,  
"For I myself have died;"  
And then he shows his opened veins,  
And pleads his wounded side. WATTS.

## CORONATION OF CHRIST.

118

C. M.

Devizes, Coronation.

- 1 **A**LL hail, the great Immanuel's name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from his altar call;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown him—Lord of all.
- Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall,

Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him—Lord of all.

- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him—Lord of all.

- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him—Lord of all.

DUNCAN.

## 119

H. M. Triumph, Weymouth.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, the Lord is King ;  
Our God and King adore ;  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore :

Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,  
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

- 2 Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love ;  
When he had purged our stains,  
He took his seat above :

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus given :

Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,  
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

- 4 He all his foes shall quell,  
Shall all our sins destroy :  
And every bosom swell  
With pure seraphic joy :

Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,  
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope,  
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,  
And take his servants up  
To their eternal home :

We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,  
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

RIPPON.

120

8s.

Goshen.

*Praise to Christ.*

- 1 **Y**E angels, who stand round the throne,  
And view my Immanuel's face,  
In rapturous songs make him known,  
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise :  
He formed you the spirits you are,  
So happy, so noble, so good ;  
When others sank down in despair,  
Confirmed by his power ye stood.
- 2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,  
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,  
His grace and his glory display,  
And all his rich mercy repeat :  
He snatched you from hell and the grave,  
He ransomed from death and despair ;  
For you he was mighty to save,  
Almighty to bring you safe there.
- 3 O, when will the period appear,  
When I shall unite in your song ?  
I'm weary of lingering here,  
And I to your Saviour belong !  
I'm fettered and chained up in clay,  
I struggle and pant to be free ;  
I long to be soaring away,  
My God and my Saviour to see !
- 4 I want to put on my attire,  
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb ;  
I want to be one of your choir,  
And tune my sweet harp to his name :  
I want—O, I want to be there,  
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu ;  
Your joy and your friendship to share,  
To wonder and worship with you. GEMS.

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CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

121

H. M.

Bethesda, Murray.

- 1 **J**OIN all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That ever mortals knew,  
That angels ever bore :

All are too mean, | Too mean to set  
To speak his worth ; | My Saviour forth.

2 But O, what gentle terms,  
What condescending ways,  
Does our Redeemer use,  
To teach his heavenly grace!

Mine eyes, with joy | What forms of love  
And wonder, see | He bears for me.

3 Jesus, my great High-Priest,  
Offered his blood, and died ;  
My guilty conscience seeks  
No sacrifice beside :

His powerful blood | And now it pleads  
Did once atone, | Before the throne.

4 My dear Almighty Lord,  
My Conqueror and my King,  
Thy sceptre and thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace I sing:  
Thine is the power ; | In willing bonds,  
Behold I sit, | Beneath thy feet.

5 Now let my soul arise,  
And tread the tempter down ;  
My Captain leads me forth  
To conquest and a crown :

A feeble saint | Though death and hell  
Shall win the day, | Obstruct the way.

1 **W**HERE is my God? does he retire  
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?  
Are these weak breathings of desire  
Too languid to ascend the skies?

2 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye ;  
See where the great Redeemer stands,  
The glorious Advocate on high,  
With precious incense in his hands.

3 He sweetens every humble groan,  
He recommends each broken prayer ;  
The softest call before his throne  
May rise and find acceptance there.

4 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,  
With stronger faith to call thee mine ;  
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,  
My Father, God, with joy divine. STEELE.

123

L. M.

Portugal, Bath.

*Christ the Eternal Life.*

**J**ESUS, our Saviour and our God,  
 Arrayed in majesty and blood,  
 Thou art our life; our souls in thee  
 Possess a full felicity.  
 All our immortal hopes are laid  
 In thee, our Surety and our Head;  
 Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne  
 Are big with glories yet unknown.  
 Let atheists scoff, and Jews blaspheme  
 The eternal life and Jesus' name;  
 A word of thy almighty breath  
 Dooms the rebellious world to death  
 But let my soul for ever lie  
 Beneath the blessings of thine eye;  
 'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,  
 To see thy face, and taste thy love. WATTS.

124

8s. & 7s.

Greenville, Smyrna.

*Friend of Sinners.*

**O**NE there is, above all others,  
 Well deserves the name of Friend;  
 His is love beyond a brother's,  
 Costly, free, and knows no end.  
 Which of all our friends, to save us,  
 Could, or would, have shed his blood?—  
 But this Saviour died to save us,  
 Reconciled in him to God.  
 When he lived on earth abased,  
 Friend of Sinners was his name;  
 Now, above all glory raised,  
 He rejoices in the same.  
 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!  
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love,  
 We, alas! forget too often,  
 What a Friend we have above. NEWTON.

125

C. M.

Clifford, Devizes.

**M**AJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned  
 Upon the Saviour's brow;  
 His head with radiant glories crowned,  
 His lips with grace o'erflow.

## 126, 127 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

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- 2 No mortal can with him compare  
Among the sons of men ;  
Fairer is He than all the fair,  
Who fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,  
And flew to my relief ;  
For me He bore the shameful cross,  
And carried all my grief.
- 4 Since from his bounty I receive  
Such proofs of love divine,  
Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
Lord, they should all be thine.
- 

126

C. M.

Jordan, Barby.

*Head of the Church.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, I sing thy matchless grace,  
That calls a worm thy own ;  
Give me among thy saints a place  
To make thy glories known.
- 2 Allied to thee, our vital Head,  
We act, and grow, and thrive ;  
From thee divided, each is dead  
When most he seems alive.
- 3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,  
Here join in sweet accord :  
One body all in mutual love,  
And thou our common Lord.
- 4 Thou the whole body wilt present  
Before thy Father's face ;  
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot  
Its beauteous form disgrace. DODDRIDGE.
- 

127

L. M.

Portugal, Shoel.

*The great High-Priest.*

- 1 **W**HERE high the heavenly temple stands,  
The house of God not made with hands,  
A great High-Priest our nature wears,  
The guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 He who for men their surety stood,  
And poured on earth his precious blood,  
Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,  
The Saviour and the Friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,  
He bends on earth a brother's eye ;



- Partaker of the human name,  
He knows the frailty of our frame,  
4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains  
A fellow-feeling of our pains ;  
And still remembers in the skies  
His tears, his agonies, and cries.  
5 In every pang that rends the heart,  
The Man of sorrows has a part ;  
He sympathizes with our grief,  
And to the sufferer sends relief.  
6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,  
Let us make all our sorrows known,  
And ask the aid of heavenly power  
To help us in the evil hour. GEMS.

128

L. M.

*Christ the Judge.*

- 1 **T**HE last loud trumpet's wondrous sound  
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,  
And wake the nations under ground.  
2 Nature and death shall, with surprise,  
Behold the pale offenders rise,  
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.  
3 Then shall, with universal dread,  
The sacred, mystic book be read,  
To try the living and the dead.  
4 The Judge ascends his awful throne ;  
He makes each secret sin be known,  
And all with shame confess their own.  
5 O, then, what interest shall I make,  
With whom shall I my refuge take,  
When the most just have cause to quake ?  
6 Thou mighty, formidable King,  
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,  
Some comfortable pity bring !  
Forget not what my ransom cost,  
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,  
In storms of guilty terror tost. NEWTON.

*Note.* This hymn may be sung in a common long metre tune,  
repeating the third line.

129

S. M.

Lisbon, Peckham.

*Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.*

- 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away;  
A Sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see  
The burdens thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the cursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice.  
To see the curse remove;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing his bleeding love. WATTS.

130

L. M.

Babylon, Windham.

*Physician of the Soul.*

- 1 **D**EEP are the wounds which sin has made;  
Where shall a sinner find a cure?  
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;  
The work exceeds all nature's power.
- 2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns  
With fatal strength in every part;  
The dire contagion fills the veins,  
And spreads its poison to the heart.
- 3 And can no sovereign balm be found?  
And is no kind physician nigh  
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,  
Ere life and hope for ever fly?
- 4 There is a great Physician near!  
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;  
See, in his heavenly smiles appear  
Such ease as nature cannot give!
- 5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,  
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow!

'Tis only this dear sacred flood  
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy wo.

STEELE.

131

C. M.

Ferry, Parma.

*Pearl of great Price.*

- 1 **Y**E glittering toys of earth, adieu;  
A nobler choice be mine;  
A real prize attracts my view,  
A treasure all divine.
- 2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,  
Ye spacious baits of sense;  
Inestimable worth appears,  
The pearl of price immense!
- 3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,  
O name divinely sweet!  
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,  
Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.
- 4 Should both the Indies, at my call,  
Their boasted stores resign,  
With joy I would renounce them all,  
For leave to call thee mine.
- 5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,  
Of this dear gift possessed,  
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,  
And think myself most blessed.
- 6 Dear sovereign of my soul's desires  
Thy love is bliss divine;  
Accept the wish that love inspires,  
And bid me call thee mine.

STEELE.

132

C. M. Clarendon, Turner, Corinth.

*Jesus precious to them that believe.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, I love thy charming name;  
'Tis music to my ear;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Whate'er my noblest powers can wish,  
In thee doth richly meet;  
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,  
And shed its fragrance there;  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.

## 133, 134 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

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- 4 I'll speak the honors of thy name,  
With my last laboring breath;  
Then, speechless, clasp thee in my arms—  
And trust thy love in death. DODDRIDGE.
- 

11s & 10s. The Lord is my Shepherd.  
**133** *The Lord our Shepherd.* Ps. 25.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is my Shepherd; he makes me  
repose  
Where the pastures in beauty are growing;  
He leads me afar from the world and its woes,  
Where in peace the still waters are flowing.
- 2 He strengthens my spirit, he shows me the path  
Where the arms of his love shall enfold me;  
And when I walk through the dark valley of  
death,  
His rod and his staff will uphold me.
- SPIRITUAL SONGS.
- 

**134** 11s & 10s. The Lord is my Shepherd.  
*The Shepherd and his Flock desired.* S. Songs, i. 7, 8.

- 1 **O** TELL me, thou life and delight of my soul,  
Where the flock of thy pasture are feeding;  
I seek thy protection, I need thy control;  
I would go where my Shepherd is leading.
- 2 O tell me the place where thy flock are at rest,  
Where the noon-tide will find them re-  
posing?  
The tempest now rages, my soul is distress,  
And the pathway of peace I am losing.
- 3 O, why should I stray with the flocks of thy  
foes,  
Mid the desert where now they are roving,  
Where hunger and thirst, where afflictions  
and woes,  
And temptations their ruin are proving?
- 4 O, when shall my woes and my wander-  
ings cease?  
And the follies that fill me with weeping!  
Thou Shepherd of Israel! restore me that  
peace  
Thou dost give to the flock thou art keeping.

5 A voice from the Shepherd now bids thee  
return

By the way where the foot-prints are lying :  
No longer to wander, no longer to mourn ;  
O, fair one ! now homeward be flying.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

## PRAISE TO CHRIST.

135

C. M.

Devizes, Arlington

1 **C**OME let us join our cheerful songs,  
With angels round the throne ;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,  
To be exalted thus :  
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,  
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine ;  
And blessings, more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all who dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him who sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

WATTS.

136

C. M.

Arundel, Great Milton.

*Works of Moses and of the Lamb.*

1 **H**OW strong thine arm is, mighty God !  
Who would not fear thy name ?  
Jesus, how sweet thy graces are !  
Who would not love the Lamb ?

2 Christ has done more than Moses did,  
Our Prophet and our King :  
From bonds of hell he freed our souls,  
And taught our lips to sing.

## 137, 138 PRAISE TO CHRIST.

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- 3 In the Red Sea, by Moses' hand,  
The Egyptian host was drowned ;  
But his own blood hides all our sins,  
And guilt no more is found.
- 4 When through the desert Israel went,  
With manna they were fed :  
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,  
And calls it living bread.
- 5 Moses beheld the promised land,  
Yet never reached the place :  
But Christ shall bring his followers home,  
To see his Father's face.
- 6 Then shall our love and joy be full,  
And feel a warmer flame ;  
And sweeter voices tune the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.
- WATTS.
- 

### 137 L. M. Dresden, Luton. *Song of Praise to God the Redeemer.*

- 1 **L**ET the old heathens tune their song  
Of great Diana and of Jove ;  
But the sweet theme that moves my tongue  
Is my Redeemer and his love.
- 2 Behold a God descends and dies,  
To save my soul from gaping hell :  
How the black gulf where Satan lies,  
Yawned to receive me when I fell !
- 3 How justice frowned, and vengeance stood,  
To drive me down to endless pain !  
But the great Son proposed his blood,  
And heavenly wrath grew mild again.
- 4 Infinite Lover ! gracious Lord !  
To thee be endless honors given ;  
Thy wondrous name shall be adored,  
Round the wide earth, and wider heaven.
- WATTS.
- 

### 138 8s, 7s, & 4. Tamworth. *Praise to the Redeemer.*

- 1 **M**IGHTY God, while angels bless thee,  
May an infant lisp thy name ?  
Lord of man, as well as angels,  
Thou art every creature's theme.  
Hallelujah.  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen

- 2 Lord of every land and nation,  
Ancient of eternal days!  
Sounded through the wide creation,  
Be thy just, exalted praise. Hal.
- 3 Brightness of the Father's glory,  
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?  
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!  
Sing the Lord who came to die. Hal.
- 4 Did the angels sing thy coming?  
Did the shepherds learn their lays?  
Shame would cover me, ungrateful,  
Should my tongue refuse to praise. Hal.
- 5 From the highest throne in glory,  
To the cross of deepest wo—  
All to ransom guilty captives!  
Flow my praise, for ever flow. Hal.
- 6 Go, return, immortal Saviour;  
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;  
Thence return, and reign for ever;  
Be the kingdom all thine own.  
Hallelujah, &c. ROBINSON.

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord, who makes us know  
The wonders of his dying love,  
Be humble honors paid below,  
And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he who cleansed our foulest sins,  
And washed us in his richest blood;  
'Tis he who makes us priests and kings,  
And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,  
To Jesus, our superier King,  
Be everlasting power confessed,  
And every tongue his glory sing.
- 4 Beheld, on flying clouds he comes,  
And every eye shall see him move!  
Though with our sins we pierced him once,  
Then he displays his pardoning love.
- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,  
While we rejoice to see the day:  
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,  
Nor let thy chariot long delay. WATTS

140

2 5s 1 1l. Ah! tell me no more.

*Blessings of the Gospel.*

1 **O** JESUS, our Lord,  
Thy name be adored,  
For all the rich blessings conveyed through  
thy word.

2 In Spirit we trace  
The wonders of grace;  
And joyful unite in a concert of praise.

3 Thrice happy are they  
Who hear and obey,  
And share in the blessings of this gospel day.

4 This blessing is mine  
Through favor divine,  
But O, my Redeemer, the glory be thine.

5 The trumpet of God  
Is sounding abroad,  
In language of mercy, through Jesus our Lord.

6 The Ancient of days  
His glory displays,  
And shines on his chosen with cherishing rays.

7 Ye sinners, draw nigh!  
O, why will ye die?

Despise not the riches of glory on high.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

141

C. M. Irish, St. Martin's, Devizes.

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

1 **O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
My dear Redeemer's praise!  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad  
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin;  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood availed for me.



- 5 Let us obey ; we then shall know,  
 Shall feel our sins forgiven ;  
 Anticipate our heaven below,  
 And own that love is heaven.

HARTFORD COLL.

## GOSPEL.

142

C. M.

Barby, Peterborough.

- 1 **B**LEST are the souls who hear and know  
 The gospel's joyful sound ;  
 Peace shall attend the paths they go,  
 And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,  
 Through their Redeemer's name ;  
 His righteousness exalts their hope,  
 Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,  
 Strength and salvation gives ;  
 Israel, thy King for ever reigns,  
 Thy God for ever lives.

WATTS.

143

S. M.

St. Thomas, Worcester.

*The Blessedness of Gospel Times.*

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet,  
 Who stand on Zion's hill !  
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
 And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice !  
 How sweet their tidings are !  
 " Zion, behold thy Saviour, King,  
 " He reigns and triumphs here !"
- 3 How happy are our ears,  
 That hear this joyful sound !—  
 Which kings and prophets waited for,  
 And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,  
 That see this heavenly light !  
 Prophets and kings desired it long  
 But died without the sight !

- 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm,  
Through all the earth abroad;  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

WATTS.

## 144

L. M. Rothwell, New Sabbath.

*The inward Witness to Christianity.*

- 1 **Q**UESTIONS and doubts be heard no more;  
Let Christ and joy be all our theme;  
His spirit seals his gospel sure  
To every soul that trusts in him.
- 2 Jesus, thy witness speaks within:  
The mercy which thy words reveal,  
Refines the heart from sense and sin,  
And stamps its own celestial seal.
- 3 The guilty wretch that trusts thy blood  
Finds peace and pardon at the cross;  
The sinful soul, averse to God,  
Believes, and loves his Maker's laws.
- 4 Learning and wit may cease their strife,  
When miracles with glory shine;  
The voice that calls the dead to life  
Must be almighty and divine.

WATTS.

## 145

C. M.

London, Bedford.

*Defence of the Gospel.*

- 1 **S**HALL atheists dare insult the cross  
Of our incarnate God?  
Shall infidels revile his truth,  
And trample on his blood?
- 2 What if he choose mysterious ways  
To cleanse us from our faults?  
May not the works of sovereign grace  
Transcend our feeble thoughts?
- 3 What if his gospel bid us strive  
With flesh, and self, and sin?  
The prize is most divinely bright  
That we are called to win.
- 4 What if the men despised on earth  
Still of his grace partake?

- This but confirms his truth the more ;  
 For so the prophets spake.
- 5 Do some, that own his sacred truth,  
 Indulge their souls in sin ?  
 None should reproach the Saviour's name ;  
 His laws are pure and clean.
- 6 Then let our faith be firm and strong,  
 Our lips profess his word ;  
 Nor ever shun those holy men,  
 Who fear and love the Lord. WATTS.

146

L. M. Blendon, Old Hundred.

*Power of the Gospel.*

- 1 **T**HIS is the word of truth and love,  
 Sent to the nations from above ;  
 Jehovah here resolves to show  
 What his almighty grace can do.
- 2 This remedy did wisdom find,  
 To heal diseases of the mind ;  
 This sovereign balm, whose virtues can  
 Restore the ruined creature man.
- The gospel bids the dead revive ;  
 Sinners obey the voice, and live ;  
 Dry bones are raised, and clothed afresh,  
 And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.
- May but this grace my soul renew,  
 Let sinners gaze, and hate me too ;  
 The word that saves me does engage  
 A sure defence from all their rage. WATTS.

47

C. M. Braintree, Cambridge.

*Praise for the Gospel. Ps. 98.*

- T**O our Almig ty Maker, God,  
 New honors be addressed ;  
 His great salvation shines abroad,  
 And makes the nations blessed.
- He spake the word to Abraham first ;  
 His truth fulfils his grace ;  
 The Gentiles make his name their trust,  
 And learn his righteousness.
- Let the whole earth his love proclaim  
 With all her different tongues ;  
 And spread the honors of his name  
 In melody and songs. WATTS.

148

L. M. Rothwell, Duke Street.

*The Gospel worthy of all Acceptation.*

- 1 **W**HAT shall the dying sinner do,  
That seeks relief from all his wo?  
Where shall the guilty conscience find  
Ease for the torment of the mind?
- 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,  
Or form our natures fit for heaven?  
Can souls, all o'er defiled with sin,  
Make their own powers and passions clean?
- 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,  
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;  
'Tis there that power and glory dwell  
That save rebellious souls from hell.
- 4 This is the pillar of our hope  
That bears our fainting spirits up;  
We read the grace, we trust the word,  
And find salvation in the Lord.
- 5 Let men or angels dig the mines  
Where nature's golden treasure shines;  
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,  
All nature's gold appears but dross.
- 6 Should vile blasphemers, with disdain,  
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,  
We'll meet the scandal and the shame,  
And sing and triumph in his name. WATTS.

149

C. M.

Mear, Ferry.

*The glorious Gospel.*

- 1 **W**HAT wisdom, majesty and grace  
Through all the gospel shine!  
'Tis God that speaks, and we confess  
The doctrine most divine.
- 2 Down from his starry throne on high,  
The almighty Saviour comes;  
Lays his bright robes of glory by,  
And feeble flesh assumes.
- 3 The mighty debt that sinners owed,  
Upon the cross he pays;  
Then through the clouds ascends to God,  
Midst shouts of loftiest praise.
- 4 There he our great High Priest appears  
Before his Father's throne.

Mingles his merits with our tears,  
And pours salvation down.

- 5 Great God, with reverence we adore  
Thy justice and thy grace ;  
And on thy faithfulness and power  
Our firm dependence place. STENNETT.

## SCRIPTURE DOCTRINE.

### DEPRAVITY.

150

C. M.

Burford, Walsall.

- 1 **F**OOLS, in their hearts, believe and say,  
"That all religion's vain ;  
"There is no God that reigns on high,  
"Or minds the affairs of men."

- 2 The Lord, from his celestial throne,  
Looked down on things below,  
To find the man that sought his grace,  
Or did his justice know.

- 3 By nature all are gone astray ;  
Their practice all the same :  
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,  
There's none that loves his name.

- 4 Their tongues are used to speak deceit ;  
Their slanders never cease ;  
How swift to mischief are their feet !  
Nor know the paths of peace.

- 5 O that salvation might proceed  
From Zion's sacred place,  
Till Israel's captives all are freed,  
And sing recovering grace. WATTS.

151

L. M.

Bath, Leyden, Truro

*Depravity.*

- 1 **G**OD, from his throne, with piercing eye,  
Naked does every heart behold ;  
But never till we come to die,  
Will he o us the view unfold

- 2 Should sin, in naked form appear,  
Just as it rises in the heart,  
And others know and see it there  
In every feeling, every thought;
- 3 The fire of hell must kindle soon,  
How envy and revenge would flame!  
One heart would urge another on,  
Till rage and vengeance want a name.
- 4 Sin in its nature would appear  
A living death to form a hell;  
The worst of miseries creatures fear,  
The worst of plagues the tongue can tell.
- 5 Unveiled and naked, every heart  
Before the judgment seat must stand,  
Sin act no more a double part,  
But meet a death from its own hand.
- 6 The fiery lake will hotter grow  
From the fierce clash of sinful souls;  
Each bosom like a furnace glow,  
Nor God the rage or fire control.

## 152

L. M.

Putney, Armley.

*Custom in Sin.*

- 1 **L**ET the wild leopards of the wood  
Put off the spots that nature gives;  
Then may the wicked turn to God,  
And change their tempers and their lives.
- 2 As well might Ethiopian slaves  
Wash out the darkness of their skin;  
The dead as well may leave their graves,  
As old transgressors cease to sin.
- 3 Where vice has held its empire long,  
'Twill not endure the least control;  
None but a power divinely strong  
Can turn the current of the soul.
- 4 Great God! I own thy power divine,  
That works to change this heart of mine;  
I would be formed anew, and bless  
The wonders of creating grace. **WATTS**

## 153

L. M.

Armley, Windham

*Original and actual Sin confessed.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I am vile, conceived in sin,  
And born unholy and unclean;  
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall  
Corrupts the race and taints us all

- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,  
The seeds of sin grow up for death:  
Thy law demands a perfect heart;  
But we're defiled in every part.
- 3 Behold, I fall before thy face;  
My only refuge is thy grace:  
No outward forms can make me clean:  
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 4 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,  
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,  
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,  
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 5 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone  
Hath power sufficient to atone:  
Thy blood can make me white as snow,  
No Jewish types can cleanse me so. WATTS.

## 154

C. M.

Belford, St. Ann's.

*Sin confessed. Ps. li. 2.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I would spread my sore distress  
And guilt before thine eyes;  
Against thy laws, against thy grace,  
How high my crimes arise!
- 2 Born in a world of guilt, I drew  
Contagion with my breath;  
And as my days advanced, I grew  
A juster prey for death.
- 3 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul  
With thy forgiving love;  
O make my broken spirit whole,  
And bid my pains remove.
- 4 Let not thy spirit quite depart,  
Nor drive me from thy face;  
Create anew my vicious heart,  
And fill it with thy grace.
- 5 Then will I make thy mercy known  
Before the sons of men;  
Backsliders shall address thy throne,  
And turn to God again. WATTS.

## 155

C. M.

Wantage, Chelsea.

*Deceitfulness of Sin.*

- 1 **S**IN has a thousand treacherous arts  
To practise on the mind;  
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,  
But leaves a sting behind.

- 2 With names of virtue she deceives  
The aged and the young ;  
And, while the heedless wretch believes,  
She makes his fetters strong.
- 3 She pleads for all the joy she brings,  
And gives a fair pretence ;  
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,  
And chains it down to sense.
- 4 So, on a tree divinely fair,  
Grew the forbidden food ;  
Our mother took the poison there,  
And tainted all her blood. WATTS.

156 C. M. Bangor, Carolina.  
*The Distemper, Folly and Madness of Sin.*

- 1 **S**IN, like a venomous disease,  
Infects our vital blood ;  
The only balm is sovereign grace,  
And the physician, God.
- 2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,  
And we draw near to death ;  
But Christ the Lord recalls the dead  
With his almighty breath.
- 3 Madness, by nature, reigns within,  
The passions burn and rage,  
Till God's own Son, with skill divine,  
The inward fire assuage.
- 4 We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,  
And solid good despise :  
Such is the folly of the mind,  
Till Jesus makes us wise. WATTS.

157 L. M. Armley, Bath.  
*Sin and Holiness. Gal. v. 17.*

- 1 **W**HAT jarring natures dwell within—  
Imperfect grace, remaining sin !  
Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,  
Though each by turns my heart assail.
- 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,  
Now raise my songs of triumph high,  
Sing a rebellious passion slain,  
Or mourn to feel it live again.
- 3 One happy hour beholds me rise,  
Borne upwards to my native skies,



While faith assists my soaring flight  
To realms of joy and worlds of light.

- 4 Scarce a few hours or minutes roll,  
Ere earth reclaims my captive soul;  
I feel its sympathetic force,  
And headlong urge my downward course,
- 5 Great God, assist me through the fight,  
Make me triumphant in thy might;  
Thou the desponding heart canst raise,  
The victory mine, and thine the praise.

CRUITENDEN.

158

C. M. Lebanon, New Durham.

*In-dwelling Sin lamented.*

- 1 **W**ITH tears of anguish I lament,  
Here at thy feet, my God,  
My passion, pride and discontent,  
And vile ingratitude.
- 2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,  
So false as mine has been!  
So faithless to its promises,  
So prone to every sin!
- 3 My reason tells me thy commands  
Are holy, just and true;  
Tells me whate'er my God commands  
Is his most righteous due.
- 4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,  
And all her words approve;  
But still I find it hard t' obey,  
And harder yet to love.
- 5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel  
These struggles in my breast?  
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,  
And give my conscience rest?
- 6 Break, sovereign grace, O break the charm,  
And set the captive free;  
Reveal thine own almighty arm,  
And haste to rescue me.

STENNETT.

## ATONEMENT.

159

C. M.

Abridge, Bedford.

*The Atonement of Christ.*

- 1 **H**OW are our natures spoiled by sin !  
 Yet nature ne'er hath found  
 The way to make the conscience clean,  
 Or heal the painful wound:
- 2 In vain we seek for peace with God  
 By methods of our own :  
 Jesus, there's nothing but thy blood  
 Can bring us near the throne.
- 3 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord ;  
 'Tis on thy cross we rest ;  
 For ever be thy love adored,  
 Thy name for ever blest.

WATTS.

160

L. M.

Surry, Arncliffe.

- 1 **H**OW shall the sons of men appear,  
 Great God, before thine awful bar ?  
 How may the guilty hope to find  
 Acceptance with the eternal Mind ?
- 2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,  
 Not the most costly sacrifice,  
 Nor infant blood profusely spilt,  
 Will expiate a sinner's guilt.
- 3 The blood of Jesus Christ, alone,  
 Hath sovereign virtue to atone ;  
 Here we will rest our only plea,  
 When we approach, great God, to thee.

STENNETT.

## REPENTANCE.

161

C. M.

St. Martin's, Dundee.

- 1 **R**EPENT, the voice celestial cries,  
 Nor longer dare delay :  
 The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,  
 And meets a fiery day.

No more the sovereign eye of God  
 O'erlooks the crimes of men ;  
 His heralds are despatched abroad  
 To warn the world of sin.  
 Together in his presence bow,  
 And all your guilt confess ;  
 Accept the offered Saviour now,  
 Nor trifle with his grace.  
 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,  
 And call you to his bar ;  
 For mercy knows the appointed bound,  
 And turns to vengeance there.  
 Amazing love, that yet will call,  
 And yet prolong our days !  
 Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,  
 And weep, and love, and praise.

DODDRIDGE.

162 L. M. *Ninety-seventh Psalm, Antigua.*  
*Repentance and free Pardon. Ps. 32.*

**B**LEST is the man, for ever blest,  
 Whose guilt is pardoned by his God,  
 Whose sins with sorrow are confessed,  
 And covered with his Saviour's blood.  
 Blest is the man to whom the Lord  
 Imputes not his iniquities :  
 He pleads no merit of reward,  
 And not on works, but grace, relies.  
 From guile his heart and lips are free ;  
 His humble joy, his holy fear  
 With deep repentance well agree,  
 And join to prove his faith sincere.  
 How glorious is that righteousness  
 That hides and cancels all his sins !  
 While a bright evidence of grace  
 Through his whole life appears and shines.

WATTS.

163 S. M. *Dover, Silver Street.*  
*Forgiveness of Sins upon Confession. Ps. 32.*

**O**BLESSED souls are they,  
 Whose sins are covered o'er ;  
 Divinely blest, to whom the Lord  
 Imputes their guilt no more.

- 2 They mourn their follies past,  
And keep their hearts with care;  
Their lips and lives, without deceit,  
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I concealed my guilt,  
I felt the festering wound;  
Till I confessed my sins to thee,  
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,  
Let saints keep near the throne;  
Our help in times of deep distress  
Is found in God alone.

WATTS.

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## FAITH.

164

L. M.

Cowper, Wells.

- 1 **L**IFE and immortal joys are given  
To souls that mourn the sins they've  
done;  
Children of wrath, made heirs of heaven,  
By faith in God's eternal Son.
- 2 Wo to the wretch who never felt  
The inward pangs of pious grief!  
But adds to all his crying guilt  
The stubborn sin of unbelief.
- 3 The law condemns the rebel dead;  
Under the wrath of God he lies:  
He seals the curse on his own head,  
And with a double vengeance dies.

WATTS.

165

C. M.

York, Reading.

*A living Faith.*

- 1 **M**ISTAKEN souls! that dream of heaven,  
And make their empty boast  
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,  
While they are slaves to lust.
- 2 Vain are our fancy's airy flights,  
If faith be cold and dead;  
None but a living power unites  
To Christ the living head.

'Tis faith that changes all the heart ;

'Tis faith that works by love ;

That bids all sinful joys depart,

And lifts the thoughts above.

'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell

By a celestial power ;

This is the grace that shall prevail

In the decisive hour.

WATTS.

166

L. M.

Bch, Winchester.

*Faith connected with Salvation.*

NOT by the laws of innocence

Can Adam's sons arrive at heaven ;

New works can give us no pretence

To have our ancient sins forgiven.

2 Not the best deeds that we have done

Can make a wounded conscience whole ;

Faith is the grace,—and faith alone,—

That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.

3 Lord, I believe thy heavenly word ;

Fain would I have my soul renewed ;

I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord,

To have it pardoned and subdued.

4 O may thy grace its power display ;

Let guilt and death no longer reign ;

Save me in thine appointed way,

Nor let my humble faith be vain. WATTS.

167

L. M.

Bath, Bridgewater.

*Believe and be saved.*

1 NOT to condemn the sons of men,

Did Christ, the Son of God, appear :

No weapons in his hands are seen,

No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,

He loved the race of man so well,

He sent his Son to bear our load

Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,

Trust in his mighty name, and live ;

A thousand joys his lips afford,

His hands a thousand blessings give.

4 But vengeance and damnation lies

On rebels who refuse his grace ;

Who God's eternal Son despise,  
The hottest hell shall be their place.

WATT

168 C. M. *Faith encouraged.* Heb. xi. 13.

Arunde

- 1 **R**ISE, O my soul; pursue the path  
By ancient worthies trod;  
Aspiring, view those holy men,  
Who lived and walked with God.
- 2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,  
And in example live;  
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,  
Still fresh instruction give.
- 3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious  
blood,  
They conquered every foe;  
And to his power and matchless grace,  
Their crowns of life they owe.
- 4 Lord, may I ever keep in view,  
The patterns thou hast given;  
And ne'er forsake the blessed road,  
That led them safe to heaven. NEEDHAM.

169 L. M. *Faith in God in Time of Distress.*

Old Hundred, Paley

- 1 **S**HOULD famine o'er the mourning field  
Extend her desolating reign,  
Nor spring her blooming beauties yield,  
Nor autumn swell the ripening grain;—
- 2 Should lowing herds, and bleating sheep,  
Around their famished master die,  
And hope itself, expiring, weep,  
Whilst life deplores its last supply;—
- 3 Amidst the dark, the deathful scene,  
If I can say, The Lord is mine,  
The joy shall triumph o'er the pain,  
And glory dawn, though life decline.
- 4 The God of my salvation lives;  
My nobler life he will sustain;  
His word immortal vigor gives,  
Nor shall my hope or trust be vain.

STEELE.

70 C. M. Bedford, Braintree.  
*The brazen Serpent, or looking to Jesus.*

SO did the Hebrew prophet raise  
 The brazen serpent high;  
 The wounded felt immediate ease,  
 The camp forebore to die.  
 "Look upward in the dying hour,  
 "And live!" the prophet cries;  
 But Christ performs a nobler cure,  
 When faith lifts up her eyes.  
 High on the cross the Saviour hung!  
 High in the heavens he reigns!  
 Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,  
 Look, and forget their pains.  
 When God's own Son is lifted up,  
 A dying world revives;  
 The Jews behold the glorious hope,  
 The expiring Gentile lives.

WATTS.

71 8s. Lambeth.  
*Faith conquering.*

THE moment a sinner believes,  
 And trusts in his crucified God,  
 His pardon at once he receives—  
 Redemption in full through his blood.  
 'Tis faith that still leads us along,  
 And lives under pressure and load,  
 That makes us in weakness more strong,  
 And draws the soul upward to God.  
 It treads on the world and on hell,  
 It vanquishes death and despair;  
 And oh! let us wonder to tell,  
 It wrestles and conquers by prayer:  
 Permits a vile worm of the dust,  
 With God to commune as a friend;  
 To hope his forgiveness as just,  
 And look for his love to the end.  
 It says to the mountains, "Depart,"  
 That stand between God and the soul;—  
 It binds up the broken in heart,  
 And makes wounded consciences whole;  
 Bids sins of a crimson-like dye  
 Be spotless as snow, and as white;  
 And raises the sinner on high,  
 To dwell with the angels of light.

HART.

172

C. M.

Clarendon, Irish

*Looking at Things unseen.*

- 1 **W**HY should the world's alluring toys  
     Detain our hearts and eyes,  
     Regardless of immortal joys,  
     And strangers to the skies.
- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay ;  
     They fade upon the sight ;  
     And quickly will their brightest day  
     Be lost in endless night.
- 3 Lord, send a beam of light divine  
     To guide our upward aim ;  
     With one reviving ray of thine  
     Our languid hearts inflame.
- 4 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,  
     Our ardent wishes rise  
     To those bright scenes where pleasures spring  
     Immortal in the skies.

STEELE.

## REGENERATION.

173

C. M.

Windsor, Bangor.

- 1 **C**AN aught beneath a power divine  
     The stubborn will subdue ?  
     'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine  
     To form the heart anew.
- 2 'Tis thine the passions to recall,  
     And upward bid them rise ;  
     And make the scales of error fall  
     From reason's darkened eyes.
- 3 To chase the shades of death away,  
     And bid the sinner live,  
     A beam of heaven, a vital ray—  
     'Tis thine alone to give.
- 4 Oh, change these wretched hearts of ours,  
     And give them life divine ;  
     Then shall our passions and our powers,  
     Almighty Lord, be thine



174

C. M.

Dundee, Winter.

*Regeneration.*

- S**INNERS, this solemn truth regard;  
 Hear, all ye sons of men;  
 For Christ the Saviour hath declared,  
 "Ye must be born again."
- 2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,  
 The sinner's boast is vain;  
 Thus saith the glorious Son of God,  
 "Ye must be born again."
- 3 Our nature's totally depraved—  
 The heart a sink of sin;  
 Without a change we can't be saved;  
 "Ye must be born again."
- 4 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,  
 And breathe on sinners slain;  
 Bear witness, Lord, in every heart,  
 That we are born again. HOSKINS.

175

C. M.

Reading, Greenwalk.

- S**TRAIT is the way, the door is strait,  
 That leads to joys on high;  
 'Tis but a few that find the gate,  
 While crowds mistake and die.
- 2 Beloved self must be denied,  
 The mind and will renewed;  
 Passion suppressed and patience tried,  
 And vain desires subdued.
- 3 The love of gold be banished hence,  
 That vile idolatry;  
 And every member, every sense,  
 In sweet subjection lie.
- 4 The tongue, that most unruly power,  
 Requires a strong restraint;  
 We must be watchful every hour,  
 And pray, but never faint.
- 5 Lord! can a feeble, helpless worm  
 Fulfil a task so hard?  
 Thy grace must all my work perform,  
 And give the free reward WATTS.

## PARDON.

176

C. M. Springfield, Windsor.

- 1 **A**S on the cross the Saviour hung,  
And wept, and bled, and died,  
He poured salvation on a wretch,  
That languished at his side.
- 2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,  
The penitent confessed ;  
Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,  
And thus his prayer addressed :
- 3 "Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven,  
"Thou spotless Lamb of God !  
"I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,  
"And weltering in thy blood.
- 4 "Yet quickly from these scenes of wo,  
"In triumph shalt thou rise,  
"Burst through the gloomy shades of death,  
"And shine above the skies.
- 5 "Amid the glories of that world,  
"Dear Saviour, think on me,  
"And in the victories of thy death  
"Let me a sharer be."
- 6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,  
And instantly replies,  
"To-day thy parting soul shall be  
"With me in paradise."

STENNETT.

177

L. M.

Bath, Armley.

*Pardoning Grace.*

- 1 **F**ROM deep distress, and troubled thoughts,  
To thee, my God, I raise my cries :  
If thou severely mark our faults,  
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.
- 2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,  
Free to dispense thy pardons there ;  
That sinners may approach thy face,  
And hope and love, as well as fear.
- 3 My trust is fixed upon thy word,  
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain ;  
Let mourning souls address the Lord,  
And find relief from all their pain

- 4 Great is his love, and large his grace,  
Through the redemption of his Son;  
He turns our feet from sinful ways,  
And pardons what our hands have done.  
WATTS.

178

C. M. Colchester, St. Martin's.

*Free Pardon and sincere Obedience. Ps. 32.*

- 1 **H**APPY the man to whom his God  
No more imputes his sin;  
But, washed in his Redeemer's blood,  
Hath made his garments clean!
- 2 Happy, beyond expression, he  
Whose debts are thus discharged;  
And, from the guilty bondage free,  
He feels his soul enlarged.
- 3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,  
His words are all sincere;  
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,  
To keep his conscience clear.
- 4 While I my inward guilt suppressed,  
No quiet could I find;  
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,  
And racked my tortured mind.
- 5 Then I confessed my troubled thoughts,  
My secret sins revealed;  
Thy pardoning grace forgave my faults,  
Thy grace my pardon sealed.
- 6 This shall invite thy saints to pray;  
When, like a raging flood,  
Temptations rise, our strength and stay  
Is a forgiving God.  
WATTS.

179

C. M. Canterbury, Wantage.

- 1 **H**OW oft, alas! this wretched heart  
Has wandered from the Lord!  
How oft my roving thoughts depart,  
Forgetful of his word!
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls—"Return;"  
Dear Lord, and may I come?  
My vile ingratitude I mourn:  
O take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou—wilt thou yet forgive,  
And bid my crimes remove?

- And shall a pardoned rebel live,  
To speak thy wondrous love?
- 4 Almighty grace; thy healing power,  
How glorious—how divine!  
That can to life and bliss restore  
So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pardoning love—so free—so sweet—  
Dear Saviour, I adore;  
O keep me at thy sacred feet,  
And let me rove no more.

STEELE.

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## JUSTIFICATION.

180

H. M.

Weymouth.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise,  
Shake off thy guilty fears,  
The bleeding Sacrifice  
In my behalf appears;  
Before the throne my Surety stands,  
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede;  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood to plead;  
His blood atoned for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
Received on Calvary;  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly speak for me:  
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,  
Nor let that ransomed sinner die!
- 4 The Father hears him pray,  
His dear anointed One:  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of his Son:  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconciled,  
His pardoning voice I hear:

He owns me for his child,  
I can no longer fear;  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

METH. COLL.

181

C. M.

York, Turner.

*Spiritual Apparel.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, my heart, arise my tongue,  
Prepare a tuneful voice;  
In God, the life of all my joys,  
Aloud will I rejoice.
- 2 'Tis he adorned my naked soul,  
And made salvation mine;  
Upon a poor polluted worm  
He makes his graces shine.
- 3 How far the heavenly robe exceeds  
What earthly princes wear!  
These ornaments, how bright they shine!  
How white the garments are!
- 4 The Spirit wrought by faith and love,  
And hope in every grace;  
But Jesus spent his life, to work  
The robe of righteousness.
- 5 Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed  
By the great Sacred Three!  
In sweetest harmony of praise  
Let all thy powers agree.

WATTS.

182

S. M.

Watchman.

- 1 **H**OW can a sinner know  
His sins on earth forgiven?  
How can my gracious Saviour show  
My name inscribed in heaven?
- 2 What we have felt and seen  
With confidence we tell;  
And publish to the sons of men  
The signs infallible.
- 3 We, who in Christ believe  
That he for us hath died,  
We all his unknown peace receive,  
And feel his blood applied.
- 4 Exults our rising soul,  
Disburthened of her load,

And swells unutterably full  
Of glory and of God.

5 His love, surpassing far  
The love of all beneath,  
We find within our hearts, and dare  
The pointless darts of death.

6 Stronger than death or hell  
The sacred power we prove ;  
And, conquerors of the world, we dwell  
In heaven, who dwell in love.

METH. COLL.

183 C. M. Abridge, Bedford.  
*Justification by Faith, not by Works.*

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men  
On their own works have built ;  
Their hearts by nature all unclean,  
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,  
Without a murmuring word,  
And the whole race of Adam stand  
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law  
To justify us now,  
Since to convince and to condemn  
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace !  
When in thy name we trust,  
Our faith receives a righteousness,  
That makes the sinner just.

WATTS.

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## GRACE.

184 C. M. Arlington, Springfield.

1 AMAZING grace ! how sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me !  
I once was lost, but now am found—  
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved ;  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believed.

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

4 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease;  
I shall possess within the veil  
A life of joy and peace.

NEWTON.

185

S. M.

Shiland, Rutland.

*Salvation by Grace.*

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to the ear!  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way  
To save rebellious man;  
And all the steps that grace display,  
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet  
To tread the heavenly road;  
And new supplies each hour, I meet,  
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

DODDRIDGE.

186

C. M.

Ferry, Stephens.

*By the Grace of God, I am what I am.*

1 GREAT God, 'tis from thy sovereign grace,  
That all my blessings flow;  
Whate'er I am, or do possess,  
I to thy mercy owe.

2 'Tis this my powerful lusts control,  
And pardons all my sins!  
Spreads life and comfort through my soul,  
And makes my nature clean.

3 'Tis this upholds me while I live,  
Supports me when I die;  
And hence ten thousand saints receive  
Their all, as well as I.

WINCHELL'S SEL.

187

C. M.

Braintree, Rochester.

*Salvation by Grace.*

- 1 **L**ORD, we confess our numerous faults ;  
How great our guilt has been !  
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,  
And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,  
For ever love his name,  
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways  
Of folly, sin and shame.
- 3 'Tis from the mercy of our God  
That all our hopes begin ;  
'Tis by the water and the blood  
Our souls are washed from sin.
- 4 'Tis through the purchase of his death,  
Who hung upon the tree,  
The Spirit is sent down to breathe  
On such dry bones as we.
- 5 Raised from the dead, we live anew ;  
And, justified by grace,  
We shall appear in glory too,  
And see our Father's face.

WATTS.

## PERSEVERANCE.

188

L. M.

Old Hundred, Chester.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Saviour and my God,  
Thou hast redeemed me with thy blood :  
By ties both natural and divine,  
I am, and ever will be thine.
- 2 But, ah ! should my inconstant heart,  
Ere I'm aware, from thee depart,  
What dire reproach would fall on me,  
For such ingratitude to thee !
- 3 The thought I dread, the crime I hate,  
The guilt, the shame I deprecate :  
And yet, so mighty are my foes,  
I dare not trust my warmest vows.
- 4 Pity my frailty, dearest Lord ;  
Grace in the needful hour afford ;



O steel this timorous heart of mine  
With fortitude and love divine.

- 5 So shall I triumph o'er my fears,  
And gather joys from all my tears:  
So shall I to the world proclaim  
The honors of the Christian name. STENNETT.

## 189

C. M. Peterborough, Cambridge.

- 1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,  
And fixed as mountains be,  
Firm as a rock, the soul shall rest,  
That leans, O Lord on thee.
- 2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well  
Old Salem's happy ground,  
As those eternal arms of love,  
That every saint surround.
- 3 Deal gently, Lord with souls sincere,  
And lead them safely on  
To the bright gates of paradise,  
Where Christ their Lord is gone.
- 4 But if we trace those crooked ways  
Which the old serpent drew,  
The wrath that drove him first to hell,  
Shall smite his followers too. WATTS.

## SANCTIFICATION.

## 190

C. M.

Cambridge, Irish.

*A State of Nature and of Grace.*

- 1 NOT the malicious nor profane,  
The wanton, nor the proud,  
Nor thieves, nor slanderers shall obtain  
The kingdom of our God.
- 2 Surprising grace! and such were we  
By nature and by sin,  
Heirs of immortal misery,  
Unholy and unclean.
- 3 But we are washed in Jesus' blood,  
We're pardoned through his name:  
And the good Spirit of our God  
Has sanctified our frame.

- 4 O for a persevering power  
 To keep thy just commands!  
 We would defile our hearts no more,  
 No more pollute our hands. WATTS.

191

L. M. Brentford, New Sabbath.

*Holiness and Grace.*

- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express  
 The holy gospel we profess;  
 So let our works and virtues shine,  
 To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
 The honors of our Saviour God;  
 When the salvation reigns within,  
 And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
 Passion and envy, lust and pride;  
 Whilst justice, temperance, truth and love,  
 Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
 While we expect that blessed hope,  
 The bright appearance of the Lord;—  
 And Faith stands leaning on his word. WATTS.

## REDEMPTION.

192

L. M. Winchester, Eaton.

*Redemption by Christ alone.*

- 1 **E**NSLAVED by sin, and bound in chains  
 Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,  
 And doomed to everlasting pains,  
 We wretched guilty captives lay.
- 2 Jesus, the Lord, the mighty God,  
 An all-sufficient ransom paid:  
 Invalued price! his precious blood,  
 For vile rebellious traitors shed.
- 3 Jesus the sacrifice became,  
 To rescue guilty souls from hell:  
 The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb,  
 Beneath avenging justice fell

Amazing goodness ! love divine !  
 O may our grateful hearts adore  
 The matchless grace ; nor yield to sin,  
 Nor wear its cruel fetters more. STEELE.

## ADOPTION.

193

7s.

Quincy.

*Privileges of Adoption.*

**B**LESSED are the sons of God ;  
 They are bought with Christ's own blood,  
 They are ransomed from the grave ;  
 Life eternal they shall have :  
 With them numbered may we be,  
 Here, and in eternity.

They are justified by grace ;  
 They enjoy a solid peace ;  
 All their sins are washed away ;  
 They shall stand in God's great day :  
 With them numbered may we be,  
 Here, and in eternity.

They produce the fruits of grace,  
 In the works of righteousness ;  
 They are harmless, meek, and mild,  
 Holy, blameless, undefiled :  
 With them numbered may we be,  
 Here, and in eternity.

They are lights upon the earth,  
 Children of a heavenly birth ;  
 One with God, with Jesus one ;  
 Glory is in them begun :  
 With them numbered may we be,  
 Here, and in eternity. HUMPHREYS.

## SALVATION.

194

C. M. Devizes, Cambridge.  
*Salvation.*

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O, the joyful sound!  
'Tis pleasure to our ears;  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow, and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay;  
But we arise by grace divine,  
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

WATTS.

## PRECIOUS PROMISES.

195

11s. Portuguese Hymn.  
*Precious Promises.*

- 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!  
What more can he say than to you he hath said,  
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
- 2 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,  
I now am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to  
stand,  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 When through fiery trials thy path-way shall  
lie,  
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;  
The flames shall not hurt thee; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

- Even down to old age, all my people shall  
prove  
Impartial, eternal, unchangeable love ;  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples  
adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be  
borne.
- The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,  
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes ;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor  
to shake,  
I'll never, no never, no never, forsake.

---

THE GOSPEL CALL.

196

L. M.

Paris.

- 1 **C**OME, sinners, to the gospel feast ;  
Let every soul be Jesus' guest :  
Ye need not one be left behind,  
For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 My message as from God receive ;  
Ye all may come to Christ, and live :  
O let his love your hearts constrain,  
Nor suffer him to die in vain !
- 3 His love is mighty to compel ;  
His conquering love consent to feel :  
Yield to his love's resistless power,  
And fight against your God no more.
- 4 See him set forth before your eyes,  
That precious, bleeding sacrifice !  
His offered benefits embrace,  
And freely now be saved by grace !
- 5 This is the time ; no more delay !  
This is the acceptable day ;  
Come in this moment at his call,  
And live for him who died for all.

METH. COLL.

197

L. M.

Invitation.

- 1 **H**O ! every one that thirsts, draw nigh ;  
'Tis God invites the fallen race ;

- Mercy and free salvation buy,  
 Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.
- 2 "Why seek ye that which is not bread,  
 "Nor can your hungry souls sustain?  
 "On ashes, husks, and air, ye feed;  
 "Ye spend your little all in vain.
- 3 "In search of empty joys below,  
 "Ye toil with unavailing strife;  
 "Whither, ah! whither would ye go?  
 "I have the words of endless life.
- 4 "Hearken to me with earnest care,  
 "And freely eat substantial food;  
 "The sweetness of my mercy share,  
 "And taste that I alone am good.
- 5 "I bid you all my goodness prove,  
 "My promises for all are free;  
 "Come, taste the manna of my love,  
 "And let your souls delight in me.
- 6 "Your willing ear and heart incline,  
 "My words believably receive;  
 "Quickened, your souls, by faith divine,  
 "An everlasting life shall live." WESLEY

*Invitation of the Gospel.*

- 1 **L**ET every mortal ear attend,  
 And every heart rejoice!  
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds,  
 With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,  
 Who feed upon the wind,—  
 And vainly strive, with earthly toys,  
 To fill an empty mind;—
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepared  
 A soul-reviving feast;  
 And bids your longing appetites  
 The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye who pant for living streams,  
 And pine away and die;  
 Here you may quench your raging thirst  
 With springs that never dry.
- 5 The happy gates of gospel grace  
 Stand open all the day;  
 Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
 And drive our wants away. WATTS

199

10s &amp; 11s.

St. Michael's.

**T**HY faithfulness, Lord, each moment we  
find,  
So true to thy word, so loving and kind;  
Thy mercy so tender to all the lost race,  
The vilest offender may turn and find grace.

The mercy I feel, to others I show,  
I set to my seal that Jesus is true:  
Ye all may find favor, who come at his call;  
O come to my Saviour, his grace is for all.

To save what was lost, from heaven he came.  
Come, sinners, and trust in Jesus's name!  
He offers you pardon; he bids you be free;  
"If sin be your burden, O come unto me!"

O let me commend my Saviour to you;  
The publican's Friend, and Advocate too;  
For *you* he is pleading his merits and death.  
With death interceding for sinners beneath.

Then let us submit, his grace to receive;  
Fall down at his feet, and gladly believe;  
We all are forgiven, for Jesus's sake:  
Our title to heaven, his merits we take.

METH. COLL.

200

7s. 8L.

Hotham, Warren.

**T**URN, he cries, ye sinners, turn:  
By his life your God hath sworn,  
He would have you turn and live;  
He would all the world receive;  
If your death were his delight,  
Would he you to life invite?  
Would he ask, beseech, and cry,  
Why will ye resolve to die?

Sinners, turn, while God is near:  
Dare not think him insincere:  
Now, even now, your Saviour stands,  
All day long he spreads his hands;  
Cries, "Ye will not happy be;  
"No, ye will not come to me;  
"Me, who life to none deny:  
"Why will ye resolve to die?"

- 3 Can ye doubt if God is love ?  
 If to all his bowels move ?  
 Will ye not his *word* receive ?  
 Will ye not his OATH believe ?  
 See, the suffering God appears ;  
 Jesus weeps ! believe his tears :  
 Mingled with his blood they cry,  
 " Why will ye resolve to die ? "

METH. COLL.

## ALARMING.

201

L. M.

Armley, Windham.

*Sin and Misery connected.*

- 1 **O**H, wretched souls are they, who hear  
 With scorn, the sound of gospel grace ;  
 For sorrow walks along with sin,  
 Although they keep not equal pace.
- 2 How blindly sinners grasp their chains !  
 And yet of freedom vainly boast ;  
 They look for happiness and peace,  
 Nor think by sin their peace is lost.
- 3 Approaching vice is decked in charms,  
 And smiles with promises of gain ;  
 No sooner past—its joys are fled,  
 And all its pleasures changed to pain.
- 4 Sinners may for a time rejoice—  
 Till storms of threatened wrath arise—  
 Till justice grasp the avenging sword ;  
 And then the wretch, the sinner, dies.

STEWART.

202

L. M.

Darwen, Windham.

*Reflection.*

- 1 **A**LAS, alas ! how blind I've been !  
 How little of myself I've seen !  
 Sportive I sailed the sensual tide,  
 Thoughtless of God, whom I defied.
- 2 I heard of heaven, I heard of hell,  
 Where bliss and wo eternal dwell ;  
 But mocked the threats of truth divine,  
 And scorned the place where angels shine



- 3 The alluring world controlled my choice ;  
When conscience spoke, I hushed its voice ;  
Securely laughed along the road,  
Which hapless millions first had trod.
- 4 Now the Almighty God comes near,  
And makes me shake with awful fear ;  
His terrors all my strength exhaust,  
My fear grows high, my peace is lost.
- 5 With keen remorse I feel my wound,  
And seem to hear the dreadful sound,  
"Depart from me, thou wretch undone,  
"Go reap thy sin, and feel my frown."
- 6 Thus ends my thoughtless, mirthful life,  
Filled up with folly, guilt and strife ;  
Perhaps I sink to endless pain,  
Nor hear the voice of joy again.

## 203

C. M. Elgin, Funeral Hymn.  
*The Scoffer.*

- 1 **A**LL ye who laugh and sport with death,  
And say, there is no hell ;  
The gasp of your expiring breath  
Will send you there to dwell.
- 2 When iron slumbers bind your flesh,  
With strange surprise you'll find  
Immortal vigor spring afresh,  
And tortures wake the mind !
- 3 Then you'll confess, the frightful names  
Of plagues, you scorned before,  
No more shall look like idle dreams,  
Like foolish tales no more.
- 4 Then shall ye curse that fatal day,  
With flames upon your tongues,  
When you exchanged your souls away  
For vanity and songs. WATTS.

## 204

C. M. Barby, Dundee.  
*Reproof to the Carnal.*

- 1 **A**WAKE, arise, ye stupid souls ;  
No longer waste your breath  
In carnal joys, and sensual bowls,  
So near eternal death.
- 2 Ye little think those hours you spend  
In laughter and in mirth,

Will bring all pleasures to an end,  
And close in endless death.

- 3 Then He who made you will detest  
Your nature and your name,  
Who might have been for ever blest  
With heaven's immortal fame.

- 4 O turn, ye poor deluded men,  
And seek for joys above ;  
Why will ye choose eternal pain,  
Before eternal love ?

ALLINE.

## 205

L. M.

Leyden, Luton.

*The Night cometh.* John ix. 4.

- 1 **A** WAKE, awake, my sluggish soul ;  
Awake, and view the setting sun ;  
See how the shades of death advance,  
Ere half the task of life is done.
- 2 Death !—'tis an awful, solemn sound ;  
Oh, let it wake the slumbering ear !  
Apace the dreadful conqueror comes,  
With all his pale companions near.
- 3 Thy drowsy eyes will soon be closed,—  
These friendly warnings heard no more ;  
Soon will the mighty Judge approach ;  
E'en now he stands before the door.
- 4 To-day attend his gracious voice ;  
This is the summons that he sends—  
"Awake,—for on this transient hour  
"Thy long eternity depends."

HEGINBOTHAM.

## 206

S. M.

Aylesbury, Orange.

*Few saved.* Luke xiii. 23.

- 1 **D** ESTRUCTION'S dangerous road  
What multitudes pursue !  
While that which leads the soul to God  
Is known or sought by few.
- 2 Believers find the way  
Through Christ the living gate ;  
But those who hate this holy way  
Complain it is too strait.
- 3 If self must be denied,  
And sin no more caressed,  
They rather choose the way that's wide,  
And strive to think it best.

- 1 Encompassed by a throng,  
On numbers they depend;  
They say, so many can't be wrong,  
And miss a happy end.
- 2 But hear the Saviour's word,  
"Strive for the heavenly gate;  
"Many will call upon the Lord,  
"And find their cries too late."
- 3 Obey the gospel call,  
And enter while you may;  
The flock of Christ is always small,  
And none are safe but they.
- 4 Lord, open sinners' eyes,  
Their awful state to see;  
And make them, ere the storm arise,  
To thee for safety flee. NEWTON.

**207** L. M. Luther's Hymn, Old Hundred.  
*The Wreck of Nature.* Isa. xxiv. 18—20.

- 1 **H**OW great, how terrible that God,  
Who shakes creation with his nod!  
He frowns—earth, sea, all nature's frame,  
Sink in one universal flame.
- 2 Where now, oh! where shall sinners seek  
For shelter in the general wreck?  
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown?  
See rocks, like snow, dissolving down!
- 3 In vain for mercy now they cry;  
In lakes of liquid fire they lie;  
There, on the flaming billows tossed,  
For ever—oh! for ever lost!
- 4 But saints, undaunted and serene,  
With calmness view the dreadful scene;  
Their Saviour lives, the worlds expire,  
And earth and skies dissolve in fire.
- 5 Jesus, the hopeless creature's friend,  
To thee my all I dare commend;  
Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,  
When lightnings blaze from pole to pole. PRES. DAVIES.

**208** L. M. Luton, Ellenthrope.  
*To-day.* Heb. iv. 7.

- H**ASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun;

The longer Wisdom you despise,  
The harder is she to be won.

- 2 Oh, hasten, mercy to implore,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear thy season should be o'er,  
Before this evening's course be run.
- 3 Hasten, O sinner, to return,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn,  
Before the needful work is done.
- 4 Hasten, O sinner, to be blest,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear the curse should thee arrest,  
Before the morrow is begun.

## 209

L. M. Macedonia, Windham.

- 1 **H**EAR, O ye careless sinners, hear!  
This life is short, and death is near;  
Soon will you leave this mortal shore,  
And all your gods will be no more.
- 2 In vain you hope in earth to find  
Pleasures to satisfy the mind;  
For surely all the joys of earth  
Will leave you at the hour of death.
- 3 O leave the world's delusive road,  
And seek the favor of your God;  
He bids you welcome to a feast;  
Come, taste, and be for ever blest. **ALLINE.**

## 210

S. M. Dunbar, Little Marlborough.

*Preparation for the Judgment. Rev. xx. 11.*

- 1 **H**OW will my heart endure  
The terrors of that day,  
When earth and heaven, before the Judge,  
Astonished shrink away!
- 2 But ere that trumpet shakes  
The mansions of the dead,  
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound,  
What joyful tidings spread!
- 3 Ye sinners, seek his grace,  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;  
Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
And find salvation there.

- 4 So shall that curse remove,  
By which the Saviour bled ;  
And the last awful day shall pour  
His blessings on your head. DODDRIDGE.

211 C. M. Howard's, Cambridge.  
*The rich Worldling.* Luke xii. 16—21.

- 1 "MY barns are full, my stores increase ;  
"And now, for many years,  
"Soul, eat, and drink, and take thine ease,  
"Secure from wants and fears."  
2 Thus while a worldling boasted once,  
As many now presume,  
He heard the Lord himself pronounce  
His sudden awful doom :—  
3 "This night, vain fool, thy soul must pass  
"Into a world unknown :  
"And who shall then the stores possess,  
"Which thou hast called thine own ?"  
4 Thus blinded mortals fondly scheme  
For happiness below ;  
Till death destroys the pleasing dream,  
And they awake to woe. NEWTON.

212 C. M. Tunbridge, Plympton.  
*Now is the accepted Time.*

- 1 NOW is the time, the accepted hour ;  
O sinners, come away ;  
The Saviour's knocking at your door ;  
Arise without delay.  
2 Oh ! don't refuse to give him room,  
Lest mercy should withdraw ;  
He'll then in robes of vengeance come  
To execute his law.  
3 Then where, poor mortals, will you be,  
If destitute of grace,  
When you your injured Judge shall see,  
And stand before his face ?  
4 Oh ! could you shun that dreadful sight,  
How would you wish to fly  
To the dark shades of endless night,  
From that all-searching eye !  
5 The dead, awaked, must all appear,  
And you among them stand,

Before the great impartial bar,  
Arraigned at Christ's left hand.

- 6 Let not these warnings be in vain,  
But lend a listening ear;  
Lest you should meet them all again,  
When wrapped in keen despair.

COWPER.

## 213

L. M. Monmouth, Darwen.

*The Fig-tree.* Mark xi. 20.

- 1 **O**NE awful word which Jesus spoke  
Against the tree which bore no fruit,  
More dreadful than the lightning's stroke,  
Blasted and dried it to the root.
- 2 How many, who the gospel hear,  
Whom Satan blinds and sin deceives,  
May with this withered tree compare!—  
They yield no fruit, but only leaves.
- 3 Knowledge, and zeal, and gifts, and talk,  
Unless combined with faith and love,  
And witnessed by a gospel walk,  
Will not a true profession prove.
- 4 Without such fruit as God expects,  
Knowledge will make our state the worse;  
The fruitless sinners he rejects,  
And soon will blast them with his curse.

NEWTON.

## 214

L. M.

Babylon, Woburn.

*The Sinner weighed, and found wanting.* Dan. v. 27.

- 1 **R**AISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye—  
Behold God's balance lifted high!  
There shall his justice be displayed,  
And there thy hope and life be weighed.
- 2 See in one scale his perfect law;  
Mark with what force its precepts draw:  
Wouldst thou the awful test sustain?—  
Thy works how light! thy thoughts how vain!
- 3 Behold the hand of God appears,  
To trace those dreadful characters;  
“*Tekel*—thy soul is wanting found,  
“And wrath shall smite thee to the ground.”

- 4 Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace ;  
 Let horror shake thy tottering knees ;  
 Through all thy thoughts let anguish roll,  
 And deep repentance melt thy soul.
- 5 One only hope may yet prevail—  
 Christ has a weight to turn the scale ;  
 Still does the gospel publish peace,  
 And show a Saviour's righteousness.
- 6 Great God, exert thy power to save ;  
 Deep on the heart these truths engrave ;  
 The ponderous load of guilt remove,  
 That trembling lips may sing thy love.

DODDRIDGE.

## 215

7s.

Norwich.

- 1 **S**EEK, my soul, the narrow gate ;  
 Enter, ere it be too late ;  
 Many ask to enter there,  
 When too late to offer prayer.
- 2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,  
 And for ever bar the skies ;  
 Then, though sinners cry without,  
 He will say, "I know you not."
- 3 Mournfully will they exclaim,  
 "Lord, we have professed thy name ;  
 "We have ate with thee, and heard  
 "Heavenly teaching in thy word."
- 4 Vain, alas ! will be their plea,  
 Workers of iniquity ;  
 Sad their everlasting lot—  
 Christ will say, "I know you not."

## 216

7s.

Middleton, Fleyel's.

*Sinner, prepare to meet God.*

- 1 **S**INNER, art thou still secure ?  
 Wilt thou still refuse to pray ?  
 Can thy heart or hand endure,  
 In the Lord's avenging day ?
- 2 See, his mighty arm is bared !  
 Awful terrors clothe his brow !  
 For his judgments stand prepared—  
 Thou must either break or bow.
- 3 At his presence nature shakes ;  
 Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee ;

- Solid mountains melt like wax:  
 What will then become of thee?  
 4 Who his advent may abide?  
 You, who glory in your shame,  
 Will you find a place to hide,  
 When the world is wrapped in flame?  
 5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace;  
 Soon we must resign our breath,  
 And our souls be called to pass  
 Through the iron gate of death.  
 6 Let us now our day improve;  
 Listen to the gospel voice;  
 Seek the things that are above;  
 Scorn the world's pretended joys.

NEWTON.

## 217

C. M.

Mear, Howard's.

- 1 **S**INNER, behold that downward road  
 Which leads to endless wo;  
 What multitudes of thoughtless souls  
 The road to ruin go!  
 2 But yonder see that narrow way  
 Which leads to endless bliss;  
 There see a happy chosen few,  
 Redeemed by sovereign grace.  
 3 They from destruction's city came,  
 To Zion upward tend;  
 The Bible is their precious guide,  
 And God himself their friend.  
 4 Lord, I would now a pilgrim be;  
 Guide thou my feet aright;  
 I would not, for ten thousand worlds,  
 Be banished from thy sight.

DOBELL.

## 218

7s &amp; 6s.

Amsterdam.

*Warning.*

- 1 **S**INNER, stop! O stop and think,  
 Nor onward dare to go;  
 Will you sport upon the brink  
 Of everlasting wo?  
 On the verge of ruin stop;  
 Now the timely warning take;  
 Stay your footsteps, ere you drop  
 Into the burning lake.  
 2 Say, have you an arm like God,  
 That you his will oppose?



Fear you not that iron rod,  
 With which he breaks his foes?  
 Can you stand in that dread day,  
 Which his justice shall proclaim,  
 When the earth shall melt away,  
 Like wax before the flame!

- 3 Ghastly death will quickly come,  
 And drag you to the bar;  
 Then to hear your awful doom  
 Will fill you with despair:  
 Sinners then in vain will call,  
 Those who now despise his grace,  
 "Rocks and mountains on us fall,  
 And hide us from his face."

219

C. M.

Plymouth

- 1 **T**ERRIBLE thought! shall I alone,  
 Who may be saved, shall I,  
 Of all, alas! whom I have known,  
 Through sin for ever die?
- 2 While all my old companions dear,  
 With whom I once did live,  
 Joyful at God's right hand appear,  
 A blessing to receive,—
- 3 Shall I, amidst a ghastly band,  
 Dragged to the judgment seat,  
 Far on the left with horror stand,  
 My fearful doom to meet?
- 4 Ah! no:—I still may turn and live,  
 For still his wrath delays;  
 He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,  
 And offers me his grace.
- 5 I will accept his offers now,  
 From every sin depart;  
 Perform my oft repeated vow,  
 And render him my heart.
- 6 I will improve what I receive,  
 The grace through Jesus given;  
 Sure, if with God on earth I live,  
 To live with God in heaven.

220

C. M.

Plymouth, Dundee.

*God's Regard to the actively Pious. Mal. iii. 16, 17.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord on mortal worms looks down,  
 From his celestial throne;

- And when the wicked swarm around,  
He well discerns his own.
- 2 He sees the tender hearts that mourn  
The scandals of the times ;  
And join their efforts to oppose  
The wide-prevailing crimes.
- 3 The chronicles of heaven shall keep  
Their words in transcript fair ;  
In the Redeemer's book of life  
Their names recorded are.
- 4 " Yes," saith the Lord, " the world shall know  
" These humble souls are mine :  
" These, when my jewels I produce,  
" Shall in full lustre shine.
- 5 " When deluges of fiery wrath  
" My foes away shall bear,  
" That hand which strikes the wicked through  
" Shall all my children spare." DODDRIDGE.

## 221

H. M. Bethesda, Eagle Street.  
Rom. iii. 16.

- 1 **W**HEN frowning Death appears,  
And points his fatal dart,  
What dark foreboding fears  
Distract the sinner's heart !  
The dreadful blow | But, torn away,  
No arm can stay ; | He sinks to wo.
- 2 Now, every hope denied,  
Bereft of every good,  
He must the wrath abide  
Of an avenging God ;  
No mercy there | Nor wipe the tear  
Will greet his ear, | Of black despair.
- 3 Sinners, awake, attend,  
And flee the wrath to come ;  
Make Christ, the Judge, your friend,  
And heaven shall be your home.  
His mercy, nigh, | That leads from death  
Now points the path | To joys on high.

LEE.

## 222

S. M. Olney, Aylesbury.  
*Apostacy.* 2 Pet. ii. 22.

1. **Y**E, who in former days  
Were found at Zion's gate ;

Who seemed to walk in wisdom's ways,  
And told your happy state ;—

2 But now to sin draw back,  
And love again to stray,  
The narrow path of life forsake,  
And choose the beaten way ;—

3 Think not your names above  
Are written with the saints ;  
The promise of unchanging love  
Is his who never faints.

4 Your transient joy and peace  
Your deeper doom have sealed,  
Unless you wake to righteousness,  
Ere judgment is revealed.

HYDE.

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## INVITING.

223

11s.

Brainard, Hinton.

1 **A** CQUAINT thyself quickly, O sinner,  
with God,  
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on  
thy road ;  
And peace, like the dew drops, shall fall on  
thy head,  
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,  
And he shall be with thee when fears are  
abroad ;  
Thy safeguard in dangers that threaten thy  
path ;  
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

224

C. M.

Clarendon, Newmark.

1 **A** MAZING sight ! the Saviour stands  
And knocks at every door !  
Ten thousand blessings in his hands  
To satisfy the poor.

2 " Behold," he saith, " I bleed and die  
" To bring you to my rest :—  
" Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,  
" And be for ever blest.

- 3 "Will you despise my bleeding love,  
 "And choose the way to hell?  
 "Or, in the glorious realms above,  
 "With me for ever dwell?
- 4 "Not to condemn your guilty race  
 "Have I in judgment come;  
 "But to display unbounded grace,  
 "And bring lost sinners home.
- 5 "Will you go down to endless night,  
 "And bear eternal pain?  
 "Or, in the glorious realms of light,  
 "With me for ever reign?
- 6 "Say, will you hear my gracious voice,  
 "And have your sins forgiven?  
 "Or will you make that wretched choice,  
 "And bar yourselves from heaven?"

## 225

C. M. Springfield, Jerusalem

- 1 **A**ND will the Lord thus condescend  
 To visit sinful worms?  
 Thus at the door shall mercy stand  
 In all her winning forms?
- 2 Surprising grace!—and shall my heart  
 Unmoved and cold remain?  
 Has this hard rock no tender part?  
 Must mercy plead in vain?
- 3 Shall Jesus for admission sue,  
 His charming voice unheard?  
 And this vile heart, his rightful due,  
 Remain for ever barred?
- 4 'Tis sin, alas! with tyrant power,  
 The lodging has possessed;  
 And crowds of traitors bar the door,  
 Against the heavenly guest.
- 5 Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart;  
 Dear Saviour, enter in,  
 And guard the passage to my heart,  
 And keep out every sin.

STEELE

## 226

8s & 7s. Northampton Chapel, Sicilian Hymn  
 John iii. 14.

- 1 **A**S the serpent, raised by Moses,  
 Healed the burning serpent's bite;

Jesus thus himself discloses  
To the wounded sinner's sight.

Hear his gracious invitation :

"I have life and peace to give ;  
"I have wrought out full salvation :  
"Sinner, look to me and live.

"You had been for ever wretched,  
"Had I not espoused your part ;  
"Now, behold my arms outstretched,  
"To receive you to my heart.

"Well may shame, and joy, and wonder,  
"All your inward passions move ;  
"I could crush you with my thunder,  
"But I speak to you in love."

Dearest Saviour, we adore thee  
For thy precious life and death ;  
Melt each stubborn heart before thee,  
Give us all the eye of faith. NEWTON.

227

L. M. Kings-bridge, Darwent.

*Behold, I stand at the Door.* Rev. iii. 20.

1 **B**EHOOLD a stranger at the door !  
He gently knocks, has knocked before—  
Hath waited long—is waiting still ;  
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude ! he stands  
With melting heart and loaded hands !  
Oh, matchless kindness ! and he shows  
This matchless kindness to his foes !

3 But will he prove a friend indeed ?  
He will ; the very friend you need ;  
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,  
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine ;  
Turn out his enemy and thine,  
That soul destroying monster, sin,  
And let the heavenly stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn ;  
His feet, departed, ne'er return ;  
Admit him, or the hour's at hand  
You'll at his door rejected stand.

VILLAGE COLL

## 228

H. M.

Jubilee, Amherst

*Jubilee.*

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow,  
The gladly solemn sound ;  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound ;  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,  
Hath full atonement made ;  
Ye weary spirits, rest,  
Ye mournful souls, be glad ;  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,  
The all-atoning Lamb ;  
Redemption in his blood  
Throughout the world proclaim ;  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive,  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest in Jesus live ;  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 5 Ye who have sold for nought  
Your heritage above,  
Shall have it back unbought,  
The gift of Jesus' love ;  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

TOPLADY.

## 229

8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 **C**OME, poor sinner, come to Jesus,  
Weary, heavy-laden, weak ;  
None but Jesus Christ can ease us,  
Come ye all, his mercy seek.
- 2 "Come," it is his invitation ;  
"Come to me," the Saviour says ;  
Why, O why, such hesitation,  
Gloomy doubts, and base delays?

- 1 Do ye fear your own unfitness,  
Burdened as you are with sin?  
'Tis the Holy Spirit's witness;  
Christ invites you;—enter in.
- 4 Do your sins, and your distresses,  
'Gainst this sacred record plead?  
Know that Christ most kindly blesses  
Those who feel the most their need.
- 5 Hear his words, so true and cheering,  
Fitted just for the distressed;  
Dwell upon the sound endearing:  
“Mourners, I will give you rest.”
- 6 Stay not pondering on your sorrow;  
Turn from your own self away;  
Dare not linger till to-morrow;  
Come to Christ without delay.

230

L. M.

Portugal, Bath.

*Weary Souls invited to Rest.*

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sins distressed,  
Come, and accept the promised rest;  
The Saviour's gracious call obey,  
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,  
O come, and spread your woes abroad;  
Divine compassion, mighty love,  
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,  
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;  
Pardon and life, and endless peace;  
How rich the gift, how free the grace!
- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,  
The hope thy gracious words impart:  
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,  
And bless the kind inviting voice. STEELE.

231

8s &amp; 7s.

Littleton.

*The Fountain opened.*

- 1 COME to Calvary's holy mountain,  
Sinners, ruined by the fall;  
Here a pure and healing fountain  
Flows to you—to me—to all—  
In a full, perpetual tide,—  
Opened when the Saviour died.

- 2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,  
 Wounded, impotent, and blind ;  
 Here, the guilty, free remission—  
 Here, the troubled, peace may find :  
 Health this fountain will restore ;  
 He that drinks shall thirst no more.
- 3 He that drinks shall live for ever ;  
 'Tis a soul-reviving flood :  
 God is faithful ;—God will never  
 Break his covenant in blood ;  
 Signed when our Redeemer died,—  
 Sealed when he was glorified.

GEMS.

232

8s, 7s &amp; 4. Greenville, Gospel Call.

*Sinners invited to Christ.* Matt. xi. 28—30.

- 1 COME, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
 Lost and ruined by the fall ;  
 If you tarry till you're better,  
 You will never come at all ;  
 Not the righteous—  
 Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 2 Let not conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;  
 All the fitness he requireth,  
 Is to feel your need of him :  
 This he gives you—  
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 3 Agonizing in the garden,  
 Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies !  
 On the bloody tree behold him ;  
 Hear him cry before he dies,  
 " It is finished :"  
 Sinners, will not this suffice ?
- 4 Lo ! the incarnate God, ascended,  
 Pleads the merit of his blood ;  
 Venture on him, venture wholly,  
 Let no other trust intrude :  
 None but Jesus  
 Can do helpless sinners good.
- 5 Saints and angels, joined in concert,  
 Sing the praises of the Lamb ;  
 While the blissful seats of heaven  
 Sweetly echo with his name :  
 Hallelujah !—  
 Sinners here may sing the same.

HART.



## 233

11s.

Brainard.

- 1 **D**ELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near !  
 The waters of life are now flowing for  
 thee ;  
 No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,  
 Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
- 2 Delay not, delay not ; why longer abuse  
 The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God ?  
 A fountain is opened ; how canst thou refuse  
 To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning  
 blood ?
- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come ;  
 For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day ;  
 Her voice is not heard in the vale of the  
 tomb ;  
 Her message, unheeded, will soon pass  
 away.
- 4 Delay not, delay not ; the Spirit of grace,  
 Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad  
 flight,  
 And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,  
 To sink in the vale of eternity's night.
- 5 Delay not, delay not ; the hour is at hand—  
 The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens  
 shall fade ;  
 The dead, small and great, in the judgment  
 shall stand !  
 What power then, O sinner, shall lend  
 thee its aid ?

SPIR. SONGS.

## 234

8s. Consolation, Lambeth, New Jerusalem.  
*Excellences of Christ.*

- 1 **H**OW shall I my Saviour set forth ?  
 How shall I his beauties declare ?  
 Oh, how shall I speak of his worth,  
 Or what his chief dignities are ?  
 His angels can never express,  
 Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,  
 How rich are his treasures of grace ;—  
 No ! this is a mystery unknown.
- 2 In him all the fulness of God  
 For ever transcendently shines ;

Though once like a mortal he stood,  
 To finish his gracious designs :  
 Though once he was nailed to the cross,  
 Vile rebels like me to set free ;  
 His glory sustained no loss,  
 Eternal his kingdom shall be.

- 3 O sinner, believe and adore  
 The Saviour, so rich to redeem ;  
 No creature can ever explore  
 The treasures of goodness in him :  
 Come, all ye who see yourselves lost,  
 And feel yourselves burdened with sin,  
 Draw near while with terror you're tossed,  
 Believe—and your peace shall begin.

MAXWELL.

## 235

C. M. Newmark, Colchester.

- 1 **L**ORD, shall we part with gold for dross,  
 With solid good for show !  
 Outlive our bliss, and mourn our loss  
 In everlasting wo !
- 2 Let us not lose the living God  
 For one short dream of joy :  
 With fond embrace cling to a clod,  
 And fling all heaven away.
- 3 Vain world, thy weak attempts forbear ;  
 We all thy charms defy ;  
 And rate our precious souls too dear  
 For all thy wealth to buy.

RIPPON.

## 236

S. M. St. Thomas, Newbury.

*The accepted Time.* 2 Cor. vi. 2.

- 1 **N**OW is the accepted time,  
 Now is the day of grace ;  
 Now, sinners, come without delay  
 And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is the accepted time ;  
 The Saviour calls to-day ;  
 To-morrow it may be too late—  
 Then why should you delay ?
- 3 Now is the accepted time ;  
 The gospel bids you come ;  
 And every promise in his word  
 Declares there yet is room.

- 4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,  
And feast them with thy love;  
Then will the angels clap their wings,  
And bear the news above. DOBELL.

## 237

11s &amp; 12s.

St. Dennis.

- 1 O FLY, mourning sinner, saith Jesus to me;  
Thy guilt I will pardon—thy soul I will  
free;  
From the chains that have bound thee, my  
grace shall release,  
And thy stains I will wash, and thy sorrows  
shall cease.
- 2 Too long, guilty wanderer, too long hast thou  
been  
In the broad road of ruin, in bondage to sin;  
Thee the world has allured, and enslaved,  
and deceived,  
While my counsels thou'st spurned, and my  
Spirit hast grieved.
- 3 Though countless thy sins, and crimson thy  
guilt,  
Yet for crimes such as thine was my blood  
freely spilt:  
Come, sinner, and prove me; come, mourner,  
and see  
The wounds that I bore; when I suffered for  
thee.
- 4 Thou doubt'st not my power, deny not my  
will;  
Come, needy—come, helpless—thy soul I will  
fill;  
My mercy is boundless; no sinner shall say,  
That he sued at my feet, and was driven  
away.

## 238

C. M.

Barby, Clarendon.

- 1 O H, what amazing words of grace  
Are in the gospel found!  
Suited to every sinner's case,  
Who knows the joyful sound.
- 2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,  
Your every burden bring;  
Here love, eternal love, abounds,  
A deep celestial spring.

- 3 This spring with living water flows,  
And living joy imparts;  
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,  
And drink with thankful hearts.

MEDLEY.

## 239

L. M.

Armley, Surry.

Jer. xxxi. 18—20.

- 1 **R**ETURN, O wanderer, return,  
And seek an injured Father's face;  
Those warm desires that in thee burn  
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return;  
And seek a Father's melting heart;  
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,  
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return;  
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;  
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn  
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,  
And wipe away the falling tear;  
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"  
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

COLLYER.

## 240

L. M. 6L.

Eaton.

- 1 **S**EE, sinners, in the gospel glass,  
The Friend and Saviour of mankind!  
Not one of all the apostate race,  
But may in him salvation find!  
His thoughts, and words, and actions, prove,  
His life and death—that God is love.
- 2 See where the God incarnate stands,  
And calls his wandering creatures home:  
He all day long spreads out his hands:  
Come, weary souls, to Jesus come!  
Ye all may hide you in his breast;  
Believe, and he will give you rest.
- 3 "Ah! do not of my goodness doubt;  
"My saving grace for all is free;  
"I will in no wise cast him out,  
"That comes a sinner unto me:  
"I can to none myself deny:  
"Why, sinners, will ye perish, why?"

## 241

S. M.

Watchman, Sutton.

- 1 **S**HALL Wisdom cry aloud,  
And not her speech be heard?  
The voice of God's eternal word,  
Deserves it no regard?
- 2 "I was his chief delight,  
"His everlasting Son,  
"Before the first of all his works,  
"Creation, was begun.
- 3 "Before the flying clouds,  
"Before the solid land,  
"Before the fields, before the floods,  
"I dwelt at his right hand.
- 4 "When he adorned the skies,  
"And built them, I was there,  
"To order when the sun should rise,  
"And marshal every star.
- 5 "When he poured out the sea,  
"And spread the flowing deep,  
"I gave the flood a firm decree  
"In its own bounds to keep.
- 6 "Upon the empty air,  
"The earth was balanced well;  
"With joy I saw the mansion, where  
"The sons of men should dwell.
- 7 "Then come, receive my grace,  
"Ye children, and be wise;  
"Happy the man that keeps my ways;  
"The man that shuns them dies."

WATTS.

## 242

C. M.

Plymouth, Bangor.

*Let the Wicked forsake, &c. Isa. lv. 7.*

- 1 **S**INNERS, the voice of God regard;  
His mercy speaks to-day;  
He calls you by his sovereign word,  
From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,  
You live devoid of peace:  
A thousand stings within your breast  
Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell;  
Why will you persevere?

Can you in endless torments dwell,  
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways  
Of sin and folly go?

In pain you travel all your days,  
To reap eternal wo!

FAWCETT.

## 243

8s, 7s &amp; 4.

Littleton, Helmsley.

1 **S**INNERS, will you scorn the message,  
Sent in mercy from above?

Every sentence—oh, how tender!

Every line is full of love;

Listen to it—

Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel  
News from Zion's King proclaim,

To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,

"Free forgiveness in his name."

How important!

Free forgiveness in his name!

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;  
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;

And with news of consolation,

Chase away the falling tears—

Tender heralds—

Chase away the falling tears.

4 False professors, grovelling worldlings,  
Callous hearers of the word,

While the messengers address you,

Take the warnings they afford;

We entreat you,

Take the warnings they afford.

5 Who hath our report believed?

Who received the joyful word?

Who embraced the news of pardon,

Offered to you by the Lord?

Can you slight it—

Offered to you by the Lord?

6 O, ye angels, hovering round us,  
Waiting spirits, speed your way,

Hasten to the court of heaven,

Tidings bear without delay:

Rebel sinners

• Glad the message will obey.

ALLEN

## 244

L. M.

St. Peter's, Portugal.

- 1 **SINNERS**, obey the gospel word ;  
Haste to the supper of your Lord ;  
Be wise to know your gracious day ;  
All things are ready, come away.
- 2 Ready the Father is to own  
And welcome his returning son ;  
Ready the gracious Saviour stands,  
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the spirit from above  
To fill the broken heart with love,  
T' apply and witness Jesus' blood,  
And wash and seal you sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,  
To triumph in your blest estate ;  
Tuning their harps by which they praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace.

WESLEY.

## 245

7s.

Norwich, Alsen.

- 1 **SINNERS**, turn ; why will ye die ?  
God, your Maker, asks you why—  
God, who did your being give,  
Made you with himself to live.
- 2 Sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?  
God, your Saviour, asks you why—  
God, who did your souls retrieve,  
Died himself that ye might live.
- 3 Will you let him die in vain ?  
Crucify your Lord again ?  
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why  
Will ye slight his grace, and die ?
- 4 Sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?  
God, the Spirit, asks you why—  
He who all your lives hath strove,  
Wooded you to embrace his love,—
- 5 Will ye not his grace receive ?  
Will ye still refuse to live ?  
Why, you long-sought sinners, why  
Will you grieve your God, and die ?

## 246

6s &amp; 4s

1 **T**O-DAY the Saviour calls!

Ye wanderers, come;  
Oh, ye benighted souls,  
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls!

Oh, listen now;  
Within these sacred walls  
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls!

For refuge fly;  
The storm of vengeance falls;  
Ruin is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day!

Yield to his power;  
Oh, grieve him not away;

'Tis mercy's hour. SPIRITUAL SONGS.

## 247

S. M. Little Marlboro', Aylesbury.

James iv. 13, 14.

1 **T**O-MORROW, Lord, is thine,  
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;  
And, if its sun arise and shine,  
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,  
And bears our life away;  
Oh, make thy servants truly wise,  
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour  
Eternity is hung,  
Waken by thy almighty power  
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;  
Oh, be it still pursued—  
Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,  
Swift as the morning light—  
Lest life's young golden beam should die  
In sudden, endless night.

DODDRIDGE.



248

C. M. Buckingham, Hallowell.

*He beheld the City, &c.* Luke xix. 41, 42.

1 "UNHAPPY city, hadst thou known—

"Then were thy peace secure;

"But now the day of grace is gone,

"And thy destruction sure."

2 Thus to the Jews the Saviour calls,

As near their gates he stood,

His eyes beheld their guilty walls,

And wept a sacred flood.

3 And can mine eyes, without a tear,

A weeping Saviour see?

Shall I not weep his groans to hear,

Who groaned and died for me?

4 Blest Jesus, let those tears of thine

Subdue each stubborn foe;

Come, fill my heart with love divine,

And bid my sorrows flow.

HEGINBOTHAM.

249

C. M.

Early Springfield.

*The Soul.* Mark viii. 36.

1 WHAT is the thing of greatest price,

The whole creation round?—

That which was lost in Paradise,

That which in Christ is found;—

2 The soul of man—Jehovah's breath—

That keeps two worlds at strife:

Hell moves beneath to work its death,

Heaven stoops to give it life.

3 God, to redeem it, did not spare

His well beloved Son;

Jesus, to save it, deigned to bear

The sins of all in one.

4 And is this treasure borne below,

In earthen vessels frail?

Can none its utmost value know,

Till flesh and spirit fail?

5 Then let us gather round the cross,

That knowledge to obtain;

Not by the soul's eternal loss,

But everlasting gain.

MONTGOMERY.

## 250

H. M.

Bethesda, Columbia.

1 **Y**E dying sons of men;  
 Immersed in sin and wo,  
 The gospel's voice attend,  
 While Jesus sends to you:  
 Ye perishing and guilty, come;  
 In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay;  
 No vain excuses frame;  
 He bids you come to-day,  
 Though poor, and blind, and lame:  
 All things are ready, sinners, come;  
 For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Compelled by bleeding love,  
 Ye wandering souls, draw near;  
 Christ calls you from above—  
 His charming accents hear!  
 Let whosoever will, now come;  
 In mercy's arms there still is room. **BODEN.**

## 251

10s &amp; 11s.

Lyons, Nineveh.

*Invitation to Sinners.*

1 **Y**E thirsty for God, to Jesus give ear,  
 And take, through his blood, a power to  
 draw near;  
 His kind invitation, ye sinners, embrace,  
 Accepting salvation, salvation by grace.

2 Sent down from above, who governs the skies,  
 In vehement love, to sinners he cries,  
 "Drink into my spirit, who happy would be,  
 "And all things inherit, by coming to me."

3 O Saviour of all, thy word we believe,  
 And come at thy call, thy grace to receive:  
 The blessing is given wherever thou art:  
 The earnest of heaven is love in the heart.

4 To us, at thy feet, the Comforter give;  
 Who gasp to admit thy spirit, and live;  
 The weakest believers acknowledge for thine,  
 And fill us with rivers of water divine!

**METH. COLL.**

## SINNER AWAKENED.

252

C. M.

Bangor, Windsor.

- 1 **A**H, what can I, a sinner, do,  
With all my guilt oppressed ?  
I feel the hardness of my heart,  
And conscience knows no rest.
- 2 Great God, thy good and perfect law  
Does all my life condemn ;  
The secret evils of my soul  
Fill me with grief and shame.
- 3 How many precious Sabbaths gone  
I never can recall !  
And oh, what cause have I to mourn,  
Who misimproved them all !
- 4 How long, how often have I heard  
Of Jesus, and of heaven ;  
Yet scarcely listened to his word,  
Or prayed to be forgiven !
- 5 Constrain me, Lord, to turn to thee,  
And grant renewing grace ;  
For thou this flinty heart canst break,  
And thine shall be the praise. HYDE.

253

S. M.

Yarmouth, St. Bride's.

*Grieve not the Spirit.* Eph. iv. 30.

- 1 **A**ND canst thou, sinner, slight  
The call of love divine ?  
Shall God with tenderness invite,  
And gain no thought of thine ?
- 2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve  
The Spirit from thy breast,  
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave  
With all thy sins oppressed ?
- 3 To-day, a pardoning God  
Will hear the suppliant pray ;  
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood  
Will wash thy guilt away.
- 1 But grace, so dearly bought,  
If yet thou wilt despise,  
Thy fearful doom, with vengeance fraught,  
Will fill thee with surprise. HYDE.

## 254

C. M.

Walsal.

- 1 **A**ND does the Spirit kindly move,  
 To wake my drowsy heart?  
 And shall I slight and grieve his love,  
 And bid him hence depart?
- 2 Shall I the tempter's voice believe,  
 And still refuse to pray—  
 And thus the Holy Spirit grieve,  
 And bid him go his way?
- 3 This solemn warning, once received,  
 I dare no longer slight;  
 The Holy Spirit, often grieved,  
 May take his final flight. VILLAGE COLL.

## 255

H. M. Eagle Street, Bethesda.

*Who can tell?* Jonah iii. 9.

- 1 **G**REAT God, to thee I make  
 My sins and sorrows known;  
 And with a trembling heart,  
 Approach thine awful throne;  
 Though by my sins deserving hell,  
 I must repent—for who can tell?
- 2 O thou, who, by a word,  
 My drooping soul canst cheer,  
 And by thy Spirit form  
 Thy glorious image there—  
 My heart subdue, my fears dispel;  
 I must repent—for who can tell?
- 3 While conscience thunders loud,  
 To thee alone I fly—  
 Fall down before thy face—  
 And mightily will cry—  
 Though fears prevail that I shall dwell  
 In endless flames—yet who can tell?
- 4 God hath an ear to hear,  
 While I've a heart to pray—  
 To him I will submit,  
 And give myself away:  
 If he be mine, all will be well,  
 For ever so—and who can tell?

VILLAGE COLL.

## 256

C. M.

Walsal, Plymouth.

*An awakened Sinner.*

- 1 **I** WANDER like a captive slave,  
In shades of death and night;  
No friend nor happiness I have,  
Nor glimpse of cheering light.
- 2 Ten thousand snares beset my way,  
And storms of fury roll,  
And foes, like cruel beasts of prey,  
Are thirsting for my soul.
- 3 Nor do I wish for rest or peace,  
But from the realms above:  
O Jesus, make my sorrows cease,  
With thy redeeming love.
- 4 O Jesus, let me hear thee say,  
"Fear not, I am thy friend;"  
Give me a glimpse of heavenly day,  
And joys that never end.

ALLINE.

## 257

C. M.

Wantage, Standish.

*The Sinner's Complaint.*

- 1 **L**ONG have I walked this dreary road,  
Beset with darkness round;  
Nor seen, nor heard a smiling God,  
Nor one bright moment found.
- 2 Others, who once did join my speech,  
And mourned in painful lay,  
Now, mounting up with rapture, stretch  
To seize a heavenly day.
- 3 Far left behind to feel my wo,  
With hardened heart to groan,  
Each prayer, each struggle sinks me low,  
Each breath repeats my moan.
- 4 The lengthened day, the gloomy night,  
Draw fast the bands of grief:  
Sometimes despair o'erclouds my sight,  
And says, "There's no relief!"
- 5 Then conscience thunders, Sinai flames—  
I try again to rise;  
The trial fails, and conscience blames  
My prayers, my tears, my cries.

STRONG.

258

C. M.

Bangor, Walsal.

*What must I do?*

- 1 **M**Y conscious guilt is now so great,  
If I attempt to pray,  
The tempter tells me yet to wait,  
Or frights my soul away.
- 2 In painful doubt what course to try,  
I fear this long delay;  
And must I linger here and die,  
Ashamed to ask the way?
- 3 Ye Christian pilgrims, can ye tell  
A stranger to the road  
The way that leads to Zion's hill,  
To find a pardoning God? VILLAGE COLL.

259

S. M.

America, Aylesbury.

- 1 **O**H, am I born to die,  
With an immortal soul?  
And hurried to eternity,  
As swift as time can roll?
- 2 I just begin to see;  
Ah, Lord, what shall I do?  
How shall a wretched sinner flee  
From everlasting wo?
- 3 I dare no longer stay  
So nigh the gates of hell;  
Yet how to go, or find the way  
To Christ, I cannot tell.
- 4 O Lord, though I am vile,  
Receive me as I am;  
Let heaven's immortal goodness smile  
On me, through Christ the Lamb. ALLINE.

260

L. M. Monmouth, German Hymn.

*Hardness of Heart lamented.*

- 1 **O**FOR a glance of heavenly day,  
To take the stubborn stone away;  
And thaw, with beams of love divine,  
This heart, this frozen heart of mine!
- 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake;  
The sea can roar, the mountains shake;  
Of feeling all things show some sign,  
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

- 3 To hear the sorrow thou hast felt,  
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt ;  
But I can read each moving line,  
And nothing move this heart of mine.
- 4 But power divine can do the deed,  
And much to feel that power I need ;  
Come, Holy Spirit, and refine,  
And move and melt this heart of mine.

HART.

## 261

C. M. Funeral Thought, New Durham.

*An aged Sinner awakened.*

- 1 **O** WHAT a wretched sinner, Lord !  
I now begin to know  
The danger of the downward road,  
But know not where to go.
- 2 Too long, O Lord, I've slighted thee,  
Too long refused thy grace ;  
Yet pity, Lord, O pity me,  
Nor longer hide thy face.
- 3 O, should I now expire in death,  
I must go down to hell,  
To suffer thine eternal wrath,  
Among the fiends to dwell.
- 4 Lord, change my heart, or I am gone ;  
O give me life divine ;  
Though I am old, may I be born  
A heavenly child of thine.

ALLINE.

## 262

C. M. Martyr's, Hallowell.

*Belshazzar. Dan. v. 5, 6.*

- 1 **P** OOR sinners ! little do they think  
With whom they have to do !  
They stand securely on the brink  
Of everlasting wo.
- 2 Chaldea's king, profanely bold,  
The Lord of hosts defied ;  
But vengeance soon his boasts controlled,  
And humbled all his pride.
- 3 He saw a hand upon the wall,  
And trembled on his throne,  
Which wrote his sudden, dreadful fall,  
In characters unknown.
- 4 His pomp and music, guests and wine,  
No more delight afford ;

O sinner, ere this case be thine,  
Begin to seek the Lord.

- 5 The law, like this hand-writing, stands,  
And speaks the wrath of God ;  
But Jesus answers its demands,  
And cancels it with blood.

NEWTON.

263

L. M.

Armley, Warwick.

*My Spirit shall not always strive.* Gen. vi. 3.

- 1 **S**AY, sinner, hath a voice within  
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,  
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,  
And leave thy heart to God's control ?
- 2 Hath something met thee in the path  
Of worldliness and vanity,  
And pointed to the coming wrath,  
And warned thee from that wraht to flee ?
- 3 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice ;  
It was the Spirit's gracious call ;  
It bade thee make the better choice,  
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 4 Spurn not the call to life and light ;  
Regard in time the warning kind ;  
That call thou mayst not always slight,  
And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 5 God's Spirit will not always strive  
With hardened, self-destroying man ;  
Ye who persist his love to grieve,  
May never hear his voice again.
- 6 Sinner, perhaps this very day  
Thy last accepted time may be ;  
Oh, shouldst thou grieve him now away,  
Then hope may never beam on thee.

HYDE.

264

L. M.

Limehouse, Cowper.

*God's Answer.*

- 1 **S**INNER, behold, I've heard thy groan ;  
I know thy heart, thy life I've known ;  
I've seen thy hope from grace proclaimed,  
Thy trembling fear when Sinai flamed.
- 2 To me, the mighty God, attend,  
In me behold the sinner's friend ;



- 'Twas I who gave thy conscience voice,  
Thou hast opposed by sinful choice.
- 3 Think not to bribe my sovereign grace,  
Nor move me by a sorrowing face;  
'Tis thine own heart makes grace delay,  
And hides a pardoning, glorious day.
- 4 Moved by thy fear, and not by love,  
Thy daily prayers are sent above;  
Thou hast not wished my will to meet,  
Nor lain submissive at my feet.
- 5 Should thy proud will at length submit,  
With holy sorrow deeply smit,  
Thy voice would be the first to say,  
I'm glorious in this long delay.
- 6 Stay, sinner; cease my grace to chide,  
Nor think thy moan such sin can hide;  
Delay no more—repent and live,  
Or meet the death my wrath must give.

STRONG

## 265

C. M. Sandish, Buckingham.

*Hardness of Heart.*

- 1 **T**HE voice that bids us all repent  
I hear with terror oft:  
But never will this heart relent,  
Till Jesus make it soft.
- 2 The charming voice of bleeding love  
I hear from lips divine;  
Yet melting strains can never move  
A soul so base as mine.
- 3 Almighty God, do thou renew  
This sinful heart of stone;  
Sweetly my stubborn will subdue—  
Conform it to thy own. VILLAGE COLL.

## 266

C. M. Poland, Hallowell.

*Cry of the awakened Sinner.*

- 1 **T**O thee alone, O God, I call  
In this distressing hour;  
A beggar at thy feet I fall,  
And plead the Saviour's power.
- 2 I dare not plead my worthiness,  
Or that my hands are clean;  
But the Redeemer's righteousness  
Can cleanse my soul from sin.

- 3 Great is my sin, O God, I know;  
But since thy love is great,  
Why should eternal death and wo  
Be my eternal fate?
- 4 O help me with redeeming love;  
Display thy grace divine;  
My guilt and darkness, Lord, remove,  
And let my soul be thine. ALLINE.

## CONVICTION.

267

C. M.

Dundee, Hallowell.

*Our Sin the Cause of Christ's Death.*

- 1 **A**ND now the scales have left mine eyes,  
Now I begin to see:  
O the cursed deeds my sins have done!  
What murderous things they be!
- 2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,  
That thy fair body tore?  
Monsters, that stained those heavenly limbs  
With floods of purple gore!
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done,  
My dearest Lord was slain,  
When justice seized God's only Son,  
And put his soul to pain?
- 4 Forgive my guilt, O Prince of Peace!  
I'll wound my God no more;  
Hence from my heart, ye sins, be gone;  
For Jesus I adore.
- 5 Furnish me, Lord, with heavenly arms  
From grace's magazine,  
And I'll proclaim eternal war  
With every darling sin. WATTS.

268

S. M.

Shirland, St. Thomas.

*The Heart.* Jer. xvii. 9. Matt. xv. 19.

- 1 **A**STONISHED and distressed,  
I turn mine eyes within;  
My heart with loads of guilt oppressed,  
The seat of every sin.
- 2 What crowds of evil thoughts,  
What vile affections there!

Distrust, presumption, artful guile,  
 Pride, envy, slavish fear.  
 Almighty King of saints,  
 These tyrant lusts subdue;  
 Expel the darkness of my mind,  
 And all my powers renew.  
 This done, my cheerful voice  
 Shall loud hosannas raise,  
 My soul shall glow with gratitude,  
 My lips proclaim thy praise. TOPLADY.

269

7s.

Middleton, Hotham.

*Sin bewailed.*

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;  
 Jesus loves to answer prayer;  
 He himself has bid thee pray;  
 Rise and ask without delay.  
 With my burden I begin;  
 Lord, remove this load of sin;  
 Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
 Set my conscience free from guilt.  
 Lord, I come to thee for rest;  
 Take possession of my breast;  
 There thy sovereign right maintain,  
 And without a rival reign.  
 Show me what I have to do;  
 Every hour my strength renew;  
 Let me live a life of faith,  
 Let me die thy people's death. NEWTON.

270

L. M.

Kingsbridge, Darwent.

I OWN my guilt, my sins confess;  
 Can men or devils make them more?  
 Of crimes already numberless,  
 Vain the attempt to swell the score.  
 Were the black list before my sight,  
 While I remember thou hast died,  
 'Twill only urge my speedier flight,  
 To seek salvation at thy side.  
 Low at thy feet I'll cast me down,  
 To thee reveal my guilt and fear,  
 And, if thou spurn me from thy throne,  
 I'll be the first who perished there.

CRUTTENDEN.

## 271

8s &amp; 7s. Sicilian Hymn, Love Divine.

- 1 **J**ESUS, full of all compassion,  
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;  
Let me know thy great salvation;  
See, I languish, faint, and die.
- 2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,  
Overwhelmed with helpless grief—  
Prostrate at thy feet repenting—  
Send, O send me quick relief!
- 3 Whither should a wretch be flying,  
But to him who comfort gives?  
Whither, from the dread of dying,  
But to him who ever lives?
- 4 Saved—the deed shall spread new glory  
Through the shining realms above;  
Angels sing the pleasing story,  
All enraptured with thy love. TURNER.

## 272

C. M. Bangor, Buckingham.

*Sinners pleading for Mercy.*

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,  
And knock at mercy's door;  
With heavy heart and downcast eye,  
Thy favor we implore.
- 2 Without thy grace, we sink oppressed  
Down to the gates of hell;  
Oh, give our troubled spirit rest,  
Our gloomy fears dispel.
- 3 'Tis mercy, mercy we implore;  
Oh, may thy bowels move:  
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,  
And thou thyself art love.
- 4 In mercy now, for Jesus' sake,  
Our many sins forgive;  
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,  
And breaking soon relieve.
- 5 Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,  
And thy dominion own;  
Nor let a rival more pretend  
To repossess thy throne. BROWN.

## 273

S. M. Guildford, Little Marlboro'.

- 1 **O** LORD, how vile am I,  
Unholy and unclean!  
How can I dare to venture nigh  
With such a load of sin!
- 2 Is this polluted heart  
A dwelling fit for thee?  
Swarming, alas! in every part,  
What evils do I see!
- 3 If I attempt to pray,  
And raise my soul on high,  
My thoughts are hurried fast away,  
For sin is ever nigh.
- 4 If in thy word I look,  
Such darkness fills my mind,  
I only read a sealed book,  
But no relief can find.
- 5 Thy gospel oft I hear,  
But hear it still in vain;  
Without desire, or love, or fear,  
Hardened I still remain.
- 6 And must I, then, indeed  
Sink in despair and die?  
Fain would I hope that thou didst bleed  
For such a wretch as I. NEWTON.

## 274

L. M. Carthage, Windham.  
*Sorrow for Sin.*

- 1 **O** THAT my load of sin were gone!  
O that I could at last submit!  
At Jesus' feet to lay me down—  
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find:  
Saviour of all—if mine thou art—  
Give me thy meek, thy lowly mind,  
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
And fully set my spirit free;  
I cannot rest till pure within,  
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;  
Thy light and easy burden prove—

The cross, all stained with hallowed blood—  
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would—but thou must give the power—  
My heart from évery sin release;  
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,  
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;  
Appear, in my poor heart appear;  
My God, my Saviour, come away.

## 275

C. M.

Poland, Walsal.

*Prayer for Spiritual Healing.*

- 1 **T**HOU great Physician of the soul,  
To thee I bring my case;  
My raging malady control,  
And heal me by thy grace.
- 2 Help me to state my whole complaint;  
But where shall I begin?  
Nor words, nor thoughts can fully paint  
That worst distemper—sin.
- 3 It lies not in a single part,  
But through my soul is spread;  
And all the affections of my heart  
By sin are captive led.
- 4 A thousand evil thoughts intrude,  
Tumultuous, in my breast;  
Which indispose me for my food,  
And rob me of my rest.
- 5 Thou great Physician, hear my cry,  
And set my spirit free;  
Let not a trembling sinner die,  
Who longs to live to thee.

NEWTON.

## 276

C. M.

St. Ann's, Tempest.

*God our Hiding-Place. Ps. xxxii. 7.*

- 1 **W**HEN lowering clouds deform the sky,  
And darkness thickens round,  
Sudden the forked lightnings fly,  
Loud thunders rock the ground:
- 2 The howling blasts, impetuous, sweep  
The desolated plain;  
The frightened beasts to covert creep;  
Home flies the trembling swain.

- 3 But louder thunders o'er my head,  
My heart with terror fill;  
And storms of wrath divine I dread,  
Which soul and body kill!
- 4 See, on the whirlwind's rapid wing,  
The King of terrors ride,  
And with him desolation bring!  
Myself where can I hide?
- 5 "Haste, sinner, haste!" the Saviour cried;  
"Behold my wounded form!  
"The cleft of my deep-pierced side  
"Shall hide thee from the storm."
- HAWEIS.

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## PENITENTIAL.

277

S. M.

Suffield.

- 1 **A**H! whither should I go,  
Burdened, and sick, and faint?  
To whom should I my troubles show,  
And pour out my complaint?  
My Saviour bids me come;  
Ah! why do I delay?  
He calls the weary sinner home,  
And yet from him I stay!
- 2 What is it keeps me back  
From which I cannot part?  
Which will not let the Saviour take  
Possession of my heart?  
Some cursed thing unknown  
Must surely lurk within;  
Some idol which I will not own,  
Some secret bosom sin.
- 3 Jesus, the hindrance show,  
Which I have feared to see;  
And let me now consent to know  
What keeps me back from thee.  
Searcher of hearts, in mine  
Thy trying power display;  
Into its darkest corners shine,  
And take the veil away.

- 4 I now believe in thee  
 Compassion reigns alone ;  
 According to my faith, to me  
 O let it, Lord, be done !  
 In me is all the bar,  
 Which thou wouldst fain remove ;  
 Remove it, and I shall declare  
 That God is only love.

## 278

C. M. Isle of Wight, Bangor.

*Godly Sorrow from the Sufferings of Christ.*

- 1 **A** LAS! and did my Saviour bleed,  
 And did my Sovereign die?  
 Would he devote that sacred head  
 For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,—  
 And bathed in its own blood,  
 While all exposed to wrath divine,  
 The glorious sufferer stood !
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done  
 He groaned upon the tree ?  
 Amazing pity ! grace unknown !  
 And love beyond degree !
- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
 And shut his glories in,  
 When God, the mighty Maker, died  
 For man the creature's sin.
- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
 While his dear cross appears ;  
 Dissolve mine heart in thankfulness,  
 And melt mine eyes in tears.
- 6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
 The debt of love I owe ;  
 Here, Lord, I give myself away—  
 'Tis all that I can do.

WATTS.

## 279

C. M. Springfield, Clarendon, Coventry.

- 1 **A** LMIGHTY God of truth and love,  
 In me thy power exert—  
 The mountain from my soul remove—  
 The hardness from my heart.
- 2 Do thou in mercy wake within  
 A jealous, godly fear,  
 A sensibility to sin,  
 A pain to feel it near.



- 3 Teach me the first approach to feel  
Of pride, or fond desire ;  
To catch the wanderings of my will,  
And quench the kindling fire.
- 4 The filial awe, the contrite heart,  
The tender conscience give ;  
That I from thee no more may part—  
No more thy goodness grieve.

## 280

S. M.

St. Bride's.

- 1 **A**ND wilt thou yet be found,  
And may I still draw near ?  
Then listen to the plaintive sound  
Of a poor sinner's prayer.
- 2 Jesus, thine aid afford,  
If still the same thou art ;  
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord ;  
Lift up a helpless heart.
- 3 Thou seest my troubled breast,  
The struggles of my will,  
The foes that interrupt my rest,  
The agonies I feel.
- 4 The daily death I prove,  
Saviour, to thee is known :  
'Tis worse than death my God to love,  
And not my God alone.
- 5 O, my offended Lord,  
Restore my inward peace ;  
I know thou canst ; pronounce the word,  
And bid the tempest cease !
- 6 I long to see thy face,  
Thy spirit I implore,  
The living water of thy grace,  
That I may thirst no more.

METH. COLL.

## 281

C. M.

Reading.

*The Repenting Prodigal. Luke xv. 13, &c.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the wretch, whose lust and wine  
Has wasted his estate !  
He begs a share among the swine,  
To taste the husks they eat.
- 2 "I die with hunger here," he cries,  
"I starve in foreign lands :  
"My father's house has large supplies,  
"And bounteous are his hands.

- 3 "I'll go, and, with a mournful tongue,  
 "Fall down before his face;  
 "Father, I've done thy justice wrong,  
 "Nor can deserve thy grace."
- 4 He said,—and hastened to his home,  
 To seek his father's love;  
 The father saw the rebel come,  
 And all his bowels move.
- 5 He ran and fell upon his neck,  
 Embraced and kissed his son;  
 The rebel's heart with sorrow brake,  
 For follies he had done.
- 6 "Take off his clothes of shame and sin,"  
 (The father gives command)  
 "Dress him in garments white and clean,  
 "With rings adorn his hand.
- 7 "A day of feasting I ordain;  
 "Let mirth and joy abound!  
 "My son was dead—and lives again;  
 "Was lost—and now is found." WATTS.

## 282

L. M. 6L.

Harlington, Eaton.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, God of love,  
 O, hear an humble suppliant's cry;  
 Bend from thy lofty seat above,  
 Thy throne of glorious majesty:  
 O, deign to listen to my voice,  
 And bid this drooping heart rejoice.
- 2 I urge no merits of my own;  
 For I, alas! am all that's vile;  
 No—when I bow before thy throne,  
 Dare to converse with God awhile,  
 Thy name, blest Jesus, is my plea,  
 That dearest, sweetest name to me!
- 3 Father of mercies, God of love,  
 Then hear thy humble suppliant's cry;  
 Bend from thy lofty seat above,  
 Thy throne of glorious majesty:  
 One pardoning word can make me whole,  
 And soothe the anguish of my soul!

COLLYER.

## 283

L. M.

New Sabbath.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, what just return  
 Can sinful dust and ashes give?

- I only live my sin to mourn ;  
To love my God I only live.
- 2 To thee, benign and saving Power,  
I consecrate my lengthened days ;  
While, marked with blessings, every hour  
Shall speak thy co-extended praise.
- 3 Be all my added life employed  
Thine image in my soul to see ;  
Fill with thyself the mighty void ;  
Enlarge my heart to compass thee !
- 4 O give me, Saviour, give me more :  
Thy mercies to my soul reveal.  
Alas ! I see their endless store ;  
But, O, I cannot, cannot feel.
- 5 Come, then, my hope, my life, my Lord,  
And fix in me thy lasting home :  
Be mindful of thy gracious word :  
Thou, with thy promised Father, come.
- 6 Prepare, and then possess my heart :  
O take me, seize me from above :  
Thee may I love, for God thou art ;  
Thee may I feel, for God is love.

284

L. M. Brookfield, Windham.

*Penitential Confession.*

- 1 **H**EAR me, O Lord, in my distress ;  
Hear me in truth and righteousness ;  
For, at thy bar of judgment tried,  
None living can be justified.
- 2 Lord, I have foes without, within—  
The world, the flesh, indwelling sin,  
Life's daily ills, temptation's power,  
And passions raging to devour.
- 3 Teach me thy will, subdue my own ;  
Thou art my God, and thou alone ;  
By thy good Spirit guide me still,  
Safe from all foes, to Zion's hill.
- 4 Release my soul from trouble, Lord ;  
Quicken and keep me by thy word ;  
May all its promises be mine ;  
Be thou my portion—I am thine.

MONTGOMERY

285

C. M.

Colchester, Ferry.

*Pardon and Sanctification in Christ.*

- 1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is!  
Our sin, how deep it stains!  
And Satan binds our captive minds  
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,  
Sounds from the sacred word—  
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,  
"And trust upon the Lord."
- 3 My soul obeys the almighty call,  
And runs to this relief;  
I would believe thy promise, Lord;  
O, help mine unbelief.
- 4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On thy kind arms I fall:  
Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus, and my All. WATTS.

286

S. M.

Orange, Concord.

- 1 **L**ORD, help me to repent—  
With sin for ever part;  
And to thy gracious eye present  
An humble, contrite heart—
- 2 A heart with grief oppressed,  
For having grieved thy love;  
A troubled heart, that cannot rest,  
Till cleansed from above.
- 3 Jesus, on me bestow  
The penitent desire;  
With true sincerity of wo  
My aching breast inspire.
- 4 With softening pity look,  
And melt my hardness down;  
Strike, with thy love's resistless stroke,  
And break this heart of stone.

287

L. M.

Pleyell's.

- 1 **L**ORD, I despair myself to heal;  
I see my sin, but cannot feel:  
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,  
And bid the obedient waters flow.

- 2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give :  
Thy gifts I only can receive ;  
Here, then, to thee I all resign ;  
To draw, redeem, and seal—are thine.
- 3 With simple faith on thee I call,  
My light, my life, my Lord, my all :  
I wait the moving of the pool ;  
I wait the word that speaks me whole.
- 4 Speak, gracious Lord ; my sickness cure,  
Make my infected nature pure :  
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,  
And pour thyself into my heart !

288

C. M.

Barby, Howard's.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, when my thoughts recall  
The wonders of thy grace,  
Low at thy feet ashamed I fall,  
And hide my blushing face.
- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid ?  
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart,  
By earth's unworthy cares betrayed,  
From Jesus to depart !
- 3 From Jesus, who alone can give  
Free pleasure, peace, and rest ;  
When absent from my Lord, I live  
Unsatisfied, unblest.
- 4 O, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,  
The penitential sigh,  
Confirm the kind, the pardoning word,  
With pity in thine eye. STEELE.

289

C. M.

Contrition.

- 1 **O** THOU, whose tender mercy hears  
Contrition's humble cry ;  
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears  
From sorrow's weeping eye ;—
- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace,  
A wretched wanderer mourn :  
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?  
Hast thou not said—"Return" ?
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail  
To drive me from thy feet ?  
O, let not this dear refuge fail,  
This only safe retreat.

- 4 O, shine on this benighted heart,  
With beams of mercy shine,  
And let thy healing voice impart  
A taste of joys divine.

## 290

C. P. M.

Aithlone.

- 1 **O** LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!  
When shall I find my willing heart  
All taken up by thee?  
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love,  
The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell;  
Its riches are unsearchable;  
The first-born sons of light  
Desire in vain its depths to see;  
They cannot reach the mystery,  
The length, the breadth, the height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God;  
O that it now were shed abroad  
In this poor stony heart!  
For love I sigh, for love I pine;  
This only portion, Lord, be mine;  
Be mine this better part.
- 4 O that I could for ever sit  
With Mary at the Master's feet!  
Be this my happy choice;  
My only care, delight, and bliss,  
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,  
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!
- 5 O that I could, with favored John,  
Recline my weary head upon  
The dear Redeemer's breast:  
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,  
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee  
My everlasting rest.

METH. COLL.

## 291

C. M.

Dundee.

- 1 **O** THAT I could my Lord receive,  
Who did the world redeem;  
Who gave his life that I might live  
A life concealed in him!
- 2 O that I could the blessing prove,  
My heart's extreme desire:

Live happy in my Saviour's love,  
And in his arms expire !

3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,  
That, kept by mercy's power,  
I may from every evil cease,  
And never grieve thee more.

4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,  
E'en now my sins remove,  
And set my soul at liberty  
By thy victorious love.

5 In answer to ten thousand prayers,  
Thou pardoning God, descend :  
Number me with salvation's heirs,  
My sins and troubles end.

6 Nothing I ask or want beside,  
Of all in earth or heaven :  
But let me feel thy blood applied,  
And live and die forgiven. METH. COLL.

292

S. M.

Suffield.

1 **O** THAT I could repent ;  
O that I could believe !  
Thou by thy voice the marble rent,  
The rock in sunder cleave ;  
Thou by thy two-edged sword  
My soul and spirit part ;  
Strike with the hammer of thy word,  
And break my stubborn heart.

2 Saviour and Prince of peace,  
The double grace bestow ;  
Unloose the bands of wickedness,  
And let the captive go :  
Grant me my sins to feel,  
And then the load remove :  
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,  
The balm of pardoning love.

3 For thine own mercy's sake,  
The hindrance now remove,  
And into thy protection take  
The prisoner of thy love ;  
In every trying hour,  
Stand by my feeble soul,  
And screen me from my nature's power,  
Till thou hast made me whole.

- 4 This is thy will, I know,  
That I should holy be ;  
Should let my sins this moment go,  
This moment turn to thee :  
O might I now embrace  
Thy all-sufficient power,  
And never more to sin give place,  
And never grieve thee more.

METH. COLL.

## 293

S. M.

Suffield.

- 1 O THAT I could revere  
My much-offended God:  
O that I could but stand in fear  
Of thy afflicting rod!  
If mercy cannot draw,  
Thou by thy threatening move ;  
And keep an abject soul in awe,  
That will not yield to love.
- 2 Show me the naked sword  
Impending o'er my head :  
O let me tremble at thy word,  
And to my ways take heed !  
With sacred horror fly  
From every sinful snare ;  
Nor ever in my Judge's eye  
My Judge's anger dare.
- 3 Thou great, tremendous God,  
The conscious awe impart ;  
The grace be now on me bestowed,  
The tender fleshly heart :  
For Jesus' sake alone,  
The stony heart remove ;  
And melt, at last, O melt me down  
Into the mould of love.

METH. COLL.

## 294

L. M.

Surry, Darwent

*Prayer of a Penitent. Ps. 6.*

- 1 O THAT the Lord would hear my cry,  
And stay his anger, lest I die !  
Thy wrath is just—yet, oh, forgive !  
And let a mourning sinner live.
- 2 In all my frame, without, within,  
I feel the sad effects of sin ;  
How long, my God, must I complain,  
And deprecate thy wrath in vain ?



- 3 Oh ! should I die deprived of thee,  
What being else can succor me ?  
Thy frowns would rend my soul in death,  
And sink it to the depths beneath.
- 4 Ye darling sins, that plague me so,  
The greatest enemies I know,  
Depart—for God hath heard my prayer,  
And will not let me long despair.
- 5 No ;—I shall yet his goodness bless ;  
And, when this transient life shall pass,  
Then, full of glory, I shall prove  
He can be just, and sinners love.

295

C. M.

Bangor, Windsor.

*The Penitent.*

- 1 **P**ROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet  
A guilty rebel lies ;  
And upwards to the mercy-seat  
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice  
To pay the debt I owe,  
Tears should from both my weeping eyes  
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead  
To expiate my guilt ;  
No tears but these which thou hast shed ;  
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,  
And all my sins forgive :  
Justice will well approve the word  
That bids the sinner live. J. STENNETT.

296

L. M.

Carthage, Geneva.

*A Penitent pleading for Pardon. Ps. 51.*

- 1 **S**HOW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;  
Let a repenting rebel live :  
Are not thy mercies large and free ?  
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace ;  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound ;  
So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O, wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean ;  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain mine eyes.

- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,  
Against thy law, against thy grace:  
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,  
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,  
I must pronounce thee just in death;  
And if my soul were sent to hell,  
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair. WATTS.

## 297

7s.

Pleyel's, Pastoral Duet.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all,  
Prostrate at thy feet I fall:  
Hear, oh, hear my ardent cry;  
Frown not, lest I faint and die.
- 2 Vilest of the sons of men,  
Worst of rebels I have been!  
Oft abused thee to thy face,  
Trampled on thy richest grace!
- 3 Justly might thy vengeful dart  
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;  
Justly might thy kindled ire  
Blast me in eternal fire.
- 4 But with thee there's mercy found,  
Balm to heal my every wound;  
Soothe, oh, soothe the troubled breast;  
Give the weary wanderer rest.

## 298

L. M.

Surry, Carthage.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of life, the Saviour dies,  
For mortal crimes a sacrifice:  
What love, what mercy, how divine!  
Jesus, and can I call thee mine?—
- 2 Be all my heart, and all my days  
Devoted to my Saviour's praise;  
And let my glad obedience prove  
How much I owe, how much I love.
- 3 Let humble, penitential wo  
With painful, pleasing anguish flow;  
And thy forgiving smiles impart  
Life, hope, and joy to every heart. STEELE.

299

C. M.

York, St. Ann's.

*The contrite Heart.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord will happiness divine  
On contrite hearts bestow;  
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine  
A contrite heart, or no?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,  
Insensible as steel;  
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain  
To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclined  
To love thee, if I could;  
But often feel another mind,  
Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few;  
I fain would strive for more;  
But, when I cry, "My strength renew,"  
Seem weaker than before.
- 5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,  
And love thy house of prayer;  
I sometimes go where others go,  
But find no comfort there.
- 6 O, make this heart rejoice or ache;  
Decide this doubt for me;  
And, if it be not broken, break;  
And heal it, if it be.

COWPER.

## CONVICTION AND CONVERSION.

300

C. P. M.

Ganges.

- 1 **A**WAKED by Sinai's awful sound,  
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,  
And knew not where to go;  
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,  
"The sinner must be born again,  
"Or sink to endless wo."
- 2 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,  
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,  
A vast, oppressive load:  
Alas! I read, and saw it plain,  
"The sinner must be born again,"  
Or drink the wrath of God.

- 3 The saints I heard with rapture tell,  
 How Jesus conquered death and hell,  
 And broke the fowler's snare;  
 Yet, when I found this truth remain,  
 "The sinner must be born again,"  
 I sunk in deep despair.
- 4 But while I thus in anguish lay,  
 The gracious Saviour passed this way,  
 And felt his pity move;  
 The sinner, by his justice slain,  
 Now by his grace is born again,  
 And sings redeeming love.

OCKUM.

## 301

S. M.

St. Thomas, Dover.

- 1 **B**ENEATH the poisonous dart  
 Of Satan's rage I fell;  
 How narrowly my feet escaped  
 The snares of death and hell!
- 2 Darkness, and shame, and grief  
 Oppressed my gloomy mind;  
 I looked around me for relief,  
 But no relief could find.
- 3 At length to God I cried;  
 He heard my plaintive sigh;  
 He heard, and instantly he sent  
 Salvation from on high.
- 4 Oh, may I ne'er forget  
 The mercy of my God!  
 Nor ever want a tongue to spread  
 His loudest praise abroad.

## 302

L. M.

Blendon, Bath.

*The happy Change.*

- 1 **I**N sin by blinded passions led,  
 In search of fancied good we range;  
 The paths of disappointment tread,  
 To nothing fixed—but love of change.
- 2 But, when the Holy Ghost imparts  
 The knowledge of the Saviour's love,  
 Our wandering, weary, restless hearts  
 Are then renewed, no more to rove.
- 3 Now a new principle takes place,  
 Which guides and animates the will;  
 This love; another name for grace,  
 Constrains to good, and bars from ill.

- 4 By love's pure light we soon perceive  
 Our noblest bliss and proper end;  
 And gladly every idol leave,  
 To love and serve our Lord and Friend.  
 NEWTON.

303

C. M.

Colchester, Barby.

*The Prodigal.* Luke xv. 11—24.

- 1 **T**HANKLESS, the prodigal receives  
 The bounty of his sire,  
 Rejoicing only in the hope  
 To have his own desire.
- 2 And, far from home, in climes of vice,  
 He joins the heedless throng;  
 Begins in pleasure to rejoice,  
 And chants the mirthful song.
- 3 But lo! the famine coming on,  
 Now dies the song profane;—  
 The youth beholds his substance gone,  
 And begs the husk in vain.
- 4 The terrors of the world to come  
 Have struck his pleasures dead—  
 And, far from God, and far from home,  
 His every friend has fled.

PART II. Wantage, Buckingham.  
*Returning.*

- 1 **T**HE prodigal, with streaming eyes,  
 From folly just awake,  
 Reviews his wanderings with surprise;  
 His heart begins to break.
- 2 I starve, he cries, nor can I bear  
 The famine in this land;  
 While servants of my father share  
 The bounty of his hand.
- 3 With deep repentance I'll return  
 And seek my father's face;  
 Unworthy to be called a son,  
 I'll ask a servant's place.
- 4 Far off he saw him slowly move,  
 In pensive silence mourn;  
 The father ran with arms of love  
 To welcome his return.

## PART III. Clarendon, Barby.

- 1 **M**Y soul, thy hasty censure spare,  
 Repress the bitter tone;—  
 Forbear thy brother's faults to judge,  
 And, watchful, scan thy own.
- 2 Hast thou the unwearied gifts of Heaven  
 Beheld with thoughtless pride?  
 Ungratefully their blessings shared,  
 Or madly misapplied?
- 3 In the "far country" of thy sin,  
 Hast thou perceived with pain  
 The evils of thy wayward course,  
 And sought thy God again?
- 4 And was thy penitence received,  
 And was the rebel loved?—  
 Then with the prodigal adore  
 The mercy thou hast proved.

304

L. M. Luther's Hymn, Bath.

*Conviction and Conversion.*

Ps. cvii. 17—20.

- 1 **T**HE sinner's flattering dreams are fled,  
 Destruction hovers o'er his head;  
 And conscience throws her darts around,  
 And poison rankles in each wound.
- 2 Despair and death his heart assail,  
 And all his hopes of comfort fail;  
 Till, deeply humbled in the dust,  
 He owns his punishment is just.
- 3 Then Penitence beside him stands,  
 With brow severe, but healing hands;  
 The wounds she probes, the balm applies,  
 To heaven directs the mourner's sighs.

LIVINGSTONE.

305

C. M. Wantage, Martyr's.

- 1 **'T**IS trembling hardness that I feel;  
 I fear, but don't relent:—  
 Perhaps of endless death the seal:  
 Oh, that I could repent!
- 2 My prayers, my tears, my vows are vile;  
 My duties black with guilt;  
 On such a wretch can mercy smile,  
 Though Jesus' blood was spilt?

- 3 Speechless I sink to endless night,  
 I see an opening hell;  
 But lo! what glory strikes my sight!  
 Such glory who can tell!
- 4 Enwrapped in these bright beams of peace,  
 I feel a gracious God:  
 Swell, swell the note: Oh, tell his grace;  
 Sound his high praise abroad! **STRONG.**

### 306 *C. M. Greenwalk, New Durham.* *Vanity and Danger of the World.*

- 1 **V**AIN world, vain world, I bid adieu  
 To your deceitful joys;  
 I will not sell my soul for you,  
 Nor longer seek your toys.
- 2 You flatter with a vain applause,  
 And promise future joy,  
 When all your treasures are but dross,  
 Your bliss an empty toy.
- 3 Blest be the Lord who taught my soul  
 How near the gulf I stood!  
 And now, while mortal moments roll,  
 I'll seek substantial good. **ALLINE.**

## CONVERT.

### 307 *C. M. Barby, Buckingham*

- 1 **A**NXIOUS, I strove to find the way  
 Which to salvation led;  
 I listened long, I tried to pray,  
 And heard what many said.
- 2 When some of joys and comforts told,  
 I feared that I was wrong;  
 For I was stupid, dead, and cold,  
 Had neither joys nor song.
- 3 The Lord my laboring heart relieved,  
 And made my burden light;  
 Then for a moment I believed,  
 And thought that all was right.
- 4 Of fierce temptations others talked,  
 Of anguish and dismay;

Through what distresses they had walked  
Before they found the way.

5 Ah! then I thought my hopes were vain,  
For I had lived at ease;  
I wished for all my fears again,  
To make me more like these.

6 I had my wish; the Lord disclosed  
The evils of my heart,  
And left my naked soul exposed  
To Satan's fiery dart.

NEWTON.

## 308

S. M.

Nativity, Peckham.

*Song of Moses and the Lamb. Rev. xv. 3.*

1 **A** WAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb;  
Wake, every heart and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;  
Sing of his rising power;  
Sing, how he intercedes above,  
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our heart  
Ascending with our tongue;  
Sing, till the love of sin depart,  
And grace inspire our song.

4 Sing, on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;  
Sing on, rejoicing, every day,  
In Christ, the eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,  
"Ye blessed children, come;"  
Soon will he call us hence away,  
And take his wanderers home.

6 Soon shall our raptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim;  
And sweeter voices tune the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HAMMOND.

## 309

8s &amp; 7s.

Sicilian, Love Divine.

1 **H**AIL, my ever blessed Jesus,  
Only thee I wish to sing;  
To my soul thy name is precious,  
Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.



- 2 Oh, what mercy flows from heaven !  
Oh, what joy and happiness !  
Love I much?—I've much forgiven—  
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 Once, with Adam's race in ruin,  
Unconcerned, in sin I lay ;  
Swift destruction still pursuing,  
Till my Saviour passed that way.
- 4 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,  
My Redeemer's tenderness !  
Love I much?—I've much forgiven—  
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir ;  
Praise the Lamb enthroned above ;  
While, astonished, I admire  
God's free grace, and boundless love.
- 6 That blest moment I received him,  
Filled my soul with joy and peace ;  
Love I much?—I've much forgiven—  
I'm a miracle of grace. WINGROVE.

310

C. P. M. Chilton, Kew, Aithlone, Ganges.

- 1 IF God had bid his thunders roll,  
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,  
I still had stubborn been :  
But mercy has my heart subdued—  
A bleeding Saviour I have viewed,  
And now I hate my sin.
- 2 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone ;  
Come, take possession of thine own,  
For thou hast set me free ;  
Released from Satan's hard command,  
See all my powers in waiting stand,  
To be employed by thee.
- 3 My will conformed to thine would move ;  
On thee my hope, desire and love,  
In fixed attention join :  
My hands, my eyes, my ears, my tongue,  
Have Satan's servants been too long,  
But now they shall be thine.
- 4 And can I be the very same,  
Who lately durst blaspheme thy name,  
And on thy gospel tread ?  
Surely each one, who hears my case,  
Will praise thee, and confess thy grace  
Invincible indeed ! NEWTON.

## 311

H. M. Allerton, Whitechurch, Jubilee.  
*Jesus, the Pilot.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, at thy command,  
I launch into the deep,  
And leave my native land,  
Where sin lulls all asleep :  
For thee I fain would all resign,  
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my Pilot wise ;  
My compass is thy word ;  
My soul each storm defies,  
While I have such a Lord :  
I trust thy faithfulness and power,  
To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep  
Through all my passage lie,  
Yet thou wilt safely keep,  
And guide me with thine eye :  
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,  
And I each boisterous storm outride.
- 4 By faith I see the land,  
The port of endless rest :  
My soul, thy sails expand,  
And fly to Jesus' breast.  
Oh, may I reach the heavenly shore,  
Where winds and waves distress no more !
- 5 Whene'er becalmed I lie,  
And storms and winds subside,  
Lord, to my succor fly,  
And keep me near thy side :  
For more the treacherous calm I dread,  
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
- 6 Come, heavenly Wind, and blow  
A prosperous gale of grace,  
To waft me from below,  
To heaven, my destined place :  
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,  
And leave the world and sin behind.

HUNTINGDON.

## 312

L. M.

Leeds, Bath.

*Social Dedication to God.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, 'our best beloved Friend,  
On thy redeeming name we call

Jesus, in love to us, descend ;

Pardon and sanctify us all.

2 Our souls and bodies we resign,

To fear and follow thy commands ;

O take our hearts--our hearts are thine--

Accept the service of our hands.

3 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,

Our Master's voice will we obey,

Till in thy vineyard here, and bear

The heat and burden of our day.

4 Yet, Lord, for us a resting place,

In heaven, at thy right hand, prepare ;

And, till we see thee face to face,

Be all our conversation there.

MONTGOMERY.

313

C. M.

Clifford, B adford.

*Old Things passed away.* 2 Cor. v. 17.

1 **L**ET carnal minds the world pursue ;

It has no charms for me ;

Once, I admired its trifles too,

But grace has set me free.

2 Its fading charms no longer please,

No more content afford ;

Far from my heart be joys like these,

Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As, by the light of opening day,

The stars are all concealed,

So earthly pleasures fade away,

When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice--

I bid them all depart ;

His name, and love, and gracious voice,

Have fixed my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,

And wholly live to thee ;

But may I hope that thou wilt own

A worthless worm like me ?

6 Yes, though of sinners I'm the worst,

I cannot doubt thy will ;

For, if thou hadst not loved me first,

I had refused thee still.

NEWTON.

## 314

L. M. Brentford, Sterling, Shoel.

- 1 **L**IKE Israel, safe upon the shore,  
Who thought the conflict all was o'er,  
Young converts view the frightful train  
Of all their foes for ever slain ;—
- 2 But soon, with sickening heart, survey  
The perils of the desert way ;  
The power of sin revives again,  
And all their hopes seem false and vain.
- 3 The morning sun, that shone so bright,  
Is shrouded in the gloom of night ;  
Hopeless the victor's crown to win,  
They yield ere they the fight begin.
- 4 But Jesus calls them to the field :  
“ Come, gird on harness, sword and shield ;  
“ Stand fast in faith, fight for your King ;  
“ My grace shall strength and victory bring.”

## 315

L. M.

Portugal, Sterling.

*The noblest Resolution.* Josh. xxiv. 15.

- 1 **M**AY I resolve, with all my heart,  
With all my powers to serve the Lord ;  
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,  
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 2 Oh, be his service all my joy !  
Around let my example shine,  
Till others love the blest employ,  
And join in labors so divine.
- 3 Be this the purpose of my soul,  
My solemn, my determined choice,  
To yield to his supreme control,  
And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 4 Oh, may I never faint nor tire,  
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways ;  
Great God, accept my soul's desire,  
And give me strength to love thy praise.

STEELE.

## 316

L. M. Luther's Hymn, Old Hundred, Bath.

- 1 **N**ATURE will raise up all her strife,  
Foe to the flesh-abasing life,  
Loath in a Saviour's death to share,  
Her daily cross compelled to bear.

- 1 But grace omnipotent, at length,  
Shall arm the saint with saving strength;  
Through the sharp war with aid attend,  
And the dire conflict safely end.
- 2 Act but the infant's gentle part;  
Give up to love thy willing heart;  
And grace will then the victory claim,  
And light it with a purer flame. LUTHER.

## 317

C. M.

Barby, Clarendon.

- 1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground;  
We seek that promised soil:  
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,  
While strangers here we toil.
- 2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,  
And oft are bathed in tears;  
Yet, nought but heaven our hopes can raise,  
And nought but sin our fears.
- 3 Our powers are oft dissolved away  
In ecstasies of love;  
And, while our bodies wander here,  
Our souls are fixed above.
- 4 We purge our mortal dross away,  
Refining as we run;  
But while we die to earth and sense,  
Our heaven is here begun. BARBAULD.

## 318

7s.

Hotham, Middleton

Ruth i. 16—19.

- 1 PEOPLE of the living God,  
I have sought the world around,  
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
Peace and comfort no where found:  
Now to you my spirit turns,  
Turns,—a fugitive unblest;  
Brethren, where your altar burns,  
Oh, receive me into rest.
- 2 Lonely I no longer roam.  
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;  
Where you dwell shall be my home,  
Where you die shall be my grave;  
Mine the God whom you adore—  
Your Redeemer shall be mine;  
Earth can fill my soul no more,  
Every idol I resign. MONTGOMERY.

319

C. P. M.

Chapel, Ganges.

*The Heavenly Prospect.* Num. 13.

- 1 **R**EJOICING now in glorious hope,  
 We stand, and, from the mountain top,  
 View all the land below;  
 Rivers of milk and honey rise,  
 And all the fruits of Paradise  
 In endless plenty flow.
- 2 A land where sin shall ne'er invade,  
 Nor doubt shall cast a gloomy shade,  
 With every blessing crowned;  
 There dwells the Lord our righteousness,  
 And keeps his own in perfect peace;  
 And all his praise resound.
- 3 May we this better land possess,  
 When in this howling wilderness,  
 No longer we shall rove,—  
 Lord, help us humbly to rejoice,  
 In hope we there shall hear thy voice,  
 And sing redeeming love.

320

L. M.

Bath, Kent, Wells.

- 1 **S**HALL I, to gain the world's applause,  
 Or to escape its harmless frown,  
 Refuse, my Lord, to plead thy cause,  
 And make thy people's lot my own?
- 2 No! let the world cast out my name,  
 And vile account me, if they will;  
 If to confess the Lord be shame,  
 I purpose to be viler still.
- 3 And what is man, or what his smile?  
 'The terrors of his anger what?  
 Like grass he flourishes awhile,  
 And soon his place shall know him not.

321

C. M.

York, St. Ann's.

*Returning to Zion.* Isa. xxxv. 10.

- 1 **S**ING, ye redeemed of the Lord,  
 Your great Deliverer sing:  
 Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,  
 Be joyful in your King.
- 2 A hand divine shall lead you on  
 Through all the blissful road:

Till to the sacred mount you rise,  
And see your smiling God.

3 The garlands of immortal joy  
Shall bloom on every head ;  
While sorrows, sighing, and distress,  
Like shadows, all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength ;  
Pursue his footsteps still ;  
And let the prospect cheer your eye,  
While laboring up the hill. DODDRIDGE.

322

C. P. M.

Hermon, Ganges.

*Renouncing the World.*

1 TELL me no more of earthly toys,  
Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,  
The things I loved before :  
Let me but view my Saviour's face,  
And feel his animating grace,  
And I desire no more.

2 Tell me no more of praise and wealth,  
Tell me no more of ease and health ;  
For these have all their snares ;  
Let me but know my sins forgiven,  
But see my name enrolled in heaven,  
And I am free from cares.

3 Give me the Bible in my hand,  
A heart to read and understand,  
And faith to trust the Lord ;  
I'd sit alone from day to day,  
Or urge no company to stay,  
Nor wish to rove abroad.

ANON.

323

C. M.

Wal-al, Whiting.

*Deliverance from evil Companions.*

1 THE giddy world, with flattering tongue,  
Had charmed my soul astray,  
And lured my heedless feet to death  
Along the flowery way.

2 My heart, with agonizing prayer,  
Besought the Lord to save ;  
Unseen he seized my trembling hand,  
And brought me from the grave.

3 He broke the charm which drew my feet  
To darkness and the dead :  
From lips profane and tongues impure  
With quivering steps I fled.

- 4 Homeward I flew to find my God,  
And seek his face divine,  
Restored to peace, to hope, to life,  
To Zion's friends, and mine. DWIGHT.
- 

## 324

8s.

Lambeth, Corydon.

- 1 **T**HE happy in Jesus may sleep;  
But oh, till in me he appears,  
Be this my employment to weep,  
And water my couch with my tears.  
Ye watchmen of Israel, declare,  
If ye my Beloved have seen,  
And point to that heavenly fair,  
Surpassing the children of men.
- 2 My Lover and Lord from above,  
Who only can quiet my pain,  
Whom only I languish to love,  
Oh, where shall I find him again?  
Once more if he show me his face,  
He never again shall depart;  
Detained in my closest embrace,  
Eternally held in my heart.
- 

## 325

L. M.

Putney, Warwick.

- 1 **T**HE sovereign Father, good and kind,  
Wants but to have his child resigned;  
Wants but the healing heart—no more—  
With his rich gifts of grace to store.
- 2 He to thy soul no anguish brings;  
From thine own stubborn will it springs;  
That foe subdued, the foe within—  
Then shall thy peace and joy begin.
- 3 Let faith exert its conquering power;  
Say, in thy fearing, trembling hour,  
"Father!—thy pitying help impart"—  
'Tis done—a sigh can reach his heart.
- 4 But if corruption's strength prevail,  
And if thy pilgrim footsteps fail,  
Lift for his grace thy louder cries;  
So shalt thou cleansed and stronger rise.

LUTHER.



326

L. M.

Castle Street.

*Praise to God for renewing Grace.*

- T**O God, my Saviour and my King,  
Fain would my soul her tribute bring;  
Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise,  
For ye have known and felt his grace.
- Wretched and helpless once I lay,  
Just breathing all my life away;  
He saw me weltering in my blood,  
And felt the pity of a God.
- With speed he flew to my relief,  
Bound up my wounds, and soothed my grief;  
Poured joy divine into my heart,  
And bade each anxious fear depart.
- These proofs of love, my dearest Lord,  
Deep in my breast I will record:  
The life which I from thee receive,  
To thee, behold, I freely give.
- My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise,  
Through the remainder of my days;  
And, when I join the powers above,  
My soul shall better sing thy love.

STENNETT.

327

C. M. Standish, Bangor, Wales.

- T**O whom, my Saviour, shall I go,  
If I depart from thee?  
My guide through all this vale of wo,  
And more than all to me.
- The world reject thy gentle reign,  
And pay thy death with scorn;  
Oh, they could plait thy crown again,  
And sharpen every thorn.
- But I have felt thy dying love  
Breathe gently through my heart,  
To whisper hope of joys above—  
And can we ever part?
- Ah, no! with thee I'll walk below  
My journey to the grave:  
To whom, my Saviour, shall I go,  
When only thou canst save?

328

L. M. Blendon, Bath, Portugal.

*Welcome to young Converts.*

- 1 **W**ELCOME, ye hopeful heirs of heaven,  
To this rich feast of gospel love—  
This pledge is but the prelude given  
To that immortal feast above.
- 2 How great the blessing, thus to meet  
Around the sacramental board,  
And hold by faith communion sweet  
With Christ our dear and common Lord!
- 3 And if so sweet this feast below,  
What will it be to meet above,  
Where all we see, and feel, and know,  
Are fruits of everlasting love!
- 4 Soon shall we tune the heavenly lyre,  
Whilst listening worlds the song approve;  
Eternity itself expire,  
Ere we exhaust the theme of love.

329

L. M. Portugal, Duke Street.

Heb. xiii. 14.

- 1 “**W**E’VE no abiding city here”—  
This may distress the worldly mind;  
But should not cost the saint a tear,  
Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 “We’ve no abiding city here”—  
Sad truth, were this to be our home;  
But let this thought our spirits cheer,  
“We seek a city yet to come.”
- 3 “We’ve no abiding city here”—  
Then let us live as pilgrims do;  
Let not the world our rest appear,  
But let us haste from all below.
- 4 “We’ve no abiding city here”—  
We seek a city out of sight;  
Zion its name—the Lord is there;  
It shines with everlasting light.

KELLY.

330

C. M. Colchester, Barb.

2 Cor. iv. 6. Ps. xliii. 5.

- 1 **W**HEN renovating grace begins  
To move the heart of stone,  
A holy joy illumines the soul,  
As light from darkness shone.

High songs of praise with dawn begin,  
 Exulting close the day;  
 And e'en the silent watch of night  
 Is vocal with their lay.  
 But cares arise—temptations throng—  
 The world prepares her dart—  
 A "horror of great darkness" falls,  
 And whelms the shuddering heart.  
 Yet why cast down, sad mourner, say?  
 Behold the glorious sun—  
 Full oft he gilds the kindling morn,  
 Yet fades ere day is done.  
 But still his unextinguished beam  
 Behind the cloud survives—  
 Still his appointed course he runs,  
 And at the goal arrives.  
 Hope thou in God, and he shall make  
 Thy path like noontide glow:  
 Obey him with a steadfast mind,  
 And thou his smile shalt know.

331

C. P. M. Gauges, Penitent, Chapel.

*True Convert.* 2 Cor. v. 17.

**W**HEN with my mind devoutly pressed,  
 Dear Saviour, my revolving breast  
 Would past offences trace;  
 Trembling I make the black review,  
 Yet pleased behold, admiring too,  
 The power of changing grace.  
 This tongue, with blasphemies defiled,  
 These feet, to erring paths beguiled,  
 In heavenly league agree:  
 Who would believe such lips could praise,  
 Or think, from dark and winding ways,  
 I e'er should turn to thee?  
 These eyes, that once abused the light,  
 Now lift to thee their watery sight,  
 And weep a silent flood;  
 These hands are raised in ceaseless prayer;  
 Oh, wash away the stains they wear,  
 In pure redeeming blood.  
 These ears, that once could entertain  
 The midnight oath, the festive strain,  
 Around the sinful board,  
 Now, deaf to all the enchanting noise,  
 Avoid the throng, detest their joys,  
 And long to hear thy word.

- 5 Thus art thou served in every part;  
 Go on, blest Lord, to cleanse my heart;  
 That drossy thing refine;  
 That grace may nature's powers control,  
 And a new creature, body, soul,  
 Be all and wholly thine. BROWN.
- 

## BAPTISM.

332

C. M.

Addison, Devizes.

*At the Water.*

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Saviour, here we stand,  
 Ranged by the water side;  
 Hither we come, at thy command,  
 To wait upon thy Bride.
- 2 Thy footsteps marked this humble way,  
 For all that love thy cause;  
 Lord, thy example we obey,  
 And glory in the cross.
- 3 Our dearest Lord, we'll follow thee,  
 Where'er thou lead'st the way;  
 Through floods, through flames, through death's  
 dark vale,  
 To realms of endless day. BALDWIN.
- 

333

L. M.

Arnheim, Wells

- 1 **B**EHOLD the grave where Jesus lay,  
 Before he shed his precious blood!  
 How plain he marked the humble way  
 To sinners, through the mystic flood!
- 2 Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,  
 Come, and obey his sacred word;  
 He died, and rose again for you;  
 What more could the Redeemer do?
- 3 Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 On these baptismal waters move;  
 That we, through energy divine,  
 May have the substance with the sign.
- 4 All ye that love Immanuel's name,  
 And long to feel the increasing flame,  
 'Tis you, ye children of the light,  
 The Spirit and the Bride invite.

334

H. M.

Bethesda.

*An Address to the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 **D**ESCEND, celestial dove,  
And make thy presence known;  
Reveal our Saviour's love,  
And seal us for thine own;  
Unblessed by thee, our works are vain,  
Nor can we e'er acceptance gain.
- 2 When our incarnate God,  
The sovereign Prince of light,  
In Jordan's swelling flood  
Received the holy rite;  
In open view, thy form came down,  
And, dove-like, flew, the King to crown.
- 3 The day was never known,  
Since time began its race,  
On which such glory shone,  
On which was shown such grace,  
As that which shed, in Jordan's stream,  
On Jesus' head the heavenly beam.
- 4 Continue still to shine,  
And fill us with thy fire:  
This ordinance is thine;  
Do thou our souls inspire!  
Thou wilt attend on all thy sons—  
"Till time shall end," thy promise runs.

335

L. M.

Luton, Morning Star.

*Believers buried with Christ in Baptism.*

- 1 **D**O we not know that solemn word,  
That we are buried with the Lord;  
Baptized into his death, and then  
Put off the body of our sin?
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,  
Raised from corruption, guilt and death:  
So from the grave did Christ arise,  
And lives to God above the skies.
- 3 No more let sin or Satan reign  
Over our mortal flesh again:  
The various lusts we served before  
Shall have dominion now no more.

WATTS.

## 336

L. M.

Sinai.

- 1 **H**ITHER we come, our dearest Lord,  
Obedient to thy sacred word;  
'Tis thou hast called our hearts to flee  
From sense and sin, and follow thee.
- 2 Here, ranged along the water's side,  
Where gently rolls the silent tide,  
O what on earth can sweeter be,  
Than thus to come and follow thee!
- 3 When wanderers in the vale of tears,  
Enslaved by sins, and doubts, and fears,  
Then didst thou come our souls to free,  
And gav'st us grace to follow thee.
- 4 When darkness did our souls enshroud,  
And o'er our heads the storm was loud,  
We saw no way from wrath to flee,  
But to obey and follow thee.
- 5 While others walk the downward road,  
That onward leads to death's abode,  
Adored be thy grace, that we  
May take our cross and follow thee.
- 6 Thou wast baptized beneath the wave,  
The emblem of thy future grave;—  
O, while the way so plain we see,  
What can we do but follow thee!
- 7 Though others, by tradition led,  
Refuse the path which thou didst tread,—  
To be baptized our joy shall be;  
Thus we will follow none but thee.

## 337

C. M.

Bedford, St. Ann's.

*Morning before Baptism; or, at the Water Side.*

- 1 **H**OW great, how solemn is the work  
Which we attend to-day!  
Now for a holy, solemn frame,  
O God, to thee we pray.
- 2 O may we feel as once we felt,  
When, pained and grieved at heart,  
Thy kind, forgiving, melting look  
Relieved our every smart.
- 3 Let graces, then, in exercise  
Be exercised again;

- And, nurtured by celestial power,  
In exercise remain.
- 4 Awake, our love, our fear, our hope;  
Wake, fortitude and joy:  
Vain world, be gone; let things above  
Our happy thoughts employ.
- 5 Whilst thee, our Saviour and our God,  
To all around we own,  
Drive from us each rebellious thought,  
And guide us to thy throne.
- 6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,  
To heaven our passions raise,  
That hence our lives, our all may be  
Devoted to thy praise. BEDDOME.

## 338

8s &amp; 7s. Greenville, Tabernacle.

*Invitation to follow the Lamb.*

- 1 **H**UMBLE souls, who seek salvation  
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,  
Hear the voice of revelation,  
Tread the path which Jesus trod.  
Flee to him, your only Saviour;  
In his mighty name confide;  
In the whole of your behavior,  
Own him as your only guide.
- 2 Hear the blest Redeemer call you,  
Listen to his gracious voice;  
Dread no ills that may befall you,  
While you make his ways your choice.  
Jesus says, "Let each believer  
"Be baptized in my name;"  
He himself in Jordan's river  
Was baptized in the stream.
- 3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,  
Follow him without delay;  
Gladly his command embracing,  
Lo! your Captain leads the way.  
View the rite with understanding;  
Jesus' grave before you lies;  
Be interred at his commanding,  
After his example rise.

## 339

C. M. Northfield, Caledonia.

*Difficulties in the Way surmounted.*

- 1 **I**N all my Lord's appointed ways  
My journey I'll pursue;

Hinder me not, ye much loved saints,  
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads,  
I'll follow where he goes:

Hinder me not, shall be my cry,  
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duty and through trials too,  
I'll go, at his command:

Hinder me not, for I am bound  
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,  
Still this my cry shall be,

Hinder me not,—come, welcome death,  
I'll gladly go with thee.

RYLAND.

## 340

L. M. 6L.

St. Helen's.

1 **I**N Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,  
Baptizing the repenting Jews;

The Son of God the rite demands,  
Nor dares the holy man refuse:

Jesus descends beneath the wave,  
The emblem of his future grave.

2 Wonder, ye heavens! your Maker lies  
In deeps concealed from human view:

Ye saints, behold him sink and rise,  
A fit example thus for you:

The sacred record, while you read,  
Calls you to imitate the deed.

3 But lo! from yonder opening skies,  
What beams of dazzling glory spread!

Dove-like the Eternal Spirit flies,

And lights on the Redeemer's head;  
Amazed, they see the power divine  
Around the Saviour's temples shine.

4 But hark, my soul, hark and adore!

What sounds are those that roll along,  
Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,

But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song?

"This is my well-beloved Son;

"I see, well pleased, what he hath done."

5 Thus the Eternal Father spoke,

Who shakes creation with a nod;

Through parting skies the accents broke,  
And bid us hear the Son of God:



O hear the awful word to-day ;  
Hear, all ye nations, and obey !

RIPPON'S COLL.

## 341

L. M.

New Sabbath, Paris.

- 1 **O**UR Saviour bowed beneath the wave,  
And meekly sought a watery grave ;  
Come, see the sacred path he trod—  
A path well pleasing to our God.
- 2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace ;  
And hither come to seek his face,  
To do his will, to feel his love,  
And join our songs with songs above.
- 3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine !  
Let endless glories round him shine !  
High o'er the heavens for ever reign,  
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain !
- 4 We love thy name, we love thy laws,  
And joyfully embrace thy cause ;  
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain ;  
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain !
- 5 We plunge beneath the mystic flood ;  
O wash us in thy cleansing blood !  
We die to sin, and seek a grave  
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.
- 6 And as we rise with thee to live,  
O let the Holy Spirit give  
The sealing unction from above,  
The breath of life, the fire of love !
- 7 Come, Holy Spirit, Dove divine ;  
On us with beams of mercy shine,  
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,  
To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.

JUDSON.

## 342

C. M.

St. James, Mear.

*After Baptism.*

- 1 **"P**ROCLAIM," saith Christ, "my wondrous grace  
"To all the sons of men ;  
"He that believes, and is baptized,  
"Salvation shall obtain."
- 2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,  
Who, hoping in thy word,

This day have publicly declared  
That Jesus is their Lord.

- 3 With cheerful feet may they advance,  
And run the Christian race;  
And, through the troubles of the way,  
Find all-sufficient grace.

## 343

L. M.

Bridgewater, Antigua.

*A Baptismal Hymn.*

- 1 **S**EE how the willing converts trace  
The path the great Redeemer trod!  
And follow, through his liquid grave,  
The meek, the lowly Son of God!
- 2 Here they renounce their former deeds,  
And to a heavenly life aspire:  
Their rags for glorious robes exchanged,  
They shine in clean and bright attire.
- 3 O sacred rite, by thee the name  
Of Jesus we to own begin:  
This is our resurrection pledge,  
Pledge of the pardon of our sin.
- 4 Glory to God on high be given,  
Who shows his grace to sinful men:  
Let saints on earth and hosts in heaven,  
In concert join their loud Amen.

STENNETT.

## 344

L. M.

Castle Street.

- 1 **T**HE great Redeemer we adore,  
Who came the lost to seek and save;  
Went humbly down from Jordan's shore,  
To find a tomb beneath its wave!
- 2 "Thus it becomes us to fulfil  
"All righteousness," he meekly said;  
Why should we then, to do his will,  
Or be ashamed, or be afraid?
- 3 With thee into thy watery tomb,  
Lord, 'tis our glory to descend;  
'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room,  
To lie interred by such a friend.
- 4 Yet, as the yielding waves give way,  
To let us see the light again;  
So, on the resurrection day,  
The bands of death proved weak and vain.

- 5 Thus when thou shalt again appear,  
The gates of death shall open wide ;  
Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear,  
And rise and triumph at thy side.

345 C. P. M. Aithlon.  
*Thus it becometh us.* Matt. iii. 15.

- 1 **T**HUS it became the Prince of grace,  
And thus should all the favored race  
High Heaven's command fulfil ;  
For that the condescending God  
Should lead his followers through the flood,  
Was Heaven's eternal will.
- 2 'Tis not as led by custom's voice,  
We make these ways our favored choice,  
And thus with zeal pursue :  
No ; heaven's eternal, sovereign Lord  
Has, in the precepts of his word,  
Enjoined us thus to do.
- 3 And shall we ever dare despise  
The gracious mandate of the skies,  
Where condescending Heaven,  
To sinful man's apostate race,  
In matchless love and boundless grace,  
His will revealed has given ?
- 4 Thou everlasting, gracious King,  
Assist us now thy grace to sing ;  
And still direct our way  
To those bright realms of peace and rest,  
Where all the exulting tribes are blest  
With one great choral day.

346 L. M. Bath, Orland.  
*Baptism.* Matt. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38.

- 1 **T**WAS the commission of our Lord,  
Go, teach the nations, and baptize :  
The nations have received the word,  
Since he ascended to the skies.
- 2 He sits upon the eternal hills,  
With grace and pardon in his hands ;  
And sends his covenant, with the seals,  
To bless the distant Christian lands.
- 3 "Repent, and be baptized," he saith,  
"For the remission of your sins ;"  
And thus our sense assists our faith,  
And shows us what his gospel means.

- 4 Our souls he washes in his blood,  
 As water makes the body clean;  
 And the good Spirit from our God  
 Descends, like purifying rain.
- 5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,  
 And seal our covenant with the Lord;  
 O may the great Eternal Three  
 In heaven our solemn vows record!

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 CHRISTIAN.

347

L. M.

Portugal, Sparta.

*The Beatitudes.*

- 1 **B**LEST are the humble souls that see  
 Their emptiness and poverty;  
 Treasures of grace to them are given,  
 And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
- 2 Elest are the men of broken heart,  
 Who mourn for sin with inward smart;  
 The blood of Christ divinely flows,  
 A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar  
 From rage and passion, noise and war;  
 God will secure their happy state,  
 And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,  
 Hunger and long for righteousness;  
 They shall be well supplied, and fed  
 With living streams and living bread.
- 5 Blest are the men whose bowels move  
 And melt with sympathy and love;  
 From Christ, the Lord, shall they obtain  
 Like sympathy and love again.
- 6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean  
 From the defiling power of sin;  
 With endless pleasure they shall see  
 A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,  
 Who quench the coals of growing strife;  
 They shall be called the heirs of bliss,  
 The sons of God, the God of peace.

Blest are the sufferers who partake  
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;  
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord ;  
Glory and joy are their reward.      WATTS.

348

C. M.

Bedford, Psalm 34.

- 1 **B**LEST are the undefiled in heart,  
Whose ways are right and clean ;  
Who never from thy law depart,  
But fly from every sin.
- 2 Blest are the men who keep thy word,  
And practise thy commands ;  
With their whole heart they seek thee, Lord  
And serve thee with their hands.
- 3 Great is their peace who love thy law ;  
How firm their souls abide !  
Nor can a bold temptation draw  
Their steady feet aside.
- 4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,  
And keep my face from shame,  
When all thy statutes I obey,  
And honor all thy name.      WATTS

349

S. M.

Aurora, Watchman.

*Committing our Ways unto the Lord.*

- 1 **C**OMMIT thou all thy griefs  
And ways into his hands—  
To his sure truth and tender care,  
Who earth and heaven commands ;—
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,  
Whom winds and seas obey :  
He shall direct thy wandering feet,  
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Put thou thy trust in God,  
In duty's path go on ;  
Fix on his word thy steadfast eye ;  
So shall thy work be done.
- 4 No profit canst thou gain  
By self-consuming care :  
To him commend thy cause ; his ear  
Attends the softest prayer.
- 5 Give to the winds thy fears,  
Hope, and be undismayed ;

## 350, 351, 352 CHRISTIAN.

God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;  
God shall lift up thy head.

- 6 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
He gently clears thy way:  
Wait thou his time,—thy darkest night  
Shall end in brightest day.

GEMS.

## 350 C. M. Canterbury, Bedford.

*Troubled, but making God a Refuge.*

- 1 **D**EAR refuge of my weary soul,  
On thee, when sorrows rise,  
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,  
For thou alone canst heal;  
Thy word can bring a sweet relief  
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,  
I fear to call thee mine;  
The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?  
Thou art my only trust;  
And still my soul would cleave to thee,  
Though prostrate in the dust.

STEELE.

## 351 S. M. Orange, Norwich.

Luke xix. 41.

- 1 **D**ID Christ o'er sinners weep?  
And shall our cheeks be dry?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,  
Angels with wonder see!  
Be thou astonished, O my soul;  
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept, that we might weep;  
Each sin demands a tear:  
In heaven alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

BEDDOME.

## 352 Ss. Bethany, Lambeth.

*Faith fainting.*

- 1 **E**NCOMPASSED with clouds of distress,  
Just ready all hope to resign,

I pant for the light of thy face,  
 And fear it will never be mine;  
 Disheartened with waiting so long,  
 I sink at thy feet with my load;  
 All-plaintive I pour out my song,  
 And stretch forth my hands unto God.

If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,  
 My hold on thy promise to keep,  
 The billows more fiercely return,  
 And plunge me again in the deep:  
 While harassed and cast from thy sight,  
 The tempter suggests with a roar,  
 "The Lord has forsaken thee quite—  
 "Thy God will be gracious no more."

Shine, Lord, and my terrors shall cease;  
 The blood of atonement apply;  
 And lead me to Jesus for peace,  
 The rock that is higher than I.  
 Almighty to rescue thou art;  
 Thy grace is my shield and my tower;  
 Come, succor and gladden my heart;  
 Let this be the day of thy power.

TOPLADY.

353

L. M.

Fiesgrove.

*Faith and Frames compared.*

1 **F**AITH has for its foundation broad  
 A stable rock on which I stand—  
 The truth and faithfulness of God:  
 All other grounds are sinking sand.

2 My frames and feelings ebb and flow;  
 And, when my faith depends on them,  
 It fleets and staggers to and fro,  
 And dies amidst the dying frame.

3 So, when my faith the counsel hears  
 Of present sense and reason blind,  
 My wavering spirit then appears  
 A feather tossed with every wind.

4 Could I believe what God has spoke,  
 Rely on his unchanging love,  
 And cease to grasp at fleeting smoke,  
 No changes would my mountain move.

5 Did faith with none but truth advise,  
 My steady soul would move no more  
 Than stable hills when tempests rise,  
 Or solid rocks when billows roar.

GEMS.

## 354

7s &amp; 6s.

Missionary Hymn.

*Looking forward.*

- 1 **F**ROM every earthly pleasure,  
From every transient joy,  
From every mortal treasure,  
That soon will fade and die;  
No longer these desiring,  
Upwards our wishes tend,  
To nobler bliss aspiring,  
And joys that never end.
- 2 From every piercing sorrow  
That heaves our breast to-day,  
Or threatens us to-morrow,  
Hope turns our eyes away;  
On wings of faith ascending,  
We see the land of light,  
And feel our sorrows ending  
In infinite delight.
- 3 'Tis true, we are but strangers  
And sojourners below;  
And countless snares and dangers  
Surround the path we go:  
Though painful and distressing,  
Yet there's a rest above;  
And onward still we're pressing,  
To reach that land of love.

GEMS.

## 355

C. M.

Christmas, Pembroke.

*Spiritual and eternal Joys.*

- 1 **F**ROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,  
And run eternal rounds,  
Beyond the limits of the skies,  
And all created bounds.
- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul  
Shall death itself out-brave,  
Leave dull mortality behind,  
And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,  
In heaven's unmeasured space,  
I'll spend a long eternity  
In pleasure, and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wondering eyes  
Shall o'er thy beauties rove;  
And endless ages I'll adore  
The glories of thy love.



356

L. M. 6L.

Psalm 46, Eaton.

*God's preventing Grace.*

**G**OD of my life, how good, how wise,  
 Thy judgments on my soul have been!  
 They were but mercies in disguise,  
 The painful remedies of sin:  
 How different now thy ways appear,  
 Most merciful, when most severe!  
 Since first the maze of life I trod,  
 Hast thou not hedged about my way—  
 My worldly, vain designs withstood,  
 And robbed my passions of their prey—  
 Withheld the fuel from the fire,  
 And crossed my every fond desire?  
 How oft didst thou my soul withhold,  
 And baffle my pursuit of fame—  
 And mortify my lust of gold,  
 And blast me in my surest aim—  
 Withdraw my animal delight,  
 And starve my grovelling appetite!  
 Thou would'st not let the captive go,  
 Or leave me to my carnal will;  
 Thy love forbade my rest below,  
 Thy patient love pursued me still,  
 And forced me from my sin to part,  
 And tore the idol from my heart.  
 But can I now the loss lament,  
 Or murmur at thy friendly blow?  
 Thy friendly blow my heart hath rent  
 From every seeming good below;  
 Thrice happy loss, which makes me see  
 My happiness alone in thee!

GEMS.

357

C. M.

Cambridge, Winter.

*Real Life.*

**H**E lives, who lives to God alone;  
 And all are dead beside:  
 For other source than God is none,  
 Whence life can be supplied.  
 To live to God is to requite  
 His love as best we may;  
 To make his precepts our delight,  
 His promises our stay.

- 3 But life, within a narrow ring  
Of giddy joys comprised,  
Is falsely named, and no such thing,  
But rather death disguised.
- 4 Can life in them deserve the name,  
Who only live to prove  
For what poor toys they can disclaim  
An endless life above?—
- 5 Who trample order, and the day  
Which God asserts his own  
Dishonor with unhallowed play,  
And worship chance alone?
- 6 The scorn of God's commands, impressed  
On word and deed, imply  
The better part of man unblessed  
With life that cannot die.

GEMS.

358

C. M.

Windsor, St. Ann's.

*Walking in Darkness, and trusting in God.*

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious God, my humble moan;  
To thee I breathe my sighs;  
When will the mournful night be gone?  
And when my joys arise?
- 2 My God—O, could I make the claim—  
My Father and my Friend,  
And call thee mine by every name  
On which thy saints depend;—
- 3 By every name of power and love  
I would thy grace entreat;  
Nor should my humble hopes remove,  
Nor leave thy sacred seat.
- 4 Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,  
Thy word is all my stay;  
Here I would rest till light returns;  
Thy presence makes my day.

STEELE.

359

L. M.

Woodstown.

*An independent and happy Life.*

- 1 **H**OW happy is he born or taught,  
Who serveth not another's will;  
Whose armor is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his highest skill!
- 2 Whose passions not his masters are;  
Whose soul is still prepared for death;

Not tied unto the world with care  
 Of prince's ear or vulgar breath ;—  
 Who God doth late and early pray  
 More of his grace than goods to lend,  
 And walks with man, from day to day,  
 As with a brother and a friend !  
 This man is freed from servile bands  
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;  
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

WOTTON.

360

C. M.

Ferry, Arundel.

*Happy Choice.*

**H**OW happy is the man who hears  
 Religion's warning voice,  
 And who celestial wisdom makes  
 His early, only choice,  
 For she has treasures greater far  
 Than east or west unfold ;  
 More precious are her bright rewards,  
 Than gems, or stores of gold.  
 Her right hand offers to the just  
 Immortal, happy days,  
 Her left, imperishable wealth  
 And heavenly crowns displays,  
 And, as her holy labors rise,  
 So her rewards increase ;  
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
 And all her paths are peace.

361

L. M.

German Hymn.

*True Enjoyment.*

**H**OW oft the world's alluring smile  
 Has tempted, only to beguile !  
 It promised health—in one short hour  
 Perished the fair, but tender flower ;  
 It promised riches—in a day  
 They made them wings, and fled away ;  
 It promised friends—all sought their own,  
 And left my widowed heart alone.  
 Lord ! with the barren service spent,  
 To thee my suppliant knee I bent ;  
 And found in thee a Father's grace,—  
 His hand, his heart, his faithfulness ;—

- 4 The voice of peace, the smile of love,  
The bread that feeds thy saints above;  
And tasted, in this world of wo,  
A joy its children never know.

GEMS

## 362

C. M. Greenwalk, Hallowell

*Love to the Creatures is dangerous.*

- 1 **H**OW vain are all things here below!  
How false, and yet how fair!  
Each pleasure hath its poison too,  
And every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky  
Give but a flattering light;  
We should suspect some danger nigh,  
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and dearest friends,  
The partners of our blood,  
How they divide our wavering minds,  
And leave but half for God!
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,  
How strong it strikes the sense!  
Thither the warm affections move,  
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be  
My soul's eternal food;  
And grace command my heart away  
From all created good.

WATTS

## 363

L. M.

Sicilian, Woburn

*Prayer answered by Crosses.*

- 1 **I** ASKED the Lord that I might grow  
In faith, and love, and every grace;  
Might more of his salvation know,  
And seek more earnestly his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,  
And he, I trust, has answered prayer;  
But it has been in such a way,  
As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hoped that in some favored hour,  
At once he'd answer my request;  
And, by his love's constraining power,  
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel  
The hidden evils of my heart;

And let the angry powers of hell  
Assault my soul in every part.

Yea, more—with his own hand he seemed  
Intent to aggravate my wo ;

Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,  
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

Lord, why is this? I trembling cried,  
Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?

" 'Tis in this way" the Lord replied,  
" I answer prayer for grace and faith.

" These inward trials I employ,

" From self and pride to set thee free,

" And break thy schemes of earthly joy,

" That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

NEWTON.

364 S. M. Little Mariboro', Shirland.  
*Waiting for Pardon and Direction.*

1 I LIFT my soul to God,  
My trust is in his name ;  
Let not my foes, that seek my blood,  
Still triumph in my shame.

2 From the first dawning light  
Till the dark evening rise,  
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,  
With ever-longing eyes.

3 Remember all thy grace,  
And lead me in thy truth ;  
Forgive the sins of riper days,  
And follies of my youth.

4 The Lord is just and kind,  
The meek shall learn his ways ;  
And every humble sinner find  
The methods of his grace.

5 For his own goodness' sake,  
He saves my soul from shame ;  
He pardons (though my guilt be great,)  
Through my Redeemer's name. WATTS.

365 C. M. Devizes, Arlington.  
*Not ashamed of the Gospel.*

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,  
Or to defend his cause,  
Maintain the honor of his word,  
The glory of his cross.

- 2 Jesus, my God ! I know his name ;  
 His name is all my trust :  
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
 Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,  
 And he can well secure  
 What I've committed to his hands  
 Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name  
 Before his Father's face,  
 And in the New Jerusalem  
 Appoint my soul a place.

WAT

## 366

C. M.

Clarendon, Brains

- 1 **I**N vain the giddy world inquires,  
 Forgetful of their God—  
 “ Who will supply our vast desires,  
 “ Or show us any good ? ”
- 2 Through the wide circuit of the earth,  
 Their eager wishes rove,  
 In chase of honor, wealth, and mirth,  
 The phantoms of their love.
- 3 But oft these shadowy joys elude  
 Their most intense pursuit ;  
 Or, if they seize the fancied good,  
 There's poison in the fruit.
- 4 Lord, from this world call off my love,  
 Set my affections right ;  
 Eid me aspire to joys above,  
 And walk no more by sight.

STENNE

## 367

L. M.

Duke Street, Lu

*Parting with carnal Joys.*

- 1 **I** SEND the joys of earth away ;  
 Away, ye tempters of the mind !  
 False as the smooth, deceitful sea,  
 And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along  
 Down to the gulf of black despair ;  
 And, whilst I listened to your song,  
 Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,  
 That warned me of that dark abyss ;  
 That drew me from those treacherous seas  
 And bade me seek superior bliss.

Now to the shining realms above  
 I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes;  
 O, for the pinions of a dove,  
 To bear me to the upper skies!  
 There, from the bosom of my God,  
 Oceans of endless pleasure roll:  
 There would I fix my last abode,  
 And drown the sorrows of my soul.

WATTS.

68 C. M. Victory, Arlington.

*Resignation under sore Trials.*

IT is the Lord—enthroned in light,  
 Whose claims are all divine;  
 Who has an undisputed right  
 To govern me and mine.  
 It is the Lord—should I distrust,  
 Or contradict his will,  
 Who cannot do but what is just,  
 And must be righteous still?  
 It is the Lord—who gives me all,  
 My wealth, my friends, my ease;  
 And of his bounties may recall  
 Whatever part he please.  
 It is the Lord—who can sustain  
 Beneath the heaviest load,  
 From whom assistance I obtain  
 To tread the thorny road.  
 It is the Lord—whose matchless skill  
 Can from afflictions raise  
 Blessings, eternity to fill  
 With ever-growing praise.  
 It is the Lord—my covenant God,  
 Thrice blessed be his name,  
 Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,  
 Must ever be the same.

GEMS

69 C. M. Abridge, York

*Song of Deliverance from Distress. Ps. 40.*

I WAITED patient for the Lord;  
 He bowed to hear my cry;  
 He saw me resting on his word,  
 And brought salvation nigh.  
 He raised me from a horrid pit,  
 Where mourning long I lay;

And from my bonds released my feet,  
Deep bonds of miry clay.

- 3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,  
And taught my cheerful tongue  
To praise the wonders of his hand,  
In a new thankful song.
- 4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;  
The saints with joy shall hear;  
And sinners learn to make my God  
Their only hope and fear.

WATTS.

## 370

8s &amp; 7s.

Tabernacle.

*Forsaking all to follow Christ.*

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave, and follow thee;  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;  
Yet how rich is my condition!  
God and heaven are still my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me—  
They have left my Saviour too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me—  
Thou art not, like them, untrue;  
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;  
Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure;  
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;  
In thy service pain is pleasure,  
With thy favor loss is gain.  
I have called thee Abba, Father,  
I have set my heart on thee;  
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,  
All must work for good to me.
- 4 Man may trouble and distress me,  
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While thy love is left to me;  
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmixed with thee



Soul, then know thy full salvation,  
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
 Joy to find, in every station,  
 Something still to do or bear.  
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;  
 Think what Father's smiles are thine;  
 Think that Jesus died to win thee:  
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine?  
 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;  
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. GEMS.

371 L. M. Carthage, Cowper.  
*Not ashamed of Jesus.* Mark viii. 38.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,  
 A mortal man ashamed of thee!  
 Scorned be the thought, by rich and poor;  
 O may I scorn it more and more.  
 Ashamed of Jesus!—sooner far  
 Let evening blush to own a star;  
 He sheds the beams of light divine  
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.  
 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend,  
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
 No! when I blush, be this my shame,  
 That I no more revere his name.  
 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may—  
 When I've no sins to wash away;  
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
 No fear to quell, no soul to save.  
 Till then, (nor is my boasting vain,)  
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain!  
 And, O, may this my glory be,  
 That Christ is not ashamed of me! GRIGG.

372 C. M. Plymouth, Lebanon.  
*Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.*

MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?  
 Awake, my sluggish soul;  
 Nothing has half thy work to do,  
 Yet nothing's half so dull

- 2 The little ants for one poor grain,  
Labor, and tug, and strive:  
Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,  
How negligent we live!
- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,  
And stars their courses move;—  
We, for whose guard the angel bands  
Come flying from above;—
- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down,  
And labored for our good;—  
How careless to secure that crown  
He purchased with his blood!
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,  
And never act our parts!  
Come, Holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,  
And sit and warm our hearts.
- 6 Then shall our active spirits move,  
Upward our souls shall rise:  
With hands of faith, and wings of love,  
We'll fly and take the prize.      WATTS.

373

C. M.

Arundel, Winter

*God's Presence is Light in Darkness.*

- 1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights:  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades, if he appear,  
My dawning is begun;  
He is my soul's sweet morning star,  
And he my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine,  
With beams of sacred bliss;  
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,  
And whispers I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,  
At that transporting word;  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
To embrace my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I'd break through every foe;  
The wings of love, and arms of faith,  
Should bear me conqueror through.

WATTS

## 374

C. M.

Ferry.

*Parting with carnal Joys.*

- 1 **M**Y soul forsakes her vain delight,  
And bids the world farewell;  
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,  
And mischievous as hell.
- 2 No longer will I ask your love,  
Nor seek your friendship more;  
The happiness that I approve  
Lies not within your power.
- 3 There's nothing round this spacious earth  
That suits my large desire;  
To boundless joy and solid mirth  
My nobler thoughts aspire.
- 4 Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd climb the heavenly road;  
There sits my Saviour, dressed in love,  
And there my smiling God. WATTS.

## 375

C. M.

Plymouth, Walsal.

*Prayer for quickening Grace.*

- 1 **M**Y soul lies cleaving to the dust;  
Lord, give me life divine;  
From vain desires and every lust,  
Turn off these eyes of mine.
- 2 I need the influence of thy grace,  
To speed me in thy way;  
Lest I should loiter in my race,  
Or turn my feet astray.
- 3 Are not thy mercies sovereign still?  
And thou a faithful God?  
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal,  
To run the heavenly road?
- 4 Does not my heart thy precepts love,  
And long to see thy face?  
And yet how slow my spirits move,  
Without enlivening grace!
- 5 Then shall I love thy gospel more,  
And ne'er forget thy word,  
When I have felt its quickening power  
To draw me near the Lord. WATTS.

## 376

S. M. St. Thomas, Concord.

- 1 **M**Y soul, be on thy guard ;  
Ten thousand foes arise :  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,  
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O, watch, and fight, and pray ;  
The battle ne'er give o'er ;  
Renew it boldly, day by day,  
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor lay thy armor down ;  
Thy arduous work will ne'er be done,  
Till thou obtain thy crown.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

## 377

L. M.  
*Rising to God.*

Blendon, Shoel.

- 1 **N**OW let our souls, on wings sublime,  
Rise from the vanities of time ;  
Draw back the parting veil, and see  
The glories of eternity.
- 2 Born by a new, celestial birth,  
Why should we grovel here on earth !  
Why grasp at transitory toys,  
So near to heaven's eternal joys ?
- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,  
When we are walking back to God ?  
For strangers into life we come,  
And dying is but going home.
- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,  
That sets our longing souls at large ;  
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,  
And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,  
Is the full heaven enjoyed above ;  
And the sweet expectation now  
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

GIBBONS.

## 378

C. M.

Abridge, Mear.

- 1 **O** HAPPY soul, that lives on high,  
While men lie grovelling here !

- His hopes are fixed above the sky,  
And faith forbids his fear.
- 2 His conscience knows no secret stings,  
While grace and joy combine  
To form a life, whose holy springs  
Are hidden and divine.
- 3 He waits in secret on his God,  
His God in secret sees;  
Let earth be all in arms abroad,  
He dwells in heavenly peace.
- 4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,  
Beyond this world of time,  
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,  
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.
- 5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne,  
To raise his figure here;  
Content and pleased to live alone,  
Till Christ his life appear.

WATTS.

379

C. M. Chelmsford, Walsal.  
*In Darkness.*

- 1 **O** HOW can praise my tongue employ,  
While darkness reigns within?  
How can my tongue exult for joy,  
Which feels this load of sin?
- 2 If falling tears and rising sighs  
In triumph share a part,  
Then, Lord, behold these streaming eyes,  
And scorch this bleeding heart.
- 3 My soul forgets to use her wings;  
My harp neglected lies;  
And sin has broken all its strings,  
And guilt shuts up my joys.
- 4 The power, the sweetness of thy voice  
Alone my heart can move;  
Make me, in Christ, my Lord, rejoice,  
And melt my soul to love.

380

C. M.  
*Delight in God.*

Devizes

- 1 **O** LORD, I would delight in thee,  
And on thy care depend;  
To thee in every trouble flee,—  
My best, my only friend.

- 2 When all created streams are dried,  
Thy fulness is the same ;  
May I with this be satisfied,  
And glory in thy name.
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,  
Who has a fountain near ;  
A fountain which will ever run  
With waters sweet and clear ?
- 4 No good in creatures can be found,  
But may be found in thee ;  
I must have all things, and abound,  
While God is God to me.
- 5 O that I had a stronger faith,  
To look within the veil,—  
To credit what my Saviour saith,  
Whose word can never fail !
- 6 He that has made my heaven secure,  
Will here all good provide :  
While Christ is rich, can I be poor ?  
What can I want beside ?
- 7 O Lord, I cast my care on thee ;  
I triumph and adore :  
Henceforth, my great concern shall be  
To love and please thee more. GEMS.

## 381

C. M.

St. David's, Abridge.

*Sins and Sorrows laid before God.*

- 1 **O** THAT I knew the secret place  
Where I might find my God ;  
I'd spread my wants before his face,  
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,  
What sorrows I sustain ;  
How grace decays, and comfort dies,  
And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take,  
To wrestle with my God ;  
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,  
And for my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,  
And heal my broken bones ;  
He takes the meaning of his saints,  
The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,  
And banish every fear ;

He calls thee to his throne of grace,  
To spread thy sorrows there. WATTS.

**382** C. M. New Durham, Ferry.  
*Lamenting the Loss of first Love.*

- 1 **O** THAT my soul was now as fair  
As it has sometimes been ;  
Devoid of that distracting care  
Without, and guilt within !
- 2 There was a time when I could tread  
No circle but of love ;  
That joyous morning now has fled ;  
How heavily I move !
- 3 Unhappy soul, that thou should'st force  
Thy Saviour to depart,  
When he was pleased with so coarse  
A lodging in thy heart !
- 4 How sweetly I enjoyed my God !  
With how divine a frame !  
I thought on every plant I trod  
I read my Saviour's name !
- 5 O might those days return again,  
How welcome they should be !  
Shall my petition be in vain,  
Since grace is ever free ?
- 6 Lord of my soul, return, return,  
To chase away this night ;  
Let not thine anger ever burn ;  
God once was my delight.

GEMS.

**383** C. M. Irish, Pembroke, Mear.  
*Holy Resolutions.*

- 1 **O** THAT thy statutes, every hour,  
Might dwell upon my mind !  
Thence I derive a quickening power,  
And daily peace I find.
- 2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,  
Shall be my sweet employ ;  
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,  
Thy word is all my joy.
- 3 How would I run in thy commands,  
If thou my heart discharge  
From sin, and Satan's hateful chains,  
And set my feet at large !

- 4 My lips with courage shall declare  
 Thy statutes and thy name ;  
 I'll speak thy word, though kings should hear,  
 Nor yield to sinful shame. WATTS.

## 384

S. M.

Aylesbury.

*The Issues of Life and Death.*

- 1 O WHERE shall rest be found,  
 Rest for the weary soul ?  
 'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,  
 Or pierce to either pole :  
 The world can never give  
 The bliss for which we sigh :  
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
 Nor all of death to die.
- 2 Beyond this vale of tears,  
 There is a life above,  
 Unmeasured by the flight of years ;  
 And all that life is love :—  
 There is a death, whose pang  
 Outlasts the fleeting breath ;  
 O what eternal horrors hang  
 Around "the second death!"
- 3 Lord God of truth and grace,  
 Teach us that death to shun,  
 Lest we be banished from thy face,  
 For evermore undone :  
 Here would we end our quest ;  
 Alone are found in thee  
 The life of perfect love,—the rest  
 Of immortality. GEMS.

## 385

L. M.

Munich.

*Pride lamented.*

- 1 OFT have I turned my eye within,  
 And brought to light some latent sin ;  
 But pride, the vice I most detest,  
 Still lurks securely in my breast.
- 2 Here, with a thousand arts, she tries  
 To dress me in a fair disguise ;  
 To make a guilty, wretched worm,  
 Put on an angel's brightest form.
- 3 She hides my follies from mine eyes,  
 And lifts my virtues to the skies :  
 And, while the specious tale she tells,  
 Her own deformity conceals



4 Rend, O my God, the veil away,  
Bring forth the monster to the day;  
Expose her hideous form to view,  
And all her restless power subdue.

5 So shall humility divine  
Again possess this heart of mine;  
And form a temple for my God,  
Which he will make his loved abode.

STENNETT.

386

L. M.

Park Street.

*The Presence of God.*

1 **O** THOU by long experience tried,  
Near whom no grief can long abide;  
My Lord, how full of sweet content  
I pass my years of banishment.

2 All scenes alike engaging prove  
To souls impressed with sacred love!  
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee;  
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

3 To me remains nor place nor time,  
My country is in every clime:  
I can be calm and free from care  
On any shore, since God is there.

4 While place we seek, or place we shun,  
The soul finds happiness in none;  
But with my God to guide my way,  
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

5 Could I be cast where thou art not,  
That were indeed a dreadful lot;  
But regions none remote I call,  
Secure of finding God in all.

GEMS.

387

C. M.

Elgin, Ferry.

1 **P**ERPETUAL blessings from above  
Encompass me around;  
But O, how few returns of love  
Hath my Creator found!

2 What have I done for him that died  
To save my wretched soul?  
How are my follies multiplied,  
Fast as the minutes roll!

- 3 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,  
To thy dear cross I flee,  
And to thy grace my soul resign,  
To be renewed by thee.

## 388

7s. Province Court, Lovest thou me.

- 1 **P**ILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,  
Haste to Zion's gate to-day;  
There, till mercy let thee in,  
Knock, and weep, and watch, and pray.
- 2 Knock—for mercy lends an ear;  
Weep—she marks the sinner's sigh;  
Watch—till heavenly light appear;  
Pray—she hears the mourner's cry.
- 3 Mourning pilgrim, what for thee  
In this world can now remain?  
Seek that world from which shall flee  
Sorrow, shame, and tears and pain
- 4 Sorrow shall for ever fly;  
Shame shall never enter there;  
Tears be wiped from every eye;  
Pain in endless bliss expire.

## 389

7s &amp; 6s. Amsterdam, Supplication.

*Pilgrim's Song.*

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;  
Thy better portion trace;  
Rise from transitory things,  
Tow'rd's heaven, thy native place.  
Sun, and moon, and stars decay—  
Time shall soon this earth remove;  
Rise, my soul, and haste away  
To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course;  
Fires, ascending, seek the sun;  
Both speed them to their source:  
So a soul that's born of God,  
Pants to view his glorious face;  
Upward tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Fly me, riches, fly me, cares,  
While I that coast explore;  
Flattering world, with all thy snares,  
Solicit me no more

Pilgrims fix not here their home,  
 Strangers tarry but a night;  
 When the last dear morn is come,  
 They'll rise to joyful light.  
 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;  
 Press onward to the prize;  
 Soon the Saviour will return,  
 Triumphant in the skies:  
 There we'll join the heavenly train,  
 Welcomed to partake the bliss;  
 Fly from sorrow and from pain,  
 To realms of endless peace.

WHITEFIELD.

390

S. M.

Berkley, St. Thomas.

**S**AVIOUR, we wait the day,  
 The awful day unknown,  
 To quit our house, this tent of clay,  
 And lay our bodies down.  
 Come, and our souls prepare  
 For such a solemn day;  
 And fill us now with watchful care  
 And stir us up to pray.  
 Oh, may we all ensure  
 A lot among the blest;  
 And watch a moment to secure  
 An everlasting rest.

391

S. M.

Aylesbury, Maryland.

*Lead to Sin, by the Cross of Christ. Rom. vi. 1—6.*

1 **S**HALL we go on to sin,  
 Because free grace abounds?  
 Or crucify the Lord again,  
 And open all his wounds?  
 2 Forbid it, mighty God;  
 Nor let it e'er be said,  
 That we, whose sins are crucified,  
 Should raise them from the dead.  
 3 We will be slaves no more,  
 Since Christ has made us free;  
 Has nailed our tyrants to the cross,  
 And bought our liberty.

WATTS.

## 392

7s &amp; 6s.

Missionary Hymn.

1 **S**OMETIMES a light surprises  
 The Christian while he sings;  
 It is the Lord, who rises,  
 With healing on his wings:  
 When comforts are declining,  
 He grants the soul again  
 A season of clear shining,  
 To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,  
 We sweetly then pursue  
 The theme of God's salvation,  
 And find it ever new:  
 Set free from present sorrow,  
 We cheerfully can say,  
 Let the unknown to-morrow  
 Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,  
 But he will bear us through;  
 Who gives the lilies clothing,  
 Will clothe his people too:  
 Beneath the spreading heavens,  
 No creature but is fed;  
 And he who feeds the ravens,  
 Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither  
 Their wonted fruit should bear,  
 Though all the fields should wither,  
 Nor flocks nor herds be there;  
 Yet, God the same abiding,  
 His praise shall tune my voice;  
 For while in him confiding,  
 I cannot but rejoice.

NEWTON.

## 393

8s & 7s. Tabernacle, Good Shepherd.  
*Sitting at Jesus' Feet.*

1 **S**WEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
 Which before the cross I spend;  
 Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
 From the sinner's dying Friend:  
 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe;  
 Constant still in faith abiding,  
 Life deriving from his death

- 2 Truly blessed is this station ;  
 Low before his cross I'll lie ;  
 While I see divine compassion  
 Floating in his languid eye ;  
 Here I'll sit—for ever viewing  
 Mercy streaming in his blood ;  
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing,  
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

ROBINSON.

## 394

C. M.

Canterbury, York.

*O that I were as in Mont's past.* Job xxix. 2.

- 1 **S**WEET was the time, when first I felt  
 The Saviour's pardoning blood  
 Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,  
 And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,  
 His praises tuned my tongue ;  
 And when the evening shades prevailed,  
 His love was all my song.
- 3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,  
 And saw his glory shine ;  
 And when I read his holy word,  
 I called each promise mine.
- 4 But now, when evening shade prevails,  
 My soul in darkness mourns ;  
 And when the morn the light reveals,  
 No light to me returns.
- 5 My prayers are now an empty noise,  
 For Jesus hides his face ;  
 I read—the promise meets my eyes,  
 But will not reach my ease.
- 6 Rise, Lord ; now help me to prevail,  
 And make my soul thy care ;  
 I know thy mercy cannot fail—  
 Let me that mercy share.

NEWTON.

## 395

L. M.

Uxbridge, Orland.

- 1 **T**HE Christian has a faith divine,  
 And does to faith obedience join ;  
 Believes the truth, the truth obeys,  
 And constant walks in holy ways.
- 2 The Christian is a man of God ;  
 He takes the pure, the heavenly road ;

All his affections rise above,  
And all his heart is full of love.

3 The Christian shines with lustre bright,  
His understanding's full of light ;  
To Jesus Christ he's wholly given,  
And is indeed a form of heaven.

4 To thee, O Lord, my soul aspires,  
And kindles with seraphic fires ;  
The real Christian I would be,  
And live for him who died for me.

HARROD'S COLL.

396

L. M.

Uxbridge.

*The Christian Soldier.*

- 1 **T**HE Christian warrior,—see him stand  
In the whole armor of his God ;  
The Spirit's sword is in his hand,  
His feet are with the gospel shod ;—
- 2 In panoply of truth complete,  
Salvation's helmet on his head,  
With righteousness, a breastplate meet,  
And faith's broad shield before him spread.
- 3 He wrestles not with flesh and blood,  
But principalities and powers,  
Rulers of darkness, like a flood,  
Nigh, and assailing at all hours.
- 4 For Satan's fiery darts alone,  
Quenched on his shield, at him are hurled ;  
The traitor in his heart is known,  
And the dire friendship of this world.
- 5 Undaunted to the field he goes,  
Yet vain were skill and valor there,  
Unless, to foil his legion foes,  
The trustiest weapon were "all prayer."
- 6 With this omnipotence he moves,  
From this the alien armies flee ;  
Till more than conqueror he proves,  
Through Christ, who gives him victory.
- 7 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,  
Sin, death, and hell he tramples down ;  
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,  
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

GEMS

## 397

S. M.

Dover, Pentonville.

- 1 'TIS God the Spirit leads  
In paths before unknown ;  
The work to be performed is ours,  
The strength is all his own.
- 2 Supported by his grace,  
We still pursue our way,  
And hope at last to reach the prize,  
Secure in endless day.
- 3 'Tis he that works to will,  
'Tis he that works to do ;  
His is the power by which we act,  
His be the glory too.

## 398

C. M.

London, Barb'y.

*Days of the Upright known to God. Ps. 37*

- 1 TO thee, my God, my days are known ;  
My soul enjoys the thought ;  
My actions all before thy face,  
Nor are my faults forgot.
- 2 Each secret breath devotion vents  
Is vocal to thine ear ;  
And all my walks of daily life  
Before thine eye appear.
- 3 The vacant hour, the active scene,  
Thy mercy shall approve ;  
And every pang of sympathy,  
And every care of love.
- 4 Each golden hour of beaming light  
Is gilded by thy rays ;  
And dark affliction's midnight gloom  
A present God surveys.
- 5 Full in thy view through life I pass,  
And in thy view I die ;  
And, when each mortal bond is broke,  
Shall find my God is nigh.

DODDRIDGE

## 399

C. M. Clifford, York, Braintree

*The Fear of God. Prov. xxii. 17.*

- 1 THRICE happy souls, who, born of heaven,  
While yet they sojourn here,  
Humbly begin their days with God,  
And spend them in his fear.

- 2 So may our eyes, with holy zeal,  
Prevent the dawning day;  
And turn the sacred pages o'er,  
And praise thy name, and pray.
- 3 Midst hourly cares may love present  
Its incense to thy throne;  
And, while the world our hands employs,  
Our hearts be thine alone.
- 4 At night we lean our weary heads  
On thy paternal breast;  
And, safely folded in thine arms,  
Resign our powers to rest.
- 5 In solid, pure delights, like these,  
Let all my days be past;  
Nor shall I then impatient wish,  
Nor shall I fear, the last.

DODDRIDGE.

## 400

L. M.

Arnley, Warwick.

*The Christian Pilgrim.* Deut. viii. 2.

- 1 **T**HROUGH this wide wilderness I roam,  
Far distant from my blissful home;  
My earthly joys are from me torn,  
And oft an absent God I mourn.
- 2 My soul, with various tempests tossed,  
Her fairest hopes and projects crossed,  
Sees every day new straits attend,  
And wonders where the scene will end.
- 3 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,  
Which leads us to the mount of God?  
Are these the toils thy people know,  
While in the wilderness below?
- 4 'Tis even so—thy faithful love  
Doth all thy children's graces prove;  
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,  
That Jesus may be all in all.

FAWCETT.

## 401

C. M. New Becham, Buckingham.

*Worth of a Soul.* Mark viii. 35.

- 1 **V**AIN world, thy cheating arts give o'er,  
Thine offers I despise:  
In vain thou spread'st thy tempting store,  
To catch my wandering eyes.
- 2 Bribe me no more with glittering toys,  
To catch my soul away;



- Nor seek, by such delusive joys,  
To tempt my feet astray.
- 3 I cannot part with gold for dross,  
Nor solid good for show;  
Nor drink your bliss, to mourn my loss  
In everlasting woe!
- 4 Vain world, thy weak attempts forbear;  
I all thy charms defy;  
And rate my precious soul too dear  
For all thy wealth to buy.

402

L. M.

Monmouth, Luton.

*Trust in God.*

- 1 **W**HEN darkness long has veiled my mind,  
And smiling day once more appears,  
Then, my Redeemer, then I find,  
The felly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,  
And blush that I should ever be  
Thus prone to act so base a part,  
Or harbor one hard thought of thee.
- 3 Oh, let me then, at length, be taught  
What I am still so slow to learn,  
That God is love, and changes not,  
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat;  
But when my faith is sharply tried,  
I find myself a learner yet,  
Unskillful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee,  
Subdues the disobedient will,  
Drives doubt and discontent away,  
And thy rebellious worm is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive  
As I am ready to repine:  
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;  
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

COWPER.

403

C. M.

Canterbury, Coronation

*Hope of Heaven our Support on Earth.*

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to every fear.  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurled,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,  
And storms of sorrow fall;  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all;—
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest;  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

WATTS.

## 404

L. M. Effingham, Bridgewater.

- 1 **W**HEN, O my Saviour, shall this heart  
So feel the influence of thy grace,  
That from thy cross 'twill ne'er depart,  
But live around that hallowed place.
- 2 The brightest scenes of earth are dim,  
If Jesus be not with me there;  
All earthly joys, compared with him,  
Seem vain as fleeting shadows are.
- 3 O, could I live beneath his smile,  
And lean upon his sacred breast,  
No fond allurements should beguile  
A heart so privileged, so blest.
- 4 Come then, my Saviour, and constrain  
This wayward soul, nor let it rove;  
Recall me to thine arms again,  
And bind me there with cords of love.

## 405

S. M. Aylesbury, Concord.

*Safety in God. Ps. lxi. 1—5.*

- 1 **W**HEN, overwhelmed with grief,  
My heart within me dies;  
Helpless, and far from all relief,  
To heaven I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O, lead me to the rock  
That's high above my head;  
And make the covert of thy wings  
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,  
For ever I'll abide;  
Thou art the tower of my defence,  
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot  
Of those that fear thy name ;  
If endless life be their reward,  
I shall possess the same.

WATTS.

C. P. M. Anticipation, Rapture.

406 *Longing for a Place at God's right Hand.*

1 **W**HEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,  
To fetch thy ransomed people home,  
Shall I among them stand?

Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,  
Before thy gracious feet to bow,  
Though vilest of them all ;  
But—can I bear the piercing thought?—  
What if my name should be left out,  
When thou for them shalt call?

3 Dear Lord, prevent it by thy grace,  
Be thou my only hiding place,  
In this the accepted day ;  
Thy pardoning voice. O let me hear,  
To still my unbelieving fear,  
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,  
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,  
To see thy smiling face ;  
Then, loudest of the crowd, I'll sing,  
While heaven's resounding mansions ring  
With shouts of sovereign grace.

C. M.

Hallowell.

407 *Backslidings and Returns.*

1 **W**HY is my heart so far from thee,  
My God, my chief delight?  
Why are my thoughts no more by day  
With thee, no more by night?

2 Why should my foolish passions rove?  
Where can such sweetness be,  
As I have tasted in thy love,  
As I have found in thee?

3 When my forgetful soul renews  
The savor of thy grace,  
My heart presumes I cannot lose  
The relish all my days.

- 4 But, ere one fleeting hour is past,  
The flattering world employs  
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,  
And to pollute my joys.
- 5 Trifles of nature, or of art,  
With fair, deceitful charms,  
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,  
And thrust me from thy arms.
- 6 Then I repent, and vex my soul  
That I should leave thee so;  
Where will those wild affections roll,  
That let a Saviour go?
- 7 Sin's promised joys are turned to pain,  
And I am drowned in grief;  
But my dear Lord returns again,  
He flies to my relief.
- 8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,  
He draws with loving bands;  
Divine compassion in his eyes,  
And pardon in his hands.
- 9 Wretch that I am, to wander thus,  
In chase of false delight!  
Let me be fastened to thy cross,  
Rather than lose thy sight.
- 10 Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,  
And bring my heart to rest  
On the dear centre of my soul,  
My God, my Saviour's breast.      WATTS.

408

L. M.

Carthage, Putney.

*Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ*

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God:  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

409

C. M. Bedford, China, Barb'y.

*Flesh and Spirit.*

- 1 **W**HAT vain desires and passions vain  
Attend this mortal clay!  
Oft have they pierced my soul with pain,  
And drawn my heart astray.
- 2 How have I wandered from my God,  
And followed sin and shame,  
In this vile world of flesh and blood  
Defiled my nobler name!
- 3 For ever blessed be thy grace  
That formed my spirit new,  
And made it of a heaven-born race,  
Thy glory to pursue.
- 4 My spirit holds perpetual war,  
And wrestles and complains,  
And views the happy moment near  
That shall dissolve its chains.
- 5 Cheerful in death I close my eyes  
To part with every lust,  
And charge my flesh, whenever it rise,  
To leave them in the dust.

WATTS.

410

L. M.

Old Hundred.

*Deliverances.* Num. xxiii. 23.

- 1 **W**HAT hath God wrought! might Israel say,  
When Jordan rolled its tide away,  
And gave a passage to their bands,  
Safely to march across its sands.
- 2 What hath God wrought! might well be said,  
When Jesus, rising from the dead,  
Scattered the shades of pagan night,  
And blessed the nations with his light.
- 3 What hath God wrought! O blissful thought!  
Are we redeemed and called by him?  
Shall we be led the desert through,  
And safe arrive at glory too?
- 4 The news shall every harp employ,  
Fill every tongue with rapturous joy;  
When shall we join the heavenly throng,  
To swell the triumph and the song?

RIPPON'S COLL.

411

L. M. Arnheim, Woodstown.

*Who shall dwell with God?*

- 1 **W**HO shall ascend thy heavenly place,  
Great God, and dwell before thy face?  
The man who minds religion now,  
And humbly walks with God below.
- 2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean;  
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;  
No slanders dwell upon his tongue:  
He hates to do his neighbor wrong.
- 3 He loves his enemies, and prays  
For those who curse him to his face;  
And does to all men still the same  
That he would hope or wish from them.
- 4 Yet when his holiest works are done,—  
His soul depends on grace alone:  
This is the man thy face shall see,  
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

WATTS.

412

C. M.

Howard's, Dundee.

*Heavenly Treasures. Ps. 37.*

- 1 **W**ITH mines of wealth are sinners poor,  
Unblessing and unblessed;  
But rich the man, whate'er his store,  
Of inward peace possessed.
- 2 At tender pity's urgent call,  
His mite is gladly given;  
Though poor the gift, the offering small,  
Its record stands in heaven.
- 3 Ne'er shall he be in life bereft  
Of God's protecting care;  
Nor yet his duteous offspring left  
Unsolaced ills to bear.
- 4 And mark the Christian's dying hour—  
No fears, no doubts annoy;  
His trust is in his Father's power,  
His end is peace and joy.

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS

413

L. M.

Gloucester.

*Times and Seasons.*

- 1 **W**HY should I fear the darkest hour,  
Or tremble at the tempter's power?  
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

Though hot the fight, why quit the field?  
 Why must I either flee or yield,  
 Since Jesus is my mighty shield?

When creature comforts fade and die,  
 Worldlings may weep, but why should I?  
 Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.

Though all the flocks and herds were dead,  
 My soul a famine need not dread,  
 For Jesus is my living bread.

I know not what may soon betide,  
 Or how my wants shall be supplied;  
 But Jesus knows, and will provide.

Though sin would fill me with distress,  
 The throne of grace I dare address,  
 For Jesus is my righteousness.

Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,  
 My steadfast hope shall not remove,  
 While Jesus intercedes above.

Against me earth and hell combine;  
 But on my side is power divine;  
 Jesus is all, and he is mine.

NEWTON.

114

7s.

St. John's, Chase.

*Adieu to the vain World.*

**W**ORLD, adieu! thou real cheat;  
 Oft have thy deceitful charms  
 Filled my heart with fond conceit,  
 Foolish hopes and false alarms:  
 Now I see, as clear as day,  
 How thy follies pass away.

Vain, thy entertaining sights;  
 False, thy promises renewed;  
 All the pomp of thy delights  
 Does but flatter and delude:  
 Thee I quit for heaven above,  
 Object of the noblest love.

Let not, Lord, my wandering mind  
 Follow after fleeting toys;  
 Since in thee alone I find  
 Solid and substantial joys:  
 Joys that, never overpast,  
 Through eternity shall last.

MADAN'S COLL.

415

C. M.

Irish, Devizes.

*Christ encouraging his Church.* Luke xii. 32.

- 1 **Y**E little flock, whom Jesus feeds,  
Dismiss your anxious cares;  
Look to the Shepherd of your souls,  
And smile away your fears.
- 2 Though wolves and lions prowl around,  
His staff is your defence:  
Mid sands and rocks, your Shepherd's voice  
Calls streams and pastures thence.
- 3 Your Father will a kingdom give,  
And give it with delight;  
His feeblest child his love shall call,  
To triumph in his sight.
- 4 Ten thousand praises, Lord, we bring  
For sure supports like these;  
And o'er the pious dead we sing  
Thy loving promises.
- 5 For all we hope, and they enjoy,  
We bless a Saviour's name;  
Nor shall that stroke disturb the song,  
Which breaks this mortal frame.

DODDRIDGE.

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## SAINT AND SINNER.

416

C. M.

Arundel.

- 1 **A**LL ye who love the Lord, rejoice,  
And let your songs be new;  
Amidst the church, with cheerful voice,  
His later wonders shew.
- 2 The Jews, the people of his grace,  
Shall their Redeemer sing;  
And Gentile nations join the praise,  
While Zion owns her King.
- 3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,  
Whom sinners treat with scorn:  
The meek, who lie despised in dust,  
Salvation shall adorn.



- 4 Saints should be joyful in their King,  
E'en on a dying bed ;  
And, like the souls in glory, sing :  
For God shall raise the dead.
- 5 When Christ his judgment seat ascends,  
And bids the world appear,  
Thrones are prepared for all his friends,  
Who humbly loved him here. WATTS.

417 C. M. Walsal.  
*Saints chastised, and Sinners destroyed.*

- 1 O GOD, to whom revenge belongs,  
Proclaim thy wrath aloud ;  
Let sovereign power redress our wrongs,  
Let justice smite the proud.
- 2 They say, "The Lord nor sees nor hears :"  
When will the fools be wise ?  
Can he be deaf, who formed their ears ?  
Or blind, who made their eyes ?
- 3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,  
And they shall feel his power ;  
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain  
In some surprising hour.
- 4 But if thy saints deserve rebuke,  
Thou hast a gentler rod :  
Thy providences and thy book  
Shall make them know their God.
- 5 Blest is the man thy hands chastise,  
And to his duty draw ;  
Thy scourges make thy children wise,  
When they forget thy law.
- 6 But God will ne'er cast off his saints,  
Nor his own promise break ;  
He pardons his inheritance,  
For their Redeemer's sake. WATTS.

418 S. M. Walsal.  
*The Saint happy, the Sinner miserable.*

- 1 THE man is ever blest,  
Who shuns the sinner's ways ;  
Among their councils never stands,  
Nor takes the scorner's place ;—
- 2 But makes the law of God  
His study and delight,

- Amidst the labors of the day,  
And watches of the night.
- 3 He like a tree shall thrive,  
With waters near the root :  
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,  
His works are heavenly fruit.
- 4 Not so the ungodly race ;  
They no such blessings find :  
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff  
Before the driving wind. WATTS.

419

L. M.

Windham.

*The Wretchedness of the Wicked.*

- 1 **THEY** must be as the troubled sea,  
They cannot rest, who know not thee,  
Whose working hearts, disturbed within,  
Cast up the mire of actual sin.
- 2 No peace the wicked e'er can know,  
While hastening to their place below ;  
But trouble must with sin remain,  
Sad earnest of eternal pain. GEMS.

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## HOLY SPIRIT.

420

S. M.

St. Thomas.

- 1 **B**LEST Comforter Divine !  
Whose rays of heavenly love  
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,  
And point our souls above ;—
- 2 Thou—who with “still small voice”  
Dost stop the sinner’s way,  
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,  
Though earthly joys decay ;—
- 3 Thou—whose inspiring breath  
Can make the cloud of care,  
And e’en the gloomy vale of death,  
A smile of glory wear ;—
- 4 Thou—who dost fill the heart  
With love to all our race,—  
Blest Comforter !—to us impart  
The blessings of thy grace. PRATT’S COLL

421

S. M.

Silver Street, Lisbon.

- 1 **C**OME, gracious Spirit, come,  
With energy divine,  
And on this poor benighted soul  
With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 O melt this frozen heart,  
This stubborn will subdue ;  
These evil passions overcome,  
And form my soul anew.
- 3 Mine will the blessing be,  
But thine be all the praise ;  
And unto thee will I devote  
The remnant of my days.

422

S. M.

Shirland, Watchman.

John xiv. 26.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, come ;  
Let thy bright beams arise ;  
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin ;  
Then lead to Jesus' blood ;  
And to our wondering view reveal  
The secret love of God.
- 3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart—  
To sanctify the soul—  
To pour fresh life in every part,  
And new create the whole.
- 4 Revive our drooping faith ;  
Our doubts and fears remove ;  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love.

HART.

423

C. M.

Turner, Alby.

*Breathing after the Holy Spirit.*

- C**OME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers,—  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- Look, how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys !  
Our souls can neither fly nor go,  
To reach eternal joys.

- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live  
At this poor, dying rate?  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers,—  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

WATTS.

## 424 *The Sight of God and Christ in Heaven.*

L. M. Newcourt, Psalm 9th.

- 1 **D**ESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove;  
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings;  
And mount, and bear us far above  
The reach of these inferior things;—
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,  
Up where eternal ages roll;  
Where solid pleasures never die,  
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
- 3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight,  
Of our Almighty Father's throne!  
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,  
Clothed in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,  
And thrones and powers before him fall;  
The God shines gracious through the man,  
And sheds sweet glories on them all.
- 5 O, what amazing joys they feel,  
While to their golden harps they sing;  
And sit on every heavenly hill,  
And spread the triumphs of their King.
- 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,  
That I shall mount to dwell above,  
And stand and bow amongst them there,  
And view thy face and sing thy love?

WATTS.

## 425

L. M. CL.

Eaton, Greenfield.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit, source of light,  
Enlivening, consecrating fire,

Descend, and, with celestial heat,  
 Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire—  
 Our souls refine, our dross consume:  
 Come, condescending Spirit, come!

2 In our cold breasts, O strike a spark  
 Of the pure flame, which seraphs feel;  
 Nor let us wander in the dark,  
 Or lie benumbed and stupid still:  
 Come, vivifying Spirit, come,  
 And make our hearts thy constant home!

3 Let pure devotion's fervor rise;  
 Let every pious passion glow:  
 O let the raptures of the skies  
 Kindle in our cold hearts below!  
 Come, condescending Spirit, come,  
 And make our souls thy constant home!

L. M.

Turo, Nazareth.

## 426 *The Operations of the Holy Spirit.*

1 **E**TERNAL Spirit, we confess,  
 And sing the wonders of thy grace;  
 Thy power conveys our blessings down  
 From God the Father, and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thine heavenly ray,  
 Our shades and darkness turn to day:  
 Thine inward teachings make us know  
 Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory works within,  
 And breaks the chains of reigning sin;  
 Doth our imperious lusts subdue,  
 And forms our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;  
 Thy cheering words awake our joys;  
 Thy words allay the stormy wind,  
 And calm the surges of the mind. **WATTS.**

L. M.

Green's Hundredth, Bath.

## 427 *Day of Pentecost.*

**G**REAT was the day, the joy was great,  
 When the divine disciples met;  
 While on their heads the Spirit came,  
 And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

What gifts, what miracles he gave!  
 And power to kill, and power to save:

Furnished their tongues with wondrous words,  
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

- 3 Thus armed, he sent the champions forth,  
From east to west, from south to north:  
Go! and assert your Saviour's cause;  
Go! spread the mystery of his cross.
- 4 These weapons of the holy war,  
Of what almighty force they are,  
To make our stubborn passions bow,  
And lay the proudest rebel low!
- 5 Nations, the learned and the rude,  
Are by these heavenly arms subdued;  
While Satan rages at his loss,  
And hates the doctrine of the cross.
- 6 Great King of grace, my heart subdue:  
I would be led in triumph too,  
A willing captive to my Lord,  
And sing the victories of his word. WATTS.

- 1 **H**OLY GHOST, disperse our sadness,  
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;  
Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,  
Breathe thy life and spread thy light;  
Loving Spirit, God of peace,  
Great Distributer of grace,  
Rest upon this congregation!  
Hear, O, hear our supplication.
- 2 From that height which knows no measure,  
As a gracious shower descend:  
Bringing down the richest treasure  
Man can wish, or God can send.  
O, thou Glory, shining down  
From the Father and the Son,  
Grant us thy illumination!  
Rest on all this congregation.
- 3 Come, thou best of all donations  
God can give, or we implore;  
Having thy sweet consolations,  
We need wish for nothing more;  
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
Now descending from above,  
Rest on all this congregation!  
Make our hearts thy habitation.

429

S. M.      Yarmouth, Watchman.

1 **S**PIRIT of Faith, come down,  
 Reveal the things of God,  
 And make to us the Godhead known,  
 And witness with the blood ;  
 'Tis thine the blood t' apply,  
 And give us eyes to see ;  
 Who did for every sinner die,  
 Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say  
 That Jesus is the Lord,  
 Unless thou take the veil away,  
 And breathe the living word :  
 Then, only then we feel  
 Our interest in his blood ;  
 And cry with joy unspeakable,  
 "Thou art my Lord, my God !"

3 Inspire the living faith,  
 Which, whosoe'er receives,  
 The witness in himself he hath,  
 And consciously believes—  
 The faith that conquers all,  
 And doth the mountain move ;  
 And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,  
 And perfects them in love.

METH. COLL.

430

L. M.

Limehouse.

**S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
 Though I have done thee such despite ;  
 Nor cast the sinner quite away,  
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.

Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,  
 And still shook off my guilty fears ;  
 And vexed, and urged thee to depart,  
 For many long rebellious years ;—

Though I have most unfaithful been,  
 Of all who e'er thy grace received ;  
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,  
 Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved ;—

Yet, O ! the chief of sinners spare,  
 In honor of my great High-Priest ;

## 431, 432 CHRISTIAN GRACES.

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Nor in thy righteous anger swear  
To exclude me from thy people's rest.

- 5 This only woe I deprecate ;  
This only plague I pray remove ;  
Nor leave me in my lost estate,  
Nor curse me with this want of love.
- 6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,  
Upraise me with thy gracious hand,  
And guide into thy perfect peace,  
And bring me to the promised land.
- 

431

L. M.

Moreton, Wells.

John xiv. 16, 17.

- 1 **S**URE the blest Comforter is nigh ;  
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart ;  
Else would my hope for ever die,  
And every cheering ray depart.
- 2 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,  
With ardent wish my heart aspires ;  
Can it be less than power divine,  
Which animates these strong desires ?
- 3 What less than thine almighty word  
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,  
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,  
My life, my treasure, and my trust ?
- 4 And when my cheerful hope can say,  
I love my God, and trust his grace,  
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray  
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace ?
- 5 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart  
For ever dwell, O God of love,  
And light and heavenly peace impart,  
Sweet earnest of the joys above. STEELE.
- 

## CHRISTIAN GRACES.

432

C. M.

Clarendon, Colchester.

*Bearing the Cross.* Mark viii. 38.

- 1 **D**IDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,  
And bear the cross for me ?  
And shall I fear to own thy name,  
Or thy disciple be ?



- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread  
To suffer shame or loss ;  
Oh, let me in thy footsteps tread,  
And glory in thy cross.
- 3 Inspire my soul with life divine,  
And holy courage bold ;  
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,  
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.
- 4 Let sinful men reproach, defame,  
And call thee what they will,  
If I may glorify thy name,  
And be thy servant still. KIRKHAM.

## 433

C. M.     Buckingham, Plymouth.  
*Charity.*

- 1 **B**LEST is the man, whose softening heart  
Feels all another's pain ;  
To whom the supplicating eye  
Was never raised in vain ;
- 2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth  
A stranger's woes to feel ;  
And bleeds, in pity, o'er the wound  
He wants the power to heal.
- 3 He spreads his kind supporting arms  
To every child of grief :  
His secret bounty largely flows,  
And brings, unasked, relief.
- 4 To gentle offices of love  
His feet are never slow :  
He views, through mercy's melting eye,  
A brother in a foe.
- 5 He, from the bosom of his God,  
Shall present peace receive ;  
And, when he kneels before the throne,  
His trembling soul shall live. BARBAULD.

## 434

C. M.     Devizes, Newton.  
*Nature and Fruits of Charity.*

- 1 **O** CHARITY, thou heavenly grace,  
All tender, soft and kind ;  
A friend to all the human race,  
To all that's good inclined !
- 2 The man of charity extends  
To all his liberal hand ;

His kindred, neighbors, foes and friends  
His pity may command.

- 3 He aids the poor in their distress,  
He hears when they complain ;  
With tender heart delights to bless,  
And lessen all their pain.
- 4 The sick, the prisoner, poor and blind,  
And all the sons of grief,  
In him a benefactor find—  
He loves to give relief.
- 5 'Tis love that makes religion sweet ;  
'Tis love that makes us rise,  
With willing minds and ardent feet,  
To yonder happy skies.
- 6 Then let us all in love abound,  
And charity pursue ;  
Thus shall we be with glory crowned,  
And love as angels do.

435

C. M. Canterbury, Colchester.

*Comforts—true and false.*

- 1 **O** GOD, whose favorable eye  
The sin-sick soul revives ;  
Holy and heavenly is the joy,  
Thy shining presence gives.
- 2 This hypocrites have ne'er believed,  
They judge with graceless hearts ;  
Swelled with their pride, they are deceived  
By Satan's wily arts.
- 3 Unholy, selfish joys are theirs ;  
And, while they boast their light,  
And seem to soar above the stars,  
They're plunging into night.
- 4 Lulled in a soft and formal sleep,  
They sin, and yet rejoice ;  
Were they indeed the Saviour's sheep,  
They sure would hear His voice.
- 5 Be mine the comforts that reclaim  
The soul from Satan's power ;  
That make me blush for what I am,  
And hate my sin the more.
- 6 'Tis joy enough, my All in All,  
At thy dear feet to lie ;  
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,  
And none can higher fly.

COWPER.

436

L. M. 6L.

St. Helen's.

*Comfort under Affliction.*

- 1 **W**HEN gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few,  
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,  
Experienced every human pain.  
He sees my griefs, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way;  
To flee the good I would pursue,  
Or do the thing I would not do;  
Still He, who felt temptation's power,  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 If wounded love my bosom swell,  
Deceived by those I prized too well;  
He shall his pitying aid bestow,  
Who felt on earth severer woe;  
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,  
By those who shared his daily bread.
- 4 When vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies;  
Yet he, who once vouchsafed to bear  
The sickening anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 5 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers all that was a friend;  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while;  
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,  
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 6 And O! when I have safely passed  
Through every conflict but the last;  
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside  
My painful bed—for thou hast died;  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away. GEMS.

437

C. M.

Arundel, Winter.

*Holy Fortitude; or, the Christian Soldier.*

- 1 **A**M I a soldier of the cross?  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name?

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease ;  
Whilst others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?  
Must I not stem the flood ?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God ?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign !  
Increase my courage, Lord ;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, though they die ;  
They view the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine,  
In robes of victory through the skies—  
The glory shall be thine. WATTS.

438 8s & 7s. Sicilian, Visitation.  
*Collection for the Spread of the Gospel.*

- 1 **W**ITH my substance I will honor  
My Redeemer and my Lord ;  
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,  
All were nothing to his word.
- 2 While the heralds of salvation  
His abounding grace proclaim ;  
Let his friends, of every station,  
Gladly join to spread his fame.
- 3 May his kingdom be promoted,  
May the world the Saviour know ;  
Be my all to him devoted,  
To my Lord my all I owe.
- 4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations ;  
Praise him, all ye hosts above ;  
Shout, with joyful acclamations,  
His divine, victorious love. FRANCIS.

439 L. M. Islington  
*Charity and Uncharitableness. Rom. xiv. 17, 19*

- 1 **N**OT different food nor different dress,  
Compose the kingdom of our Lord ;

But peace, and joy, and righteousness,  
Faith, and obedience to his word.

- 2 When weaker Christians we despise,  
We do the gospel mighty wrong ;  
For God, the gracious and the wise,  
Receives the feeble with the strong.
- 3 Let pride and wrath be banished hence,  
Meekness and love our souls pursue ;  
Nor shall our practice give offence  
To saints, the Gentile or the Jew. WATTS.
- 

440

S. M. Watchman, St. Thomas.  
*Christian Love.*

- 1 **L**ET party names no more  
The Christian world o'erspread ;  
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,  
Are one in Christ, their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth  
Let mutual love be found ;  
Heirs of the same inheritance,  
With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Let envy, child of hell,  
Be banished far away ;  
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,  
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below  
Resemble that above,  
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,  
And every heart is love. BEDDOME.
- 

441

C. M. Abridge, Ferry.  
*Teaching of the Spirit with the Word.*

- 1 **T**HY mercies fill the earth, O Lord ;  
How good thy works appear !  
Open mine eyes, to read thy word,  
And see thy wonders there.
- 2 Since I'm a stranger here below,  
Let not thy path be hid ;  
But mark the road my feet should go,  
And be my constant guide.
- 3 When I confessed my wandering ways,  
Thou heard'st my soul complain ;  
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,  
Or I shall stray again.

## 442, 443 CHRISTIAN GRACES.

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- 4 If God to me his statutes shew,  
And heavenly truth impart;  
His work for ever I'll pursue,  
His law shall rule my heart.

WATTS.

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442

L. M.

Portugal, Shoel.

*Justice and Equity.*

- 1 **B**LESSED Redeemer, how divine,  
How righteous is this rule of thine,  
"Never to deal with others worse  
"Than we would have them deal with us!"
- 2 This golden lesson, short and plain,  
Gives not the mind nor memory pain,  
And every conscience must approve  
This universal law of love.
- 3 'Tis written in each mortal breast,  
Where all our tenderest wishes rest;  
We draw it from our inmost veins,  
Where love to self resides and reigns.
- 4 Is reason ever at a loss?  
Cail in self-love to judge the cause;  
Let our own fondest passion show  
How we should treat our neighbor too.
- 5 How blest would every nation prove,  
Thus ruled by equity and love!  
All would be friends, without a foe,  
And form a paradise below.

WATTS.

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443

C. M.

Bedford.

*Justice and Equity.*

- 1 **C**OME, let us search our ways and see;  
Have they been just and right?  
Is the great rule of equity  
Our practice and delight?
- 2 What we would have our neighbor do,  
Have we still done the same?  
From others ne'er withheld the due  
Which we from others claim?
- 3 Have we not, deaf to his request,  
Turned from another's wo?  
The scorn which wrings the poor man's breast,  
Have we abhorred to show?
- 4 Do we, in all we sell or buy,  
Integrity maintain;

And, knowing God is always nigh,  
Renounce unrighteous gain?

- 5 Then may we raise our modest prayer  
To God, the just and kind;  
May humbly cast on him our care,  
And hope his grace to find.

WATTS.

444

C. M.

Dundee, Dedham.

*The Power of Faith.*

- 1 **F**AITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,  
And saves me from its snares;  
Its aid in every duty brings,  
And softens all my cares;—
- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,  
And lights the sacred fire  
Of love to God and heavenly things,  
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its power  
The healing balm to give:  
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,  
And make the dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,  
Where deathless pleasures reign;  
And bids me seek my portion there,  
Nor bids me seek in vain;—
- 5 Shows me the precious promise, sealed  
With the Redeemer's blood;  
And helps my feeble hope to rest  
Upon a faithful God.
- 6 There—there unshaken would I rest,  
Till this frail body dies:  
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,  
At once to glory rise.

TURNER.

445

C. M.

Christmas, Rochester.

*Faith of Things unseen.*

- 1 **F**AITH is the brightest evidence  
Of things beyond our sight,  
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and  
And dwells in heavenly light. [sense,
- 2 It sets times past in present view,  
Brings distant prospects home,  
Of things a thousand years ago,  
Or thousand years to come.

- 3 By faith we know the worlds were made  
By God's almighty word;  
Abrah'm, to unknown countries led,  
By faith obeyed the Lord.
- 4 He sought a city, fair and high,  
Built by the eternal hands;  
And faith assures us, though we die,  
That heavenly building stands.

WATTS.

446

L. M.

Bath, Kent.

*A living and a dead Faith.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord receives his highest praise,  
From humble minds and hearts sincere;  
While all the loud professor says  
Offends the righteous Judge's ear.  
To walk as children of the day,  
To mark his precepts' holy light,  
To wage the warfare, watch and pray,  
Show who are pleasing in his sight.
- 3 Not words alone it cost the Lord  
To purchase pardon for his own;  
Nor will a soul, by grace restored,  
Rest in mere forms and words alone.
- 4 Easy indeed it were to reach  
A mansion in the courts above,  
If watery floods and fluent speech  
Might serve instead of faith and love.
- 5 But none shall gain that blissful place,  
Or God's unclouded glory see,  
Who talk of rich and sovereign grace,  
Unless from sin they are made free.

COWPER.

447

L. M.

Putney, Wells.

*Faithfulness.*

- 1 **H**ATH God been faithful to his word,  
And sent to men his promised grace?  
Shall I not imitate the Lord,  
And practise what my lips profess?
- 2 Hath Christ fulfilled his kind design,  
The dreadful work he undertook,  
And died to make salvation mine,  
And well performed whate'er he spoke?



- 3 Doth not his faithfulness afford  
A noble theme to raise my song?  
And shall I dare deny my Lord,  
Or utter falsehood with my tongue?
- 4 My King, my Saviour, and my God,  
Let grace my sinful soul renew;  
Wash my offences with thy blood,  
And make my heart sincere and true.

WATTS

448

C. M. St. Martin's, York, St. David's.  
*Fear of God.*

- 1 **H**APPY beyond description he,  
Who fears the Lord his God;  
Who hears his threats with holy awe,  
And trembles at his rod.
- 2 Fear, sacred passion, ever dwells  
With its fair partner, love;  
Blending their beauties, both proclaim  
Their source is from above.
- 3 Let terrors fright the unwilling slave:  
The child with joy appears;  
Cheerful he does his Father's will,  
And loves as much as fears.
- 4 Let fear and love, most holy God,  
Possess this soul of mine;  
Then shall I worship thee aright,  
And taste thy joys divine.

NEEDHAM.

449

L. M. Cowper, Armley.  
*Good Works.* James ii. 18.

- 1 **I**N vain men talk of living faith,  
When all their works exhibit death;  
When they indulge some sinful view,  
In all they say—in all they do.
- 2 The true believer fears the Lord,  
Obeys his precepts, keeps his word;  
Commits his works to God alone,  
And seeks his will before his own.
- 3 A barren tree, that bears no fruit,  
Brings no great glory to its root;  
When on the boughs rich fruit we see,  
'Tis then we cry, "A goodly tree!"

- 4 Never did men, by faith divine,  
To selfishness or sloth incline;  
The Christian works with all his power,  
And grieves that he can work no more.

HART.

450

L. M.

Carthage, Annley.

*Things of good Report.*

- 1 **I**S it a thing of good report,  
To squander life and time away?  
To cut the hours of duty short,  
While toys and follies waste the day?
- 2 Doth this become the Christian name,  
To venture near the tempter's door?  
To sort with men of evil fame,  
And yet presume to stand secure?
- 3 Am I my own sufficient guard,  
While I expose my soul to shame?  
Can the short joys of sin reward  
The lasting blemish of my name?
- 4 O, may it be my constant choice  
To walk with men of grace below,  
Till I arrive where heavenly joys  
And never-fading honors grow.

WATTS.

451

L. M.

Winchester, Portugal.

*Gravity and Decency.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sons, the heirs of God,  
So dearly bought with Jesus' blood!  
Are they not born to heavenly joys?  
And shall they stoop to earthly toys?
- 2 Doth vain discourse, or empty mirth,  
Well suit the honors of their birth?  
Shall they be fond of gay attire,  
Which children love, and fools admire?
- 3 Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher;  
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;  
Then, with a heaven-directed eye,  
We'll pass these glittering trifles by.
- 4 We'll look on all the toys below  
With such disdain as angels do;  
And wait the call, that bids us rise  
To mansions promised in the skies.

WATTS.

## 452

C. M.

Braintree, Winter.

*Humble Gratitude.*

- 1 **S**INCE we, and all our treasures too,  
Are his who reigns above ;  
Then is there nothing we can do,  
To prove our grateful love ?
- 2 A broken heart he'll not despise—  
It is his chief delight ;  
This is an humble sacrifice,  
Well pleasing in his sight,
- 3 Though treasures, brought before his throne,  
Would no acceptance find,  
He kindly condescends to own  
A meek and lowly mind.
- 4 This is an offering we may bring,  
However mean our store ;  
The poorest child, the greatest king,  
Can give him nothing more. TAYLOR.

## 453

L. M.

Quercy, Blendon.

*Happy Poverty.* Matt. v. 3.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, complain no more ;  
Let faith survey your future store ;  
How happy, how divinely blest,  
The sacred words of truth attest.
- 2 When conscious grief laments sincere,  
And pour the penitential tear ;  
Hope points to your dejected eyes  
The bright reversion in the skies.
- 3 In vain the sons of wealth and pride  
Despise your lot, your hopes deride ;  
In vain they boast their little stores ;  
Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours ;—
- 4 A kingdom of immense delight,  
Where health, and peace, and joy unite ;  
Where undeclining pleasures rise,  
And every want hath full supplies. STEELE.

## 454

L. M.

Bath, Leeds, Portugal.

*Hatred of Sin.*

- 1 **H**AD I a throne above the rest,  
Where angels and archangels dwell,  
One sin, unslain within my breast,  
Would make that heaven as dark as hell.

- 2 The prisoner, sent to breathe fresh air,  
And blessed with liberty again,  
Would mourn, were he condemned to wear  
One link of all his former chain.
- 3 But, oh! no foe invades the bliss,  
When glory crowns the Christian's head;  
One view of Jesus, as he is,  
Will strike all sin for ever dead. COWPER.

## 455

L. M.

Surry, Effingham.

- 1 OH, could I find some peaceful bower,  
Where sin has neither place nor power;  
This traitor vile I fain would shun,  
But cannot from his presence run.
- 2 When to the throne of grace I flee,  
He stands between my God and me;  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,  
I feel him working in my breast.
- 3 When I attempt to soar above,  
To view the heights of Jesus' love;  
This monster seems to mount the skies,  
And veils his glory from my eyes.
- 4 Lord, free me from this deadly foe,  
Which keeps my faith and hope so low;  
I long to dwell in heaven, my home,  
Where not one sinful thought can come.

HARRISON.

## 456

C. M.

Plymouth, Hallowell.

*Desertion and Hope.* Ps. 42.

- 1 WITH earnest longings of the mind,  
My God, to thee I look;  
So pants the hunted hart to find  
And taste the cooling brook.
- 2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,  
And meet my God again?  
So long an absence from thy face  
My heart endures with pain.
- 3 Temptations vex my weary soul,  
And tears are my repast;  
The foe insults without control—  
“And where's your God at last?”
- 4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now,  
I think on ancient days;

Then to thy house did numbers go,  
And all our work was praise.

5 But why, my soul, sunk down so far,  
Beneath this heavy load?

Why do my thoughts indulge despair,  
And sin against my God?

6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand  
Can all thy woes remove;

For I shall yet before him stand,  
And sing restoring love.

WATTS.

457

7s.

Mount Calvary.

*The Soul panting for God.* Ps. 42.

1 **A**S the hart, with eager looks,  
Panteth for the water-brooks,  
So my soul, athirst for thee,  
Pants the living God to see;  
When, O when, with filial fear,  
Lord, shall I to thee draw near?

2 Why art thou cast down, my soul?  
God, thy God, shall make thee whole:  
Why art thou disquieted?

God shall lift thy fallen head,  
And his countenance benign

Be the saving health of thine. MONTGOMERY.

458

C. M.

Barby, Wareham.

1 **J**ESUS, thy blessings are not few,  
Nor is thy gospel weak;  
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,  
And heal the dying Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage,  
Does thy salvation flow;  
'Tis not confined to sex or age,  
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offered to the prince,  
The poor may take their share;  
No mortal has a just pretence  
To perish in despair.

4 Come, all ye wretched sinners, come;  
He'll form your souls anew;  
His gospel and his heart have room  
For rebels such as you.

WATTS.

459                      8s, 7s & 4.      Littleton, Greenville.  
*Hope encouraged. Ps. xlii. 5.*

- 1 **O** MY soul, what means this sadness?  
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?  
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness;  
    Bid thy restless fears begone;  
    Look to Jesus,  
And rejoice in his dear name.
  - 2 What though Satan's strong temptations  
Vex and grieve thee day by day;  
And thy sinful inclinations  
Often fill thee with dismay?  
    Thou shalt conquer—  
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.
  - 3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,  
From without and from within;  
Jesus saith, he'll ne'er forget thee,  
But will save from hell and sin:  
    He is faithful  
To perform his gracious word.
  - 4 Though distresses now attend thee,  
And thou tread'st the thorny road,  
His right hand shall still defend thee;  
Soon he'll bring thee home to God:  
    Therefore praise him—  
Praise the great Redeemer's name.
  - 5 Oh, that I could now adore him,  
Like the heavenly host above,  
Who for ever bow before him,  
And unceasing sing his love!  
    Happy songsters!  
When shall I your chorus join?      **FAWCETT.**
- 

460                      C. M.      Standish, Coronation.  
*Hoping, yet trembling.*

- 1 **M**Y soul would fain indulge a hope  
To reach the heavenly shore;  
And when I drop this dying flesh,  
    That I shall sin no more.
- 2 I hope to hear, and join the song,  
That saints and angels raise;  
And, while eternal ages roll,  
    To sing eternal praise.

- 3 But oh! this dreadful heart of sin!  
It may deceive me still;  
And, while I look for joys above,  
May plunge me down to hell.
- 4 The scene must then for ever close,  
Probation at an end;  
No gospel grace can reach me there,  
No pardon there descend.
- 5 Come then, O blessed Jesus, come;  
To me thy Spirit give;  
Shine through a dark, benighted soul,  
And bid a sinner live. STEWARD.

## 461

L. M. Carthage, Winchester.  
*Humility.*

- 1 **W**HEREFORE should man, frail child of  
Who, from the cradle to the shroud, [clay,  
Lives but the insect of a day—  
O why should mortal man be proud?
- 2 His brightest visions just appear,  
Then vanish, and no more are found;  
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,  
A breath may level with the ground.
- 3 By doubt perplexed, in error lost,  
With trembling step he seeks his way:  
How vain of wisdom's gifts the boast!  
Of reason's lamp how faint the ray!
- 4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,  
Are crowded in life's little span:  
How ill, alas! does pride become  
That erring, guilty creature, man.
- 5 God of my life, Father divine,  
Give me a meek and lowly mind:  
In modest worth, O let me shine,  
And peace in humble virtue find. WATTS.

## 462

L. M. Islington, Wells.  
*The Pharisee and Publican.*  
Luke xviii. 10, &c.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, how sinners disagree—  
The Publican and Pharisee!  
One doth his righteousness proclaim,  
The other owns his guilt and shame.
- 2 This man at humble distance stands,  
And cries for grace with lifted hands;

- That boldly rises near the throne,  
And talks of duties he has done.
- 3 The Lord their different language knows,  
And different answers he bestows:  
The humble soul with grace he crowns,  
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.
- 4 Dear Father, let me never be  
Joined with the boasting Pharisee;  
I have no merits of my own,  
But plead the sufferings of thy Son. WATTS.

463 C. M. St. Martin's, Northfield.  
*Joy in the Holy Ghost. Luke i. 46.*

- 1 **M**Y soul doth magnify the Lord;  
My Spirit doth rejoice  
In God, my Saviour, and my God;  
I hear his joyful voice.
- 2 I need not go abroad for joy,  
Who have a feast at home;  
My sighs are turned into songs—  
The Comforter is come.
- 3 Down from on high, the blessed Dove  
Is come into my breast,  
To witness God's eternal love—  
This is my heavenly feast.
- 4 There is a stream that issues forth  
From God's eternal throne,  
And from the Lamb, a living stream,  
Clear as the crystal stone.
- 5 That stream doth water paradise;  
It makes the angels sing;  
One cordial drop revives my heart;  
Hence all my joys do spring. VILL. COLL.

464 S. M. Silver Street, Concord.  
*Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

- 1 **C**OME, we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind  
Be banished from the place;  
Religion never was designed  
To make our pleasures less.



- 3 Let those refuse to sing,  
Who never knew our God;  
But favorites of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below;  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.
- 5 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.
- 6 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry:  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high. WATTS.

465

L. M.

Windham, Armley.

*Justice and Truth.*

- 1 GREAT God, thy holy law requires  
To curb our covetous desires;  
Forbids to plunder, steal or cheat,  
To practise falsehood or deceit.
- 2 Thy Son hath set a pattern too;  
He paid to God and man their due:  
A dreadful debt he paid to God,  
And bought our pardon with his blood.
- 3 Amazing justice! boundless love!  
Do we not feel our passions move?  
Do we not grieve that we have been  
Faithless to God, or false to men?
- 4 If truth and justice once be gone,  
And leave our faith and hope alone;  
If honesty be banished hence,  
Religion is a vain pretence. WATTS.

466

C. M.

York, Clifford.

*Love to God.*

- 1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,  
Where love inspires the breast:  
Love is the brightest of the train,  
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,  
And all in vain our fear;

Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet  
In swift obedience move;  
The devils know, and tremble too—  
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings,  
When faith and hope shall cease;  
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,  
Or leave this dark abode,  
The wings of love bear us away,  
To see our smiling God.

WATTS.

467

8s. Consolation, Wanworth.

*Love to Christ.*

1 **M**Y gracious Redeemer I love,  
His praises aloud I'll proclaim;  
And join with the armies above,  
To shout his adorable name:  
To gaze on his glories divine,  
Shall be my eternal employ—  
To see them incessantly shine,  
My boundless, ineffable joy.

2 He freely redeemed, with his blood,  
My soul from the confines of hell,  
To live on the smiles of my God,  
And in his sweet presence to dwell;  
To shine with the angels in light,  
With saints and with seraphs to sing;  
To view, with eternal delight,—  
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

3 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,  
Your pride with disdain I survey;  
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,  
And pass in a moment away:  
The crown that my Saviour bestows  
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;  
My joy everlastingly flows—  
My God, my Redeemer is mine.

FRANCIS.

## 468

S. M. Little Marlboro', Winksworth.

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love ;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers ;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes ;  
Our mutual burdens bear ;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain ;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way ;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free ;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity. FAWCETT.

## 469

C. M.

Dundee, London.

*Love and Charity.*

- 1 **L**ET Pharisees, of high esteem,  
Their faith and zeal declare ;  
All their religion is a dream,  
If love be wanting there.
- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,  
Nor is provoked in haste,  
She lets the present injury die,  
And long forgets the past.
- 3 Malice and rage, those fires of hell,  
She quenches with her tongue ;  
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill,  
Though she endures the wrong.
- 4 She ne'er desires nor seeks to know  
The scandals of the time ;  
Nor looks with pride on those below,  
Nor envies ~~those~~ who climb.

## 470, 471 CHRISTIAN GRACES.

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- 5 She lays her own advantage by,  
To seek her neighbor's good :  
So God's own Son came down to die,  
And bought our lives with blood.
- 6 Love is the grace that keeps her power  
In all the realms above ;  
There faith and hope are known no more,  
But saints for ever love. WATTS.
- 

470

L. M.

Wells, Arnheim.

*Religion vain without Love.*

- 1 **H**AD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,  
And nobler speech than angels use,  
If love be absent, I am found,  
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell  
All that is done in heaven and hell ;  
Or could my faith the world remove,  
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store,  
To feed the bowels of the poor ;  
Or give my body to the flame,  
To gain a martyr's glorious name ;
- 4 If love to God, and love to men,  
Be absent, all my hopes are vain :  
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,  
The works of love can e'er fulfil. WATTS.
- 

471

C. M.

Abridge, St. John.

*Love to Enemies ; Example of Christ. Ps. 109.*

- 1 **G**OD of my mercy and my praise,  
Thy glory is my song ;  
Though sinners speak against thy grace  
With a blaspheming tongue.
- 2 When, in the form of mortal man,  
Thy Son on earth was found,  
With cruel slanders, false and vain,  
They compassed him around.
- 3 Their miseries his compassion move,  
Their peace he still pursued ;  
They render hatred for his love,  
And evil for his good.
- 4 Their malice raged without a cause ;  
Yet, with his dying breath,

He prayed for murderers on his cross,  
And blest his foes in death.

5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine  
In vain before my eyes?

Give me a soul, akin to thine,  
To love mine enemies.

6 The Lord shall on my side engage;  
And, in my Saviour's name,

I shall defeat their pride and rage,  
Who slander and condemn.

WATTS.

## 472

C. M. Springfield, Arlington.

1 **H**OW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,  
When those who love the Lord,  
In one another's peace delight,  
And so fulfil his word:—

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part;  
When sorrows flow from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart:—

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,  
Our wishes all above,  
Each can his brother's failings hide,  
And show a brother's love!

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,  
Through every bosom flow;  
And union sweet, and dear esteem,  
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds  
The happy souls above;  
And he's an heir of heaven who finds  
His bosom glow with love.

SWAIN.

## 473

S. M. Yarmouth, Aurora.

*The Blessing of Meekness.*

1 **"B**LEST are the meek," he said,  
Whose doctrine is divine;  
The humble-minded earth possess,  
And bright in heaven will shine.

2 While here on earth they stay,  
Calm peace with them shall dwell;  
And cheerful hope and heavenly joy  
Beyond what tongue can tell.

- 3 The God of peace is theirs ;  
 They own his gracious sway ;  
 And, yielding all their wills to him,  
 His sovereign laws obey.
- 4 No angry passions move,  
 No envy fires the breast ;  
 The prospect of eternal peace  
 Bids every trouble rest.
- 5 O gracious Father, grant  
 That we this influence feel ;  
 That all we hope, or wish, may be  
 Subjected to thy will.

474 L. M. Old Hundred, Paradise.  
*Meekness and Lowliness of Heart.* Ps. 131.

- 1 "O LEARN of me," the Saviour cried,  
 "O learn of me, ye sons of pride ;  
 "For I am lowly, humble, meek,  
 "No haughty looks high thoughts bespeak !"
- 2 Yes, blest Immanuel, thou wast mild,  
 Patient, and gentle as a child ;  
 And they, who would thy kingdom see,  
 Must meek and lowly be, like thee.

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

475 L. M. Winchester, Quercy.  
*Patience.*

- 1 PATIENCE ! O, 'tis a grace divine !  
 Sent from the God of power and love,  
 That leans upon its Father's hand,  
 As through the wilderness we move.
- 2 By patience we serenely bear  
 The troubles of our mortal state,  
 And wait, contented, our discharge,  
 Nor think our glory comes too late.
- 3 Though we, in full sensation, feel  
 The weight, the wounds our God ordains,  
 We smile amid our heaviest woes,  
 And triumph in our sharpest pains.
- 4 O for this grace to aid us on,  
 And arm with fortitude the breast,  
 Till life's tumultuous voyage is o'er—  
 We reach the shores of endless rest.
- 5 Faith into vision shall resign ;  
 Hope shall in full fruition die ;

And patience in possession end,  
In the bright worlds of bliss on high.

GIBBONS.

476 L. M. Portugal, New Sabbath.  
*Peace of Conscience.* Acts xxiv. 16.

- 1 SWEET peace of conscience, heavenly guest !  
Come, fix thy mansion in my breast ;  
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,  
And heal the anguish of my soul.
- 2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere,  
Come, make your constant dwelling here ;  
Still let your presence cheer my heart,  
Nor sin compel you to depart.
- 3 Thou God of hope and peace divine,  
O, make these sacred pleasures mine !  
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,  
And send the tokens of thy love.
- 4 Then, should mine eyes, without a tear,  
See death, with all his terrors, near ;  
My heart should then in death rejoice,  
And raptures tune my faltering voice.

HEGINBOTHAM.

477 H. M. Bethesda, Edwin's.

- 1 COME, heavenly peace of mind ;  
I sigh for thy return ;  
I seek, but cannot find  
The joys for which I mourn :  
Ah ! where's the Saviour now,  
Whose smiles I once possessed ?  
Till he return, I bow,  
By heaviest grief oppressed ;  
My days of happiness are gone,  
And I am left to weep alone.
- 2 I tried each earthly charm—  
In pleasure's haunts I strayed—  
I sought its soothing balm—  
I asked the world its aid ;  
But ah ! no balm it had  
To heal a wounded breast ;  
And I, forlorn and sad,  
Must seek another rest ;

My days of happiness are gone,  
And I am left to weep alone.

- 3 Where can the mourner go,  
And tell his tale of grief?  
Ah! who can soothe his wo,  
And give him sweet relief?  
Thou, Jesus, canst impart,  
By thy long-wished return,  
Ease to this wounded heart,  
And bid me cease to mourn;  
Then shall this night of sorrow flee,  
And I rejoice, my Lord, in thee.

RAFFLES.

478

S. M. Dover, Peckham, Shirland.

*Rejoicing.* Ps. cxxxviii. 5.

- 1 **N**OW let our voices join  
To form a sacred song;  
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,  
With music pass along.
- 2 How straight the path appears!  
How open and how fair!  
No lurking gins t' entrap our feet,  
No fierce destroyer there.
- 3 But flowers of Paradise  
In rich profusion spring;  
The Sun of glory gilds the path,  
And dear companions sing.
- 4 All honor to his name,  
Who marks the shining way,—  
To him who leads the wanderers on  
To realms of endless day. DODDRIDGE.

479

L. M. Moreton, Park Street.

*Joy in Heaven for a repenting Sinner.* Luke xv. 7.

- 1 **W**HO can describe the joys that rise  
Through all the courts of Paradise,  
To see a prodigal return,  
To see an heir of glory born?
- 2 With joy the Father does approve  
The fruit of his eternal love;  
The Son with joy looks down, and sees  
The purchase of his agonies.



- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view  
The holy soul he formed anew;  
And saints and angels join to sing  
The growing empire of their King. WATTS.

480

C. M.

Dundee, Cambridge.

*Resignation.*

- 1 ONE prayer I have,—all prayers in one,—  
When I am wholly thine:  
Thy will, my God, thy will be done,  
And let that will be mine.
- 2 All wise, almighty, and all good,  
In thee I firmly trust;  
Thy ways, unknown or understood,  
Are merciful and just.
- 3 May I remember, that to thee,  
Whate'er I have I owe;  
And back, in gratitude from me,  
May all thy bounties flow.
- 4 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed  
When used as talents lent;  
Those talents only well employed,  
When in thy service spent.
- 5 And though thy wisdom takes away,  
Shall I arraign thy will?  
No, let me bless thy name, and say,  
"The Lord is gracious still."

MONTGOMERY.

481

C. M.

Plymouth, Stepheus.

*Sincerity and Hypocrisy.*

- 1 GOD is a Spirit, just and wise;  
He sees our inmost mind:  
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,  
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth, before his throne,  
With honor can appear:  
The painted hypocrites are known  
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,  
Their bending knees the ground;  
But God abhors the sacrifice,  
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,  
And make my soul sincere;

Then shall I stand before thy face,  
And find acceptance there.

WATTS.

482

C. M. Rochester, Howard's.

*Self-Denial.* Mark viii. 34.

1 **A**ND must I part with all I have,  
My dearest Lord, for thee?  
It is but right, since thou hast done  
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go—one look from thee  
Will more than make amends  
For all the losses I sustain  
Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,  
How worthless they appear,  
Compared with thee, supremely good,  
Divinely bright and fair!

4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee  
A single smile obtain,  
Though destitute of all things else,  
I'd glory in my gain.

RIPPON.

483

L. M. Armley, Ellenthorpe.

*Abraham offering his Son.* Gen. xxii. 6, &c.

1 **S**AIN'TS, at your heavenly Father's word,  
Give up your comforts to the Lord;  
He shall restore what you resign,  
Or grant you blessings more divine.

2 So Abraham, with obedient hand,  
Led forth his son, at God's command;  
The wood, the fire, the knife he took;  
His arm prepared the dreadful stroke.

3 "Abraham, forbear!" the angel cried;  
"Thy faith is known, thy love is tried;  
"Thy son shall live, and in thy seed  
"Shall the whole earth be blest indeed."

4 Just in the last distressing hour,  
The Lord displays delivering power;  
The mount of danger is the place  
Where we shall see surprising grace.

WATT

484

C. M.

Mear, Clarendon.

*Zeal, true and false.*

- 1 **Z**EAL is that pure and heavenly flame,  
The fire of love supplies ;  
While that which often bears the name,  
Is self in a disguise.
- 2 True zeal is merciful and mild,  
Can pity and forbear ;  
The false is headstrong, fierce, and wild,  
And breathes revenge and war.
- 3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,  
He knows the worth of peace ;  
But self contends for names and forms,  
Its party to increase.
- 4 Zeal has attained its highest aim,  
Its end is satisfied,  
If sinners love the Saviour's name ;  
Nor seeks it aught beside.
- 5 But self, however well employed,  
Has its own ends in view ;  
And says, as boasting Jehu cried,  
"Come, see what I can do."
- 6 Self may its poor reward obtain,  
And be applauded here ;  
But zeal the best applause will gain,  
When Jesus shall appear.
- 7 Dear Lord, the idol self dethrone,  
And from our hearts remove ;  
And let no zeal by us be shown,  
But that which springs from love.

NEWTON.

485

C. M.

Peterborough, Psalm 34.

*The Good Samaritan. Luke x. 30—37.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, send thy grace,  
All powerful, from above,  
To form, in our obedient souls,  
The image of thy love.
- 2 O may our sympathizing breasts  
That generous pleasure know,  
Kindly to share in others' joy,  
And weep for others' wo.

- 3 When the most helpless sons of grief  
 In low distress are laid,  
 Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,  
 And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus looked on dying men,  
 When throned above the skies;  
 And, midst the embraces of thy love,  
 He felt compassion rise.
- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,  
 To raise us from the ground;  
 And gave the richest of his blood,  
 A balm for every wound. DODDRIDGE

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 FULL REDEMPTION.

486

C. M.

Dundee.

- 1 COME, thou omniscient Son of Man,  
 Display thy sifting power;  
 Come, with thy Spirit's winnowing fan,  
 And throug'ly purge thy floor.
- 2 The chaff of sin, the accursed thing,  
 Far from our souls be driven;  
 The wheat into thy garner bring,  
 And lay us up for heaven.
- 3 Look through us with thine eyes of flame,  
 The clouds and darkness chase,  
 And tell me what by sin I am,  
 And what I am by grace.
- 4 Whate'er offends thy glorious eyes,  
 Far from our hearts remove:  
 As dust before the whirlwind flies,  
 Disperse it by thy love.
- 5 Then let us all thy fulness know,  
 From every sin set free;  
 Saved to the utmost, saved below,  
 And perfected by thee.

487

C. M.

Devizes.

- 1 FATHER, to thee my soul I lift;  
 My soul on thee depends;

- Convinced that every perfect gift  
From thee alone descends.
- 2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,  
And power and wisdom too:  
Without the Spirit of thy Son,  
We nothing good can do.
- 3 We cannot speak one useful word,  
One holy thought conceive,  
Unless, in answer to our Lord,  
Thyself the blessing give.
- 4 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,  
Our good is all divine:  
The praise of every virtuous thought,  
And righteous word, is thine.
- 5 From thee, through Jesus, we receive  
The power on thee to call—  
In whom we are, and move, and live:  
Our God is all in all.

488

7s.

Alcester.

*Devotedness to Christ.*

- 1 **G**ENTLE Jesus, lovely Lamb,  
Thine, and only thine, I am;  
Take my body, spirit, soul;  
Only thou possess the whole.
- 2 Thou my one thing needful be,  
Let me ever cleave to thee:  
Let me choose the better part,  
Let me give thee all my heart.
- 3 Fairer than the sons of men,  
Do not let me turn again,  
Leave the fountain head of bliss,  
Stoop to creature happiness.
- 4 Whom have I on earth below?  
Thee, and only thee I know;  
Whom have I in heaven but thee?  
Thou art all in all to me.
- 5 All my treasure is above,  
All my riches is thy love;  
Who the worth of love can tell,  
Infinite, unsearchable!
- 6 Thou, O love, my portion art;  
Lord, thou know'st my simple heart;  
Other comforts I despise,  
Love be all my paradise.

- 7 Nothing else can I require,  
 Love fills up my whole desire ;  
 Should thy other gifts remove,  
 Still thou giv'st me all in love.

GEMS.

## 489

L. M.

Monmouth, Luton.

- 1 **H**E wills that I should holy be ;  
 That holiness I long to feel—  
 That full, divine conformity  
 To all my Saviour's righteous will.
- 2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul  
 Accomplished in the change of mine ;  
 And plunge me, every whit made whole,  
 In all the depths of love divine !
- 3 On thee, O God, my soul is stayed,  
 And waits to prove thine utmost will :  
 The promise, by thy mercy made,  
 Thou canst, thou wilt in me fulfil.
- 4 No more I stagger at thy power,  
 Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move :  
 Hasten the long-expected hour,  
 And bless me with thy perfect love.

## 490

C. M.

Devizes.

- 1 **J**ESUS hath died that I might live,  
 Might live to God alone ;  
 In him eternal life receive,  
 And be in spirit one.
- 2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,  
 The gift unspeakable ;  
 And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,  
 And all thy love to feel.
- 3 My soul breaks out in strong desire  
 The perfect bliss to prove ;  
 My longing heart is all on fire  
 To be dissolved in love.
- 4 Give me thyself, from every boast,  
 From every wish set free ;  
 Let all I am in thee be lost,  
 But give thyself to me.
- 5 Thy gifts, alas ! cannot suffice,  
 Unless thyself be given ;  
 Thy presence makes my paradise,  
 And where thou art is heaven.

METH. COLL.

## 491

C. M.

Peterborough.

- 1 **L**ORD, I believe thy every word,  
Thy every promise true;  
And, lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,  
Till I my strength renew.
- 2 If in this feeble flesh I may  
Awhile show forth thy praise,  
Jesus, support the tottering clay,  
And lengthen out my days.
- 3 If such a worm as I can spread  
The common Saviour's name,  
Let him who raised thee from the dead,  
Quicken my mortal frame.
- 4 Still let me live thy blood to show,  
Which purges every stain;  
And gladly linger out below  
A few more years in pain.
- 5 Spare me till I my strength of soul,  
Till I thy love retrieve;  
Till faith shall make my spirit whole,  
And perfect soundness give.
- 6 For this in steadfast hope I wait:  
Now, Lord, my soul restore:  
Now the new heavens and earth create,  
And I shall sin no more. METH. COLL.

## 492

C. M.

Victory, London.

- 1 **L**ORD, I believe a rest remains,  
To all thy people known;  
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,  
And thou art loved alone;—
- 2 A rest where all our soul's desire  
Is fixed on things above;  
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,  
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,  
Believe, and enter in!  
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,  
And let me cease from sin!
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,  
This unbelief remove;  
To me the rest of faith impart,  
The Sabbath of thy love.

- 5 Thy name to me, thy nature grant!  
 This, only this, be given:  
 Nothing beside my God I want;  
 Nothing in earth or heaven.
- 6 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 And seal me thine abode!  
 Let all I am in thee be lost;  
 Let all be lost in God! METH. COLL.

## 493

C. M.

Turner, Alby.

- 1 **O** FOR a heart to praise my God,  
 A heart from sin set free!  
 A heart that always feels thy blood,  
 So freely spilt for me;—
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
 My great Redeemer's throne;  
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,  
 Believing, true, and clean!  
 Which neither life nor death can part  
 From Him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart, in every thought renewed,  
 And full of love divine;  
 Perfect, and right, and pure and good;  
 A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Thy tender heart is still the same,  
 And melts at human woe;  
 Jesus, for thee distressed I am,  
 I want thy love to know.
- 6 My heart, thou know'st, can never rest,  
 Till thou create my peace;  
 Till, of my Eden repossessed,  
 From every sin I cease.
- 7 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
 Come quickly from above;  
 Write thy new name upon my heart,  
 Thy new, best name of love. METH. COLL.

## 494

L. M.

Luton, New Sabbath.

- 1 **O** JESUS, full of truth and grace,  
 O, all-atoning Lamb of God,



- I wait to see thy lovely face,  
I seek redemption in thy blood.
- 2 Now in thy strength I strive with thee,  
My Friend and Advocate with God;  
Give me the glorious liberty,  
Grant me the purchase of thy blood.
- 3 Thou art the anchor of my hope,  
The faithful promise I receive;  
Surely thy death shall raise me up,  
For thou hast died that I might live.
- 4 Satan, with all his arts, no more  
Me from the gospel hope can move;  
I shall receive the gracious power,  
And find the pearl of perfect love.
- 5 My flesh, which cries, "It cannot be,"  
Shall silence keep before the Lord;  
And earth, and hell, and sin shall flee  
At Jesus' everlasting word. METH. COLL.

## 495

L. M. CL.

Eaton.

- 1 **O** LOVE, I languish at thy stay;  
I pine for thee, with lingering smart;  
Weary and faint through long delay:  
When wilt thou come into my heart?  
From sin and sorrow set me free,  
And swallow up my soul in thee.
- 2 Come, O thou universal Good,  
Balm of the wounded conscience, come:  
The hungry, dying spirit's food,  
The weary, wandering pilgrim's home;  
Haven to take the shipwrecked in,  
My everlasting rest from sin.
- 3 Be thou, O love, whate'er I want;  
Support my feebleness of mind;  
Relieve the thirsty soul, the faint  
Revive, illuminate the blind;  
The mournful cheer, the drooping lead,  
And heal the sick, and raise the dead.
- 4 Come, O my comfort and delight!  
My strength and health, my shield and sun!  
My boast, and confidence, and might,  
My joy, my glory, and my crown:  
My gospel hope, my calling's prize;  
My tree of life, my paradise

- 5 The Secret of the Lord thou art,  
 The mystery so long unknown,  
 Christ in a pure and perfect heart—  
 The name inscribed on the white stone ;  
 The life divine, the little leaven,  
 My precious pearl, my present heaven.
- 

## 496

L. M. 6L.

St. Helen's.

- 1 **O** GOD, what offering shall I give  
 To thee, the Lord of earth and skies ?  
 My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,  
 A holy, living sacrifice ;  
 Small as it is, 'tis all my store ;  
 More shouldst thou have, if I had more.
- 2 Now then, my God, thou hast my soul :  
 No longer mine, but thine I am :  
 Guard thou thine own, possess it whole !  
 Cheer it with hope, with love inflame !  
 Thou hast my spirit ; there display  
 Thy glory to the perfect day. METH. COLL.
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## 497

L. M. 6L

Carthage.

- 1 **P** RISONERS of hope, lift up your heads,  
 The day of liberty draws near !  
 Jesus, who on the serpent treads,  
 Shall soon in your behalf appear :  
 The Lord will to his temple come ;  
 Prepare your hearts to make him room.
- 2 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong !  
 Your downcast eyes and hands lift up !  
 Ye shall not be forgotten long :  
 Hope to the end, in Jesus hope !  
 Tell him, ye wait his grace to prove ;  
 And cannot fail, if God is love !
- 3 Prisoners of hope, be strong, be bold ;  
 Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear !  
 Dare to believe ! on Christ lay hold !  
 Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer ;  
 Tell him, "We will not let thee go,  
 "Till we thy name, thy nature know."
- 4 Lord, we believe, and wait the hour,  
 Which all thy great salvation brings ;

The Spirit of love, and health, and power,  
Shall come, and make us priests and kings ;  
Thou wilt perform thy faithful word,  
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

METH. COLL.

498

S. M.

Fairfield.

- 1 **T**HE thing my God doth hate,  
That I no more may do.  
The creature, Lord, again create,  
And all my soul renew :
- 2 My soul shall then, like thine,  
Abhor the thing unclean,  
And, sanctified by love divine,  
For ever cease from sin.
- 3 Thy nature be my law,  
Thy spotless sanctity ;  
And sweetly, every moment, draw  
My happy soul to thee.
- 4 Soul of my soul, remain :  
Who didst for all fulfil,  
In me, O Lord, fulfil again  
Thy heavenly Father's will.

499

L. P. M.

Martin's Lane.

- 1 **T**HOU, Jesus, thou my breast inspire,  
And touch my lips with hallowed fire,  
And loose a stammering infant's tongue :  
Prepare the vessel of thy grace ;  
Adorn me with the robes of praise,  
And mercy shall be all my song :—
- 2 Mercy for all who know not God ;  
Mercy for all in Jesus' blood ;  
Mercy that earth and heaven transcends :  
Love, that o'erwhelms the saints in light ;  
The length, and breadth, and depth, and  
Of love divine, which never ends. [height,
- 3 A faithful witness of thy grace,  
Well may I fill th' allotted space,  
And answer all thy great design ;  
Walk in the works by thee prepared,  
And find annexed the vast reward,  
The crown of righteousness divine.

## 500. 501 FULL REDEMPTION.

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- 4 When I have lived to thee alone,  
Pronounce the welcome word, "Well done!"  
And let me take my place above:  
Enter into my Master's joy,  
And all eternity employ,  
In praise, and ecstasy, and love.

METH. COLL.

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### 500

8s.

De Fleury.

- 1 **W**HAT now is my object and aim?  
What now is my hope and desire?  
To follow the heavenly Lamb,  
And after his image aspire:  
My hope is all centred in thee;  
I trust to recover thy love:  
On earth thy salvation to see,  
And then to enjoy it above.

- 2 I thirst for a life-giving God,  
For him that on Calvary died:  
A fountain of water and blood,  
That gushed from Immanuel's side!  
I gasp for the streams of thy love,  
The spirit of rapture unknown:  
And then to re-drink it above,  
Eternally fresh from the throne.

METH. COLL.

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### 501

7s.

Pleyel's Hymn.

- 1 **W**HEN, my Saviour, shall I be  
Perfectly resigned to thee?  
Poor and vile in my own eyes,  
Only in thy wisdom wise.
- 2 Only thee content to know,  
Ignorant of all below?  
Only guided by thy light:  
Only mighty in thy might.
- 3 So I may thy Spirit know,  
Let him as he listeth blow:  
Let the manner be unknown,  
So I may with thee be one.
- 4 Fully in my life express.  
All the heights of holiness;  
Sweetly let my spirit prove  
All the depths of humble love.

METH. COLL.

REJOICING AND PRAISE.

502

8s.

Lamleth, Corydon.

*Rejoicing and Praise.*

- 1 **A** FOUNTAIN of life and of grace  
 In Christ, our Redeemer, we see ;  
 For us, who his offers embrace ;  
 For all, it is open and free ;  
 Jehovah himself doth invite  
 To drink of his pleasures unknown :  
 The streams of immortal delight,  
 That flow from his heavenly throne.
- 2 As soon as in him we believe,  
 By faith of his Spirit we take ;  
 And, freely forgiven, receive  
 The mercy for Jesus's sake !  
 We gain a pure drop of his love ;  
 The life of eternity know ;  
 Angelical happiness prove,  
 And witness a heaven below.

METH. COLL.

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503

S. M.

Lisbon.

- 1 **A** LMIGHTY Maker, God,  
 How glorious is thy name !  
 Thy wonders how diffused abroad,  
 Throughout creation's frame !
- 2 In native white and red,  
 The rose and lily stand,  
 And, free from pride, their beauties spread,  
 To show thy skilful hand.
- 3 The lark mounts up the sky,  
 With unambitious song ;  
 And bears her Maker's praise on high,  
 Upon her artless tongue.
- 4 Fain would I rise and sing  
 To my Creator too ;  
 Fain would my heart adore my King,  
 And give him praises due.
- 5 Descend, celestial fire,  
 And seize me from above !

Wrap me in flames of pure desire,  
A sacrifice of love.

- 6 Let joy and worship spend  
The remnant of my days ;  
And to my God my soul ascend  
In sweet perfumes of praise.

WATTS.

## 504

L. M.

Arnheim.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;  
Know that the Lord is God alone ;  
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;  
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,  
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise ;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command ;  
Vast as eternity thy love ;  
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

## 505

C. M.

Winter.

- C**OME, let us, who in Christ believe,  
Our common Saviour praise ;  
To him, with joyful voices, give  
The glory of his grace.
- 2 He now stands knocking at the door  
Of every sinner's heart :  
The worst need keep him out no more,  
Or force him to depart.
- 3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,  
Yield to be saved from sin ;  
In sure and certain hope rejoice,  
That thou wilt enter in.
- 4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly guest,  
Nor ever hence remove ;  
But sup with us, and let the feast  
Be everlasting love.

METH. COLL.

## 506

Gs &amp; 4s.

Creation, Trinity.

1 **C**OME, thou Almighty King,  
 Help us thy name to sing,  
 Help us to praise!  
 Father, all glorious,  
 O'er all victorious,  
 Come and reign over us,  
 Ancient of days!

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,  
 Scatter our enemies,  
 And make them fall!  
 Let thine almighty aid  
 Our sure defence be made;  
 Our souls on thee be stayed;  
 Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,  
 Gird on thy mighty sword;  
 Our prayer attend!  
 Come, and thy people bless,  
 And give thy word success;  
 Spirit of holiness,  
 On us descend!

4 Come, holy Comforter,  
 Thy sacred witness bear  
 In this glad hour!  
 Thou, who almighty art,  
 Now rule in every heart,  
 And ne'er from us depart,  
 Spirit of power.

5 To the great ONE in THREE,  
 The highest praises be,  
 Hence evermore!  
 His sovereign majesty,  
 May we in glory see,  
 And, to eternity,  
 Love and adore.

## 507

L. M.

Manchester.

1 **F**ROM all who dwell below the skies,  
 Let the Creator's praise arise,  
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
 Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
 Eternal truth attends thy word ;  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

- 2 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,  
 In songs of praise divinely sing:  
 The great salvation loud proclaim,  
 And shout for joy the Saviour's name.  
 In every land begin the song ;  
 To every land the strains belong ;  
 In cheerful sounds all voices raise,  
 And fill the world with loudest praise.

WATTS.

508

8s & 7s.

Love Divine.

- 1 **H**AIL! thou once despised Jesus,  
 Hail! thou everlasting King ;  
 Thou didst suffer to redeem us !  
 Thou didst free salvation bring.  
 Hail! thou agonizing Saviour,  
 Bearer of our sin and shame !  
 By thy merits we find favor :  
 Life is given through thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
 All our sins on thee were laid :  
 By almighty love anointed,  
 Thou hast full atonement made :  
 All thy people are forgiven,  
 Through the virtue of thy blood ;  
 Opened is the gate of heaven ;  
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God
- 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,  
 There for ever to abide !  
 All the heavenly hosts adore thee,  
 Seated at thy Father's side :  
 There for sinners thou art pleading,  
 There thou dost our place prepare :  
 Ever for us interceding,  
 Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honor, power and blessing,  
 Thou art worthy to receive ;  
 Loudest praises without ceasing,  
 Meet it is for us to give >  
 Help, ye bright, angelic spirits,  
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;



Help to sing our Saviour's merits ;  
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

LOCK HOS. COLL.

509

L. M.

Duke Street.

- 1 **H**APPY the man that finds the grace,  
 The blessing of God's chosen race ;  
 The wisdom coming from above,  
 The faith that sweetly works by love.
- 2 Happy beyond description, he  
 Who knows "the Saviour died for me !"  
 The gift unspeakable obtains,  
 And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom divine ! who tells the price  
 Of wisdom's costly merchandise ?  
 Wisdom to silver we prefer,  
 And gold is dross compared to her.
- 4 Her hands are filled with length of days,  
 True riches and immortal praise ;  
 Riches of Christ on all bestowed,  
 And honor that descends from God.
- 5 To purest joys she all invites,  
 Chaste, holy, spiritual delights ;  
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
 And all her flowery paths are peace.
- 6 Happy the man who wisdom gains :  
 Thrice happy who his guest retains :  
 He owns, and shall for ever own,  
 Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.

510

P. M.

Gospel Trumpet.

- 1 **H**ARK ! how the gospel trumpet sounds !  
 Through all the world the echo bounds !  
 And Jesus, by redeeming blood,  
 Is bringing sinners back to God ;  
 And guides them safely by his word  
 To endless day.
- 2 Hail ! all-victorious, conquering Lord !  
 Be thou by all thy works adored,  
 Who undertook for sinful man,  
 And brought salvation through thy name,  
 That we with thee may ever reign  
 In endless day.

3 Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on !  
And, when the conquest you have won,  
Then palms of victory you shall bear,  
And in his kingdom have a share ;  
And crowns of glory ever wear  
In endless day.

4 There we shall in full chorus join,  
With saints and angels all combine,  
To sing of his redeeming love,  
When rolling years shall cease to move,  
And this shall be our theme above  
In endless day. METH. COLL

## 511

C. M.

Bedford, Ferry.

*Hosanna to Christ.*

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the royal Son  
Of David's ancient line ;  
His natures two, his person one,  
Mysterious and divine.
- 2 The root of David, here we find,  
And offspring, is the same ;  
Eternity and time are joined  
In our Immanuel's name.
- 3 Blest he who comes to wretched men  
With peaceful news from heaven ;  
Hosannas of the highest strain  
To Christ the Lord be given.
- 4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take  
Th' hosanna on their tongues,  
Lest rocks and stones should rise and break  
Their silence into songs. WATTS.

## 512

C. M.

Archdale.

- 1 **H**OW happy every child of grace,  
Who knows his sins forgiven !  
This earth, he cries, is not my place ;  
I seek my place in heaven :  
A country far from mortal sight—  
Yet, O ! by faith I see  
The land of rest, the saints' delight,  
The heaven prepared for me.
- 2 O what a blessed hope is ours !  
While here on earth we stay,  
We more than taste the heavenly powers,  
And antedate that day :

We feel the resurrection near,  
Our life in Christ concealed,  
And with his glorious presence here  
Our earthen vessels filled.

- 3 O, would he more of heaven bestow,  
And let the vessels break ;  
And let our ransomed spirits go,  
To grasp the God we seek !  
In rapturous awe on him we gaze  
Who bought the sight for me ;  
And shout and wonder at his grace,  
To all eternity.

513

C. P. M.

Ganges.

- 1 **H**OW happy, gracious Lord, are we !  
Divinely drawn to follow thee,  
Whose hours divided are  
Betwixt the mount and multitude :  
Our day is spent in doing good,  
Our night in praise and prayer.
- 2 With us no melancholy void,  
No moment lingers unemployed,  
Or unimproved below :  
Our weariness of life is gone,  
Who live to serve our God alone,  
And only thee to know.
- 3 The winter's night, and summer's day,  
Glide imperceptibly away,  
Too short to sing thy praise ;  
Too few we find the happy hours,  
And haste to join those heavenly powers,  
In everlasting lays.
- 4 With all who chant thy name on high,  
And Holy, holy, holy, cry,  
A bright harmonious throng !  
We long thy praises to repeat,  
And ceaseless sing, around thy seat,  
The new eternal song.

METH. COLL

514

Ss.

De Fleury.

- 1 **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,  
When Jesus no longer I see !  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet  
flowers,  
Have all lost their sweetness to me :

The midsummer sun shines but dim,  
 The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
 But when I am happy in him,  
 December's as pleasant as May.

- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,  
 And sweeter than music his voice;  
 His presence disperses my gloom,  
 And makes all within me rejoice:  
 I should, were he always thus nigh,  
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;  
 No mortal so happy as I;  
 My summer would last all the year.

- 3 Content with beholding his face,  
 My all to his pleasure resigned;  
 No changes of season or place  
 Would make any change in my mind:  
 While blest with a sense of his love,  
 A palace a toy would appear;  
 And prisons would palaces prove,  
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
 If thou art my sun and my song,  
 Say, why do I languish and pine?  
 And why are my winters so long?  
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore:  
 O take me to thee up on high,  
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

NEWTON.

515

L. P. M. St. Helen's, Psalm 46.

*Goodness of God, and Vanity of Men.*

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;  
 And when my voice is lost in death,  
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers:  
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
 While life, and thought, and being last,  
 Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
 On Israel's God—he made the sky,  
 And earth, and seas, with all their train;  
 His truth for ever stands secure;  
 He saves the oppressed—he feeds the poor,  
 And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 He loves his saints, he knows them well,  
 But turns the wicked down to hell;  
 Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;

Let every tongue, let every age,  
In this exalted work engage ;  
Praise him in everlasting strains.

- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath ;  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures. WATTS.

516 C. M. Arlington, Clarendon.  
*Redemption by Price and Power.*

- 1 JESUS, with all thy saints above,  
My tongue would bear her part,  
Would sound aloud thy saving love,  
And sing thy bleeding heart.
- 2 Blest be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,  
Who bought me with his blood,  
And quenched his Father's flaming sword  
In his own vital flood ;—
- 3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul  
From Satan's heavy chains,  
And sent the lion down to howl  
Where hell and horror reigns.
- 4 All glory to the dying Lamb,  
And never-ceasing praise,  
While angels live to know his name,  
Or saints to feel his grace. WATTS.

517 C. M. St. Martin's, Irish.  
*Mercy of God to Sufferers. Ps. 145.*

- 1 LET every tongue thy goodness speak,  
Thou sovereign Lord of all ;  
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,  
And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,  
Or virtue lies distressed  
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,  
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.
- 3 The Lord supports our tottering days,  
And guides our giddy youth :  
Holy and just are all his ways,  
And all his words are truth.
- 4 He knows the pains his servants feel,  
He hears his children cry ;

And, their best wishes to fulfil,  
His grace is ever nigh.

- 5 His mercy never shall remove  
From men of heart sincere :  
He saves the souls whose humble love  
Is joined with holy fear.

## 518

11s &amp; 12s.

- 1 **M**Y God, I am thine: what a comfort  
divine,  
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is  
mine !  
In the heavenly Lamb, thrice happy I am ;  
And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of his  
name.
- 2 True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound ;  
And whoever hath found it, hath paradise  
found.  
My Jesus to know, and feel his love flow,  
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.
- 3 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast :  
That, that is the fulness, but this is the taste ;  
And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove  
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

WESLEY.

## 519

L. M.

Truro, Arnheim.

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord a noble song !  
Awake my soul, awake my tongue ;  
Hosanna to the eternal name,  
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See, where it shines in Jesus' face,  
The brightest image of his grace ;  
God, in the person of his Son,  
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood  
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God ;  
And thy rich glories, from afar,  
Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,  
The noblest labor of thine hands ;  
The pleasing lustre of his eyes  
Outshines the wonders of the skies,

5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;  
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;  
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;  
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

6 O may I live to reach the place  
Where he unveils his lovely face;  
Where all his beauties you behold,  
And sing his name to harps of gold.

WATTS.

520

10s & 11s.

St. Michael's.

1 **O** HEAVENLY King, look down from  
above;

Assist us to sing thy mercy and love;  
So sweetly o'erflowing, so plenteous the  
store,

Thou still art bestowing and giving us more.

2 O God of our life, we hallow thy name;  
Our business and strife is that to proclaim;  
Accept our thanksgiving for creating grace!  
The living, the living shall show forth thy  
praise.

3 Our Father and Lord, almighty art thou;  
Preserved by thy word, we worship thee now;  
The bountiful donor of all we enjoy,  
Our tongues to thy honor, and lives, we  
employ.

4 But oh! above all, thy kindness we praise,  
From sin and from thrall, which saves the  
lost race;  
Thy Son thou hast given, a world to redeem,  
And bring us to heaven, whose trust is in  
him.

5 Wherefore of thy love we sing and rejoice;  
Like angels above, we lift up our voice:  
Thy love each believer shall gladly adore,  
For ever and ever, when time is no more.

521

10s & 11s.

Harwich.

1 **A**H! tell me no more of this world's vain  
store;

The time for such trifles with me now is  
o'er;

A country I've found where true joys abound;  
To dwell I'm determined on that happy  
ground.

- 2 The souls that believe, in paradise live,  
And me in that number will Jesus receive.  
My soul don't delay—he calls thee away;  
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad  
day.
- 3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,  
What light, strength, and comfort—go after  
him, go;  
Lo, onward I move to a city above;  
None guesses how wondrous my journey  
will prove.
- 4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell,  
and sin—  
'Midst outward affliction shall feel Christ  
within:  
And when I'm to die, Receive me, I'll cry;  
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.
- 5 But this I do find, we two are so joined,  
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind:  
So this is the race I'm running through  
grace,  
Henceforth—till admitted to see my Lord's  
face.
- 6 And now I'm in care my neighbors may  
share  
These blessings;—to seek them will none of  
you dare?  
In bondage, oh why, and death will you lie,  
When one here assures you free grace is so  
nigh?

- 1 **O** THOU God of my salvation,  
My Redeemer from all sin!  
Moved by thy divine compassion,  
Who hast died my heart to win,  
I will praise thee:  
Where shall I thy praise begin?
- 2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;  
He hath brought salvation near;



- Manifests his pardoning favor ;  
 And when Jesus doth appear,  
 Soul and body  
 Shall his glorious image bear.
- 3 While the angel choirs are crying,  
 "Glory to the great I AM!"  
 I with them will still be vieing :  
 Glory, glory to the Lamb !  
 O how precious  
 Is the sound of Jesus' name !
- 4 Angels now are hovering round us ;  
 Unperceived they mix the throng,  
 Wondering at the love that crowned us,  
 Glad to join the holy song ;  
 Hallelujah,  
 Love and praise to Christ belong !
- 5 Now I see, with joy and wonder,  
 Whence the gracious spring arose ;  
 Angel minds are lost to ponder  
 Dying love's mysterious cause :  
 Yet the blessing,  
 Down to all, to me it flows !

## 523

10s &amp; 11s.

Nineveh, Lyons.

- 1 **O** WHAT shall I do my Maker to praise !  
 So faithful and true, so plenteous in  
 grace ;  
 So strong to deliver, so good to redeem  
 The weakest believer that hangs upon him !
- 2 How happy the man whose heart is set free !  
 The people that can be joyful in thee,  
 Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,  
 And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.
- 3 Their daily delight shall be in thy name ;  
 They shall as their light thy righteousness  
 claim :  
 Thy righteousness wearing, and cleansed by  
 thy blood,  
 Bold shall they appear in the presence of  
 God.
- 4 For thou art their boast, their glory, and  
 power ;  
 And I also trust to see the glad hour,  
 My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,  
 The day of salvation that lifts up my head.

- 5 For Jesus, my Lord, is now my defence ;  
 I trust in his word, none plucks me from  
 thence ;  
 Since I have found favor, he all things will  
 do ;  
 My King and my Saviour shall make me  
 anew.
- 6 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine  
 own ;  
 Thy secret to me shall soon be made known ;  
 For sorrow and sadness, I joy shall receive,  
 And share in the gladness of all that believe.

## 524

10s &amp; 11s.

Nineveh, Lyons.

- 1 **R**EJOICE evermore, with angels above,  
 In Jesus's power, in Jesus's love :  
 With glad exultation your triumph proclaim,  
 Ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb.
- 2 Thou, Lord, our relief in trouble hast been—  
 Hast saved us from grief, hast saved us from  
 sin ;  
 The power of thy Spirit hath set our hearts  
 free,  
 And now we inherit all fulness in thee :
- 3 All fulness of peace, all fulness of joy,  
 And spiritual bliss that never shall cloy,  
 To us it is given in Jesus to know,  
 A kingdom of heaven, a heaven below.
- 4 No longer we join, while sinners invite,  
 Nor envy the swine their brutish delight ;  
 Their joy is all sadness, their mirth is all  
 vain ;  
 Their laughter is madness, their pleasure is  
 pain.
- 5 O might they at last with sorrow return,  
 The pleasure to taste for which they were  
 born ;  
 Our Jesus receiving, our happiness prove,  
 The joy of believing, the heaven of love.

## 525

L. M.

• Castle Street.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, exalt him high,  
 Who spreads his clouds all round the sky ;

There he prepares the fruitful rain,  
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

2 He makes the grass the hills adorn,  
And clothes the smiling fields with corn ;  
The beasts with food his hands supply,  
And the young ravens, when they cry.

3 What is the creature's skill or force ?  
The sprightly man, the warlike horse,  
The nimble wit, the active limb,  
All are too mean delights for him.

4 But saints are lovely in his sight ;  
He views his children with delight :  
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,  
And looks, and loves his image there.

WATTS.

## 526

L. M. 6L. Mount Zion, Eaton.

1 **T**HEE will I love, my strength, my tower !  
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown !  
Thee will I love, with all my power,  
In all thy works, and thee alone ;  
Thee will I love, till the pure fire  
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,  
That thy bright beams on me have shined ;  
I thank thee, who hast overthrown  
My foes, and healed my wounded mind ;  
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice  
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

3 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears ;  
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires ;  
Give to my soul, with filial fears,  
The love that all heaven's host inspires ;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;  
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God ;  
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown,  
Or smile, thy sceptre, or thy rod.  
What though my flesh and heart decay ?  
Thee shall I love in endless day.

## 527

L. M. Monmouth, German Hymn

- 1 **T**HE day of Christ, the day of God,  
We humbly hope with joy to see,  
Washed in the sanctifying blood  
Of an expiring Deity—
- 2 Who did for us his life resign;  
There is no other God but one;  
For all the plenitude divine  
Resides in the Eternal Son.
- 3 Spotless, sincere, without offence,  
O may we to his day remain!  
Who trust the blood of Christ to cleanse  
Our souls from every sinful stain.
- 4 Lord, we believe the promise sure!  
The purchased Comforter impart;  
Apply thy blood, to make us pure,  
To keep us pure in life and heart.
- 5 Then let us see that day supreme,  
When none thy Godhead shall deny!  
Thy sovereign majesty blaspheme,  
Or count thee less than the Most High;—
- 6 When all who on their God believe,  
Who, here, thy last appearing love,  
Shall thy consummate joy receive,  
And see thy glorious face above.

## 528

8s.

De Fleury.

- 1 **T**HIS, this is the God we adore,  
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,  
Whose love is as great as his power,  
And neither knows measure nor end.
- 2 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,  
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;  
We'll praise him for all that is past,  
And trust him for all that's to come.

## 529

H. M.

Acton.

- 1 **T**HE Lord his blessing pours  
Around our favored land;

His grace, like gentle showers,

Descends at his command :

O'er all the plains

In rich supplies,

Blest fruits arise,

Since Jesus reigns.

2 His righteousness above

Prepares his wondrous way :

He rises to his throne,

In realms of endless day !

His steps we trace,

And, heaven in view,

His path pursue ;

Adore his grace.

METH. COLL.

## 530

H. M.

Burnham.

1 YOUNG men and maidens, raise

Your tuneful voices high ;

Old men and children, praise

The Lord of earth and sky ;

Him Three in One, and One in Three,

Extol to all eternity.

2 The universal King

Let all the world proclaim ;

Let every creature sing

His attributes and name !

Him Three in One, and One in Three,

Extol to all eternity.

3 In his great name alone,

All excellences meet,

Who sits upon the throne,

And shall for ever sit :

Him Three in One, and One in Three,

Extol to all eternity.

4 Glory to God belongs ;

Glory to God be given ;

Above the noblest songs

Of all in earth and heaven :

Him Three in One, and One in Three,

Extol to all eternity.

## WORSHIP.

531

L. M.

Medway, Blendon.

*Self-Examination.*

- 1 **A**ND what am I?—My soul, awake,  
And an impartial survey take:  
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,  
In practice or in heart appear?
- 2 What image does my spirit bear?  
Is Jesus formed, and living there?  
Say, do his lineaments divine  
In thought, and word, and actions shine?
- 3 Searcher of hearts, O search me still;  
The secrets of my soul reveal:  
My fears remove; let me appear  
To God, and my own conscience clear.
- 4 Scatter the clouds which o'er my head  
Thick glooms of dubious terrors spread;  
Lead me into celestial day,  
And to myself, myself display.
- 5 May I at that blest world arrive,  
Where Christ through all my soul shall live,  
And give full proof that he is there,  
Without one gloomy doubt or fear. DAVIES.

532

L. M. Psalm 97th, Eaton, Wells, Worship.

*The Enjoyment of Christ; or, Delight in Worship.*

- 1 **F**AR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone;  
Let my religious hours alone;  
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;  
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee!
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,  
And kindles with a pure desire:  
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,  
And feed my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!  
How sweet thy entertainments are!  
Never did angels taste above  
Redeeming grace, and dying love. WATTS.

533

C. M.

Barby, Ferry.

*Secret Prayer.*

**F**ATHER divine, thy piercing eye  
Sees through the darkest night;  
In deep retirement thou art nigh,  
With heart-discerning sight.  
There may that piercing eye survey  
My duteous homage paid,  
With every morning's dawning ray,  
And every evening's shade.  
O let thy own celestial fire  
The incense still inflame;  
While my warm vows to thee aspire,  
Through my Redeemer's name.  
So shall the visits of thy love  
My soul in secret bless;  
So shalt thou deign in worlds above  
Thy suppliant to confess. RIPPON'S COLL.

534

L. M. 6L.

Carthage.

*Seeking Refuge.*

**F**ORTH from the dark and stormy sky,  
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;  
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,  
Father, we seek thy shelter here:  
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray:  
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away!  
Long have we roamed in want and pain,  
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;  
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,  
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed:  
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;  
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away:  
HEBER.

535

C. M.

Barby, Plymouth.

*Evening Twilight.*

**I** LOVE to steal awhile away  
From every cumbering care,  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer.  
I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear,

And all his promises to plead,  
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore,  
And all my care and sorrows cast  
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heaven;  
The prospect doth my strength renew  
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as this impressive hour,  
And lead to endless day. VILLAGE COLL.

1 **L**ET sinners take their course,  
And choose the road to death;  
But in the worship of my God  
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,  
When morning brings the light;  
I seek his blessing every noon,  
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,  
O my eternal God;  
While sinners perish in surprise  
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,  
And no sad changes feel,  
They neither fear, nor trust thy name,  
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,  
Will lean upon the Lord;  
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,  
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain  
The children of his love:  
The ground on which their safety stands  
No earthly power can move. WATTS.



537

L. M.

Worship

- 1 **L**ORD, what a heaven of saving grace  
Shines through the beauties of thy face,  
And lights our passions to a flame!  
Lord, how we love thy charming name!
- 2 When I can say my God is mine,  
When I can feel thy glories shine,  
I tread the world beneath my feet,  
And all that earth calls good or great.
- 3 While such a scene of sacred joys  
Our raptured eyes and soul employs,  
Here we could sit, and gaze away  
A long, an everlasting day.
- 4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,  
To the fair coasts of perfect light;  
Then shall our joyful senses rove  
O'er the dear object of our love.
- 5 There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,  
And pluck new life from heavenly trees;  
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow  
A drop of heaven on worms below.
- 6 Send comforts down from thy right hand,  
While we pass through this barren land;  
And in thy temple let us see  
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.

WATTS.

538

L. M.

Rethwell.

*Retirement and Meditation.*

- 1 **M**Y God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee:  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heavenly birth?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Saviour, go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense;  
One sovereign word can draw me thence:  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.  
Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;  
Let noise and vanity be gone:

In secret silence of the mind,  
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

WATTS.

539

C. M. Canterbury, St. Martin's.

*Devotion: Constant Converse with God.*

- 1 **T**O thee, before the dawning light,  
My gracious God, I pray;  
I meditate thy name by night,  
And keep thy law by day.
- 2 My spirit faints to see thy grace;  
Thy promise bears me up:  
And while salvation long delays,  
Thy word supports my hope.
- 3 Seven times a day I lift my hands,  
And pay my thanks to thee;  
Thy righteous providence demands  
Repeated praise from me.
- 4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,  
I call thy works to mind;  
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,  
And sweet acceptance find.

WATTS.

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## FAMILY WORSHIP.

540

S. M.

Peckham, Yarmouth.

*Union and Peace. Ps. 133.*

- 1 **B**LEST are the sons of peace,  
Whose hearts and hopes are one;  
Whose kind designs to serve and please  
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious house,  
Where zeal and friendship meet;  
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,  
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus on the heavenly hills,  
The saints are blest above;  
Where joy like morning dew distills,  
And all the air is love.

WATTS.

## 541

L. M. 6L.

Newcourt.

- 1 **C**OME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
To whom we for our children cry:  
The good desired and wanted most,  
Out of thy richest grace supply!  
The sacred discipline be given,  
To train and bring them up for heaven.
- 2 Answer on them the end of all  
Our cares, and pains, and studies here;  
On them, recovered from their fall,  
Stamped with the humble character;  
Raised by the nature of the Lord,  
To all their paradise restored.
- 3 Error and ignorance remove,  
Their blindness both of heart and mind;  
Give them the wisdom from above,  
Spotless, and peaceable, and kind:  
In knowledge pure their minds renew,  
And store with thoughts divinely true.
- 4 Learning's redundant part and vain  
Be here cut off, and cast aside:  
But let them, Lord, the substance gain,  
In every solid truth abide;  
Swiftly acquire, and ne'er forego  
The knowledge fit for man to know.
- 5 Unite the pair so long disjointed,  
Knowledge and vital piety:  
Learning and holiness combined,  
And truth and love let all men see.  
In those whom up to thee we give,  
Thine, wholly thine, to die and live.

METH. COLL.

## 542

L. M. Sicilian Hymn, Greenville.

**F**ATHER of all, thy care we bless,  
Which crowns our families with peace;  
From thee they spring, and by thy hand,  
They have been and are still sustained.  
To God, most worthy to be praised,  
Be our domestic altars raised;  
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell  
With saints in their obscurest cell.

- 3 To thee may each united house,  
Morning and night, present its vows;  
Our servants here, and rising race,  
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.
- 4 O may each future age proclaim  
The honors of thy glorious name;  
While, pleased, and thankful, we remove  
To join the family above. DODDRIDGE.

## 543

C. M.

Arlington.

- 1 **G**OD, only wise, almighty, good,  
Send forth thy truth and light,  
To point us out the narrow road,  
And guide our steps aright;—
- 2 To steer our dangerous course between  
The rocks on either hand;  
And fix us in the golden mean,  
And bring our charge to land.
- 3 Made apt, by thy sufficient grace,  
To teach as taught by thee,  
We come to train, in all thy ways,  
Our rising progeny.
- 4 We would in every step look up,  
By thy example taught,  
T' alarm their fear, excite their hope,  
And rectify their thought.
- 5 We would persuade their hearts t' obey,  
With mildest zeal proceed;  
And never take the harsher way,  
When love will do the deed.
- 6 For this we ask, in faith sincere,  
The wisdom from above,  
To touch their hearts with filial fear,  
And pure ingenuous love. METH. COLL

## 544

S. P. M.

St. Giles, Dalston.

*The Blessings of Friendship. Ps. 133.*

- 1 **H**OW pleasant 'tis to see  
Kindred and friends agree,  
Each in his proper station move;  
And each fulfil his part,  
With sympathizing heart,  
In all the cares of life and love!

2 Like fruitful showers of rain,  
That water all the plain,  
Descending from the neighboring hills;  
Such streams of pleasure roll,  
Through every friendly soul,  
Where love, like heavenly dew, distils.

3 How pleasant 'tis to see  
Kindred and friends agree,  
Each in his proper station move;  
And each fulfil his part,  
With sympathizing heart,  
In all the cares of life and love!      WATTS.

## 545

C. P. M.

Aithlone.

1 **H**OW shall I walk, my God to please,  
And spread content and happiness  
O'er all beneath my care?  
A pattern to my household give,  
And as a guardian angel live,  
As Jesus' messenger?

2 Shall I, through indolence supine,  
Neglect, betray my charge divine,—  
My delegated power?  
The souls I from my Lord receive,  
Of whom I an account must give,  
At that tremendous hour?

3 Lord over all, and God most high!  
Jesus, to thee for help I fly,  
For constant power and grace;  
That, by thy Spirit taught and led,  
I may with confidence proceed,  
And all thy footsteps trace.

4 O teach me thy first lesson now,  
That I to thy sweet yoke may bow,  
Thine easy service prove;  
Lowly and meek in heart, I see  
The art of governing like thee,  
Is governing by love.      METH. COLL.

## 546

C. P. M.

Witham.

1 **I** AND my house will serve the Lord:  
But first obedient to his word  
I must myself appear:

By actions, words, and temper show,  
That I my heavenly Master know,  
And serve with heart sincere.

- 2 I must the fair example set:  
From those that on my pleasure wait  
The stumbling block remove ;  
Their duty by my life explain.  
And still, in all my works, maintain  
The dignity of love.
- 3 Easy to be entreated, mild,  
Quickly appeased and reconciled,  
A follower of my God—  
A saint indeed I long to be,  
And lead my faithful family  
In the celestial road.
- 4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,  
A vessel fitted for thy use  
Into thy hands receive :  
Work in me both to will and do ;  
And show them how believers true,  
And real Christians, live.
- 5 With all-sufficient grace supply,  
And, lo ! I come to testify  
The wonders of thy name !  
Which saves from sin, the world, and hell,  
Whose virtue every heart may feel,  
And every tongue proclaim. METH. COLL.

- 1 **O**F justice and of grace I sing,  
And pay my God my vows ;  
Thy grace and justice, heavenly King,  
Teach me to rule my house.
- 2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,  
And make thy servant wise ;  
I'll suffer nothing near me there  
That shall offend thine eyes.
- 3 The man that doth his neighbor wrong,  
By falsehood or by force,  
The scornful eye, the slanderous tongue,  
I'll thrust them from my doors.
- 4 I'll seek the faithful and the just, .  
And will their help enjoy ;  
These are the friends that I shall trust,  
The servants I'll employ.

5 The wretch that deals in sly deceit,  
I'll not endure a night:  
The liar's tongue I'll ever hate,  
And banish from my sight.

6 I'll purge my family around,  
And make the wicked flee;  
So shall my house be ever found  
A dwelling fit for thee.

WATTS.

548

C. M. York, Mear, Whiting.

*For Evening Family Worship.*

1 **O** LORD, another day is flown,  
And we, a lonely band,  
Are met once more, before thy throne,  
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt thou bend a listening ear  
To praises low as ours?  
Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear  
The song which meekness pours.

3 And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,  
As we before thee pray;  
For thou didst bless the infant train,  
And we are less than they.

4 O let thy grace perform its part,  
And let contention cease;  
And shed abroad in every heart  
Thine everlasting peace!

5 Thus, thou wilt turn our wandering feet,  
And thou wilt bless our way;  
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet  
The dawn of lasting day. H. K. WHITE.

549

S. M.

Worcester, Lisbon.

1 **T**HE power to bless my house  
Belongs to God alone;  
Yet rendering him my constant vows,  
He sends his blessings down.

2 Shall I not then engage  
My house to serve the Lord,  
To search the soul-converting page,  
And feed upon his word?—

3 To ask, with faith and hope,  
The grace his Spirit supplies,  
In prayer and praise to offer up  
Their daily sacrifice?

- 4 Let each his sin eschew,  
Through thy restraining grace,  
Our father Abraham's steps pursue,  
And walk in all thy ways.
- 5 Saviour of men, incline  
The hearts which thou hast made,  
Which thou hast bought with blood divine,  
To ask thy promised aid.
- 6 Me and my house receive,  
Thy family to increase,  
And let us in thy favor live,  
And let us die in peace. METH. COLL.

## 550

L. M.

Uxbridge.

*New Habitation.*

- 1 **W**HERE'ER the Lord shall build my house,  
An altar to his name I'll raise;  
There, morn and evening, shall ascend  
The sacrifice of prayer and praise.
- 2 With dutious mind, the social band  
Shall search the records of thy law;  
There learn thy will, and humbly bow  
With filial reverence, love and awe.
- 3 If numerous blessings of the earth  
Our gracious God to us afford,  
With warm, united hearts we'll pay  
Our grateful tribute to the Lord.
- 4 Here fix, dear Lord, thy sacred rest,  
And spread the banner of thy love,  
Till, ripened for the heavenly world,  
We rise and join the church above.

## 551

L. M. 6L.

Psalm 46.

- 1 **W**HEN quiet in my house I sit,  
Thy book be my companion still:  
My joy, thy sayings to repeat,  
Talk o'er the records of thy will:  
And search the oracles divine,  
Till every heartfelt word be mine.
- 2 O may the gracious words divine,  
Subject of all my converse be!  
So will the Lord his follower join,  
And walk and talk himself with me:  
So shall my heart his presence prove,  
And burn with everlasting love



- 3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,  
O may the reconciling word  
Sweetly compose my weary breast;  
While on the bosom of my Lord  
I sink in blissful dreams away,  
And visions of eternal day.
- 4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,  
Thee may I publish all day long;  
And let thy precious word of grace  
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue;  
Fill all my life with purest love,  
And join me to the church above.
- METH. COLL.

## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

552 C. M. Braintree, Winter.  
*The Good Seed.—After Sermon.*

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God, thy word is cast  
Like seed into the ground;  
Now let the dew of heaven descend,  
And righteous fruits abound.
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ or man  
This holy seed remove;  
But give it root in every heart,  
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares  
The rising plant destroy;  
But let it yield, a hundred fold,  
The fruits of peace and joy
- 4 Nor let thy word, so kindly sent  
To raise us to thy throne,  
Return to thee, and sadly tell  
That we reject thy Son.
- 5 Oft as thy precious seed is sown,  
Thy quickening grace bestow;  
That all, whose souls the truth receive,  
Its saving power may own.

553 L. M. Chatham, New Hundredth, Paris.

- 1 **A**S, in soft silence, vernal showers  
Descend and cheer the fainting flowers;

- So, in the secrecy of love,  
Falls the sweet influence from above.
- 2 May we this heavenly influence find,  
In holy silence of the mind ;  
And every grace maintain its bloom,  
Diffusing wide the rich perfume ;—
- 3 And lands, beneath the burning sky,  
Which now are desolate and dry,  
Ere long the blest effusions share,  
And sudden greens and herbage wear.

## 554

L. M. Kingsbridge, Armley.

*Prayer for Opposers of Revivals.*

- 1 **B**LEST Lord, behold the guilty scorn  
Of those who hate and mock our praise ;  
Pity their state, and make them turn  
No more to walk in sinful ways.
- 2 Anxious we see their wretched state,  
Who never think of heaven or hell ;  
They laugh and sport and court the gate,  
Which opes where endless terrors dwell.
- 3 Lead them to view a sinful heart,  
A soul all enmity to thee,  
Destroyed, defiled in every part,  
Too proud to bow, too blind to see.
- 4 Lead them to view a holy law,  
Which justly dooms to endless death ;  
To feel that guilt which Jesus saw,  
And prayed "Forgive," with dying breath.
- 5 Open their eyes, unstop their ears,  
To hear condemning justice sound ;  
Lord, change their hearts, and then their tears  
Will witness grief to all around.
- 6 Once we were blind ; like them we strove,  
Till sovereign mercy changed our ways ;  
Lord, bow their wills, and make them love,  
Then they will join our songs of praise.

STRONG.

## 555

C. M.

Arlington.

- 1 **B**Y whom shall Jacob now arise ?  
For Jacob's friends are few :  
And, what should fill us with surprise,  
They seem divided too.

- 2 By whom shall Jacob now arise ?  
 For Jacob's foes are strong ;  
 I read their triumph in their eyes ;  
 They think he'll fall ere long.  
 3 By whom shall Jacob now arise ?  
 Can any tell by whom ?  
 Say, shall this branch, that withered lies,  
 Again revive and bloom ?  
 4 Lord, thou canst tell—the work is thine,  
 The help of man is vain :  
 On Jacob now arise and shine,  
 And he shall live again.

KELLY

## 556

L. M.

Portugal, Blendon.

Rom. viii. 14.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With light and comfort from above ;  
 Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,  
 O'er every thought and step preside.  
 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far  
 From every sin and hurtful snare ;  
 Lead to thy word that rules must give,  
 And teach us lessons how to live.  
 3 The light of truth to us display,  
 And make us know and choose thy way ;  
 Plant holy fear in every heart,  
 That we from God may ne'er depart.  
 4 Lead us to holiness, the road  
 That we must take to dwell with God ;  
 Lead us to Christ, the living way,  
 Nor let us from his pastures stray.  
 5 Lead us to God, our final rest,  
 In his enjoyment to be blest ;  
 Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,  
 Where pleasure in perfection is. VILL. COLL.

## 557

8s, 7s &amp; 4. Sicilian Hymn, Greenville.

*Before Sermon.*

- 1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,  
 Bless the sower and the seed,  
 Let each heart thy grace inherit,  
 Raise the weak—the hungry feed ;  
 From the gospel  
 Now supply thy people's need.

- 2 Help us all to seek the blessing  
Which thou waitest now to give :  
Let us all, thy love possessing,  
Joyfully the truth receive ;  
And for ever  
To thy praise and glory live.

PRATT'S COLL.

558

C. M.

Bray, Colchester.

- 1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart—  
Inspire each lifeless tongue ;  
And let the joys of heaven impart  
Their influence to our song.
- 2 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise  
In us the heavenly flame ;  
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,  
Our hearts adore thy name.
- 3 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,  
And fill thy dwellings here,  
Till life, and love, and joy divine  
A heaven on earth appear.

STEELE.

559

L. M.

Carthage, Darwent.

Ezek. xxxvi. 37.

- 1 COME, sacred Spirit, from above,  
And fill the coldest heart with love ;  
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,  
And let thy godlike power be known.
- 2 Speak thou, and, from the haughtiest eyes,  
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise ;  
While all their glowing souls are borne,  
To seek that grace which now they scorn.
- 3 Oh, let a holy flock await,  
Numerous, around thy temple gate,  
Each pressing on with zeal to be  
A living sacrifice to thee.
- 4 In answer to our fervent cries,  
Give us to see thy church arise ;  
Or, if that blessing seem too great,  
Give us to mourn its low estate.

DODDRIDGE.

560

S. M.

Watchman, Lisbon.

*Invitation to the House of God.*

- 1 **C**OME to the house of prayer,  
O thou afflicted, come;  
The God of peace shall meet thee there;  
He makes that house his home.
- 2 Come to the house of praise,  
Ye who are happy now;  
In sweet accord your voices raise,  
In kindred homage bow.
- 3 Ye aged, hither come,  
For ye have felt his love;  
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,  
Your lips forget to move.
- 4 Ye young, before his throne,  
Come, bow; your voices raise:  
Let not your hearts his praise disown,  
Who gives the power to praise.
- 5 Thou, whose benignant eye  
In mercy looks on all;  
Who seest the tear of misery,  
And hear'st the mourner's call;—
- 6 Up to thy dwelling-place  
Bear our frail spirits on,  
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,  
And heaven on earth be won. TAYLOR.

561

L. M.

Chatham, Portugal.

**D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord—  
Help us to feed upon thy word;  
All that has been amiss forgive,  
And let thy truth within us live.  
Though we are guilty, thou art good—  
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;  
Give every fettered soul release,  
And bid us all depart in peace. HART.

562

6s &amp; 4s. Bermondsey, Bridgeton.

- 1 **G**LORY to God on high,  
Let heaven and earth reply,  
Praise ye his name!

Angels his love adore,  
Who all our sorrows bore,  
And saints sing, evermore,  
"Worthy the Lamb."

- 2 Ye, who surround the throne,  
Cheerfully join in one,  
Praising his name!  
Ye, who have felt his blood,  
Sealing your peace with God,  
Sound his dear name abroad;  
"Worthy the Lamb."

- 3 Soon must we change our place,  
Yet will we never cease  
Praising his name!  
Still will we tribute bring,  
Hail him our gracious King,  
And through all ages sing,  
"Worthy the Lamb."

HILL'S COLL.

## 563

L. M.

Castle Street, Green's.

*God and his Church.*

- 1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings  
The joy that from thy presence springs:  
To spend one day with thee on earth,  
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place  
Within thy house, O God of grace;  
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,  
Should tempt my feet to leave the door.
- 3 God is our sun, he makes our day;  
God is our shield, he guards our way  
From all the 'assaults of hell and sin,  
From foes without and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,  
And crown that grace with glory too;  
He gives us all things, and withholds  
No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway  
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,  
And devils at thy presence flee,  
Blest is the man who trusts in thee.

WATTS.

564

L. M.

Old Hundred.

- 1 **G**REAT God, indulge my humble claim  
 Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest;  
 The glories that compose thy name  
 Stand all engaged to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,  
 Thou art my Father and my God!  
 And I am thine by sacred ties,  
 Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.
- 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,  
 For thee I long, to thee I look,  
 As travellers, in thirsty lands,  
 Pant for the cooling water brook.
- E'en life itself, without thy love,  
 No lasting pleasure can afford;  
 Yea, 'twould a tiresome burden prove,  
 If I were banished from thee, Lord.
- I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,  
 While I have breath to pray or praise:  
 This work shall make my heart rejoice,  
 And spend the remnant of my days.

565

8s, 7s &amp; 4. Sicilian Hymn, Greenville.

*Dismission.*

- G**OD of our salvation, hear us;  
 Bless, oh bless us, ere we go:  
 When we join the world, be near us,  
 Lest we cold and careless grow:  
 Saviour, keep us—  
 Keep us safe from every foe.
- May we live in view of heaven,  
 Where we hope to see thy face:  
 Save us from unhallowed heaven—  
 All that might obscure thy grace:  
 Keep us walking  
 Each in his appointed place.
- As our steps are drawing nearer  
 To the place we call our home,  
 May our view of heaven grow clearer,  
 Hope more bright of joys to come;  
 And, when dying,  
 May thy presence cheer the gloom. KELLY

## 566

C. M.

Hymn 2d, Bethlehem.

*Going to Church.* Ps. 122.

- 1 **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear  
My friends devoutly say,  
"In Zion let us all appear,  
"And keep the solemn day!"
  - 2 I love her gates, I love the road ;  
The church, adorned with grace,  
Stands like a palace built for God,  
To show his milder face.
  - 3 Peace be within this sacred place,  
And joy a constant guest !  
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,  
Be her attendants blest.
  - 4 My soul shall pray for Zion still,  
While life or breath remains :  
Here my best friends, my kindred dwell,  
Here God, my Saviour, reigns. WATTS.
- 

## 567

L. M. Portugal, Green's Hundredth.

*The Pleasures of Public Worship.* Ps. 84.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !  
With long desire my spirit faints  
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode ;  
My panting heart cries out for God ;  
My God ! my King ! why should I be  
So far from all my joys and thee ?
- 3 Blest are the souls that find a place  
Within the temple of thy grace ;  
There they behold thy gentler rays,  
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set  
To find the way to Zion's gate :  
God is their strength ; and through the road  
They lean upon their helper, God.
- 5 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,  
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;  
Till all before thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there. WATTS.



568

8s, 7s &amp; 4. Sicilian Hymn, Greenville.

*Before Sermon.*

- 1 **I**N thy name, O Lord, assembling,  
We, thy people, now draw near;  
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;  
Speak, and let thy servants hear—  
Hear with meekness—  
Hear thy word with godly fear.
- 2 While our days on earth are lengthened,  
Let us give them, Lord, to thee;  
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,  
We would run, nor weary be,  
Till thy glory,  
Without clouds, in heaven we see.
- 3 There in worship, purer, sweeter,  
All thy people shall adore;  
Tasting of enjoyment greater  
Than they could conceive before;—  
Full enjoyment—  
Holy bliss, for evermore

PRATT'S COLL.

569

C. M.

Christmas, Palma.

*A Song of Praise.* Ps. 150.

- 1 **I**N God's own house pronounce his praise;  
His grace he there reveals;  
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,  
For there his glory dwells.
- 2 Let all your sacred passions move,  
While you rehearse his deeds;  
But the great work of saving love  
Your highest praise exceeds.
- 3 All that have motion, life and breath,  
Proclaim your Maker blest;  
Yet when my voice expires in death,  
My soul shall praise him best.

WATTS.

570

C. M.

Newmark, St. Martin's.

- 1 **I**N thy great name, O Lord, we come  
To worship at thy feet;  
Oh, pour thy Holy Spirit down  
On all that now shall meet.
- 2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,  
To hear the Saviour's voice;

Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek ;  
Now make our hearts rejoice.

- 3 Teach us to pray, and praise—to hear  
And understand thy word ;  
To feel thy blissful presence near,  
And trust our living Lord.

- 4 Let sinners now thy goodness prove,  
And saints rejoice in thee ;  
Let rebels be subdued by love,  
And to the Saviour flee.

HOSKINS.

## 571

L. M.

Luton.

*The House of God.*

- 1 **L**O, God is here! let us adore,  
And humbly bow before his face ;  
Let all within us feel his power,  
Let all within us seek his grace.
- 2 Lo, God is here! him day and night  
United choirs of angels sing :  
To him, enthroned above all height,  
Heaven's host their noblest homage bring.
- 3 Being of beings! may our praise  
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill :  
Still may we stand before thy face,  
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

SALISBURY COLL.

## 572

L. M. Geneva, Green's Hundredth.

*Vision of the dry Bones. Ezek. xxxvii. 3.*

- 1 **L**OOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
See Adam's race in ruin lie ;  
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,  
And scatters slaughtered heaps around.
- 2 And can these mouldering corpses live ?  
And can these perished bones revive?—  
That, mighty God, to thee is known ;  
That wondrous work is all thine own.
- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain,  
To prophesy upon the slain ;  
In vain they call, in vain they cry,  
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,  
Life spreads through all the realms of death :  
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice,  
They move—they waken—they rejoice.

DODDRIDGE.

## 573

8s, 7s &amp; 4. Sicilian Hymn, Greenville.

*Dismission.*

1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;  
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
 Let us, each thy love possessing,  
 Triumph in redeeming grace:  
 Oh refresh us,  
 Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
 For thy gospel's joyful sound;  
 May the fruits of thy salvation  
 In our hearts and lives abound!  
 May thy presence  
 With us evermore be found!

3 Then, whene'er the signal's given,  
 Us from earth to call away—  
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
 Glad the summons to obey—  
 May we ever  
 Reign with Christ in endless day!

BURDER'S COLL.

## 574

L. M.

Rothwell, Wells.

*Prayer for the Presence of Christ.*

1 **L**ORD, in the temples of thy grace,  
 Thy saints behold thy smiling face;  
 And oft have seen thy glories shine  
 With power and majesty divine;—

But soon, alas! thy absence mourn,  
 And pray, and wish thy kind return:  
 Without thy life-inspiring light,  
 'Tis all a scene of gloomy night.

Come, dearest Lord; thy children cry;  
 Our graces droop, our comforts die;  
 Return, and let thy glories rise  
 Again to our admiring eyes;—

Till, filled with light, and joy, and love,  
 Thy courts below, like those above,  
 Triumphant hallelujahs raise,  
 And heaven and earth resound thy praise.

STEEL.

575

C. M.

Ferry, Mear.

*The Seed of the Word.*

- 1 **L**ORD of the harvest, God of grace,  
Send down thy heavenly rain :  
In vain we plant without thine aid,  
And water too in vain.
- 2 May no vain thoughts, those birds of prey,  
Defraud us of our gain ;  
Nor anxious cares, those baleful thorns,  
Choke up the precious grain.
- 3 Ne'er may our hearts be like the rock,  
Where but the blade can spring,  
Which, scorched with heat, becomes by noon  
A dead, a useless thing.
- 4 Let not the joys thy gospel gives  
A transient rapture prove ;  
Nor may the world, by smiles and frowns,  
Our faith and hope remove.
- 5 But may our hearts, like fertile soil,  
Receive the heavenly word ;  
So shall our fair and ripened fruits  
Their hundred fold afford.

576

8s &amp; 7s. Walpole, Sicilian Hymn.

• *Dismission.*

- 1 **M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord,  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford. **NEWTON.**

577

C. M.

Barby, London.

*The Seed of the Word.*

- 1 **O** GOD, by whom the seed is given,  
By whom the harvest blest ;  
Whose word, like manna showered from  
Is planted in our breast ;— [heaven,
- 2 Preserve it from the passing feet,  
And plunderers of the air ;  
The sultry sun's intenser heat,  
And weeds of worldly care !

- 3 Though buried deep, or thinly strown,  
Do thou thy grace supply :  
The hope, in earthly furrows sown,  
Shall ripen in the sky. HEBER.

578

10s &amp; 11s.

Lyons.

*Adoring Praise.* Ps. 104.

- 1 **O**H praise ye the Lord, his greatness proclaim ;  
Jehovah, our God, how awful thy name !  
How vast is thy power, thy glory how great !  
Lo, myriads of spirits thy mandates await !
- 2 Thy canopy's heaven, in splendor so bright ;  
Thy chariot the clouds, thy garment the light ;  
The works of creation thy bidding perform ;  
Thou ridest the whirlwind, directest the storm.
- 3 What wisdom is shown, what power displayed  
In all that thy hand hath fashioned and made ;  
The earth full of riches, in beauty complete ;  
The fathomless ocean, with wonders replete.
- 4 O thou, our great God, Redeemer and King,  
With hearts full of love, to thee will we sing ;  
To life's latest moment our voices we'll raise,  
And join the full chorus of blessing and praise.
- SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

579

L. M.

Leeds, New Sabbath.

- 1 **O**SUN of righteousness divine,  
On us with beams of mercy shine,  
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,  
And turn our darkness into day.
- 2 While mourning o'er our guilt and shame,  
And asking mercy in thy name,  
Dear Saviour, cleanse us with thy blood,  
And be our Advocate with God.
- Sustain, when sinking in distress,  
And guide us through this wilderness ;  
Teach our low thoughts from earth to rise,  
And lead us onward to the skies.

580

S. M.

Sicily, Concord

*Dismission.*

- 1 **O**NCE more, before we part,  
We'll bless the Saviour's name ;

Record his mercies, every heart ;  
Sing, every tongue, the same.

- 2 Receive his sacred word,  
And feed thereon and grow ;  
Go on to seek, to know the Lord,  
And practise what you know.

HART.

581

C. M.

Stephens, Dundee.

*Pure Worship.*

- 1 **T**HE offerings to thy throne, which rise,  
Of mingled praise and prayer,  
Are but a worthless sacrifice  
Unless the heart is there.
- 2 Upon thine all discerning ear  
Let no vain words intrude ;  
No tribute, but the vow sincere,  
The tribute of the good.
- 3 My offerings will indeed be blest,  
If sanctified by thee ;  
If thy pure Spirit touch my breast,  
With its own purity.
- 4 O may that Spirit warm my heart  
To piety and love,  
And, to life's lowly vale impart  
Some rays from heaven above.

582

7s.

Eddyfield.

*After Sermon.*

- 1 **T**HANKS for mercies, Lord, receive ;  
Pardon of our sins renew ;  
Teach us, henceforth, how to live  
With eternity in view.
- 2 Bless thy word to old and young ;  
Grant us, now, thy peace and love ;  
And, when life's short race is run,  
Take us to thy house above.

BRATT. ST. COLL.

583

L. M.

Uxbridge.

*Dismission.*

- 1 **T**HE peace which God alone reveals,  
And by his word of grace imparts,  
Which only the believer feels,  
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts !

- 2 And may the holy Three in One,  
The Father, Word, and Comforter,  
Pour an abundant blessing down  
On every soul assembled here!

MONTGOMERY.

584

L. M. Sheffield, Truro, Monmouth.  
*Divine Protection. Ps. 121.*

- 1 **U**P to the hills I lift mine eyes,  
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;  
Thence all her help my soul derives;  
There my almighty refuge lives.
- 2 He lives! the everlasting God,  
Who built the world, who spread the flood!  
The heavens with all their hosts he made;  
And the dark regions of the dead!
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;  
His morning smiles bless all the day!  
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps  
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel, a name divinely blest,  
May rise secure, securely rest;  
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes  
Admit no slumber or surprise.
- 5 No sun shall smite thy head by day;  
Nor the pale moon, with sickly ray,  
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star  
Dart his malignant fire so far.
- 6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,  
Still thou shalt go, and still return,  
Safe in the Lord; his heavenly care  
Defends thy life from every snare. WATTS.

585

C. M. Clifford, St. Martin's.  
*Vows made in Trouble, paid in the Church.*

- 1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God,  
For all his kindness shown?  
My feet shall visit thine abode,  
My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints who fill thine house,  
My offering shall be paid;  
There shall my zeal perform the vows  
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How happy all thy servants are!  
How great thy grace to me!

My life, which thou hast made thy care,  
Lord, I devote to thee.

- 4 Now I am thine—for ever thine—  
Nor shall my purpose move;  
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,  
And bound me with thy love.
- 5 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,  
And thy rich grace record;  
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,  
If I forsake the Lord.

WATTS.

## 586

L. M.

Wells.

- 1 **W**HEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be  
That I shall find my all in thee?  
The fulness of thy promise prove,  
The seal of thine eternal love?
- 2 A poor blind child, I wander here,  
If haply I may feel thee near:  
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,  
Amidst the blaze of gospel day.
- 3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,  
And cast the world and flesh behind;  
Thou, only thou, to me be given,  
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.
- 4 When from the arm of flesh set free,  
Jesus, my soul shall fly to thee:  
Jesus, when I have lost my all,  
I shall upon thy bosom fall.

METH. COLL.

## 587

C. M.

Howard's, Dundee.

*Acceptable Worship.*

- 1 **W**HEREWITH shall I approach the Lord,  
And bow before his throne?  
Oh! how procure his kind regard,  
And for my guilt atone?
- 2 Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,  
And spicy fumes ascend?  
Will these my earnest wish succeed,  
And make my God my friend?
- 3 O no, my soul! 'twere fruitless all;  
Such offerings are vain;  
No fatlings, from the field or stall,  
His favor can obtain.



- 4 To men their rights I must allow,  
And proofs of kindness give;  
To God with humble reverence bow,  
And to his glory live. BROWNE.

**588** C. M. Hymn 2d, Mear.  
*Appearance before God, here and hereafter.*

- 1 **W**HILE I am banished from thy house,  
I mourn in secret, Lord;  
When shall I come and pay my vows,  
And hear thy holy word?
- 2 I love to see my Lord below,  
His church displays his grace;  
But upper worlds his glory show,  
And view him face to face.
- 3 I love to worship at his feet,  
Though sin attack me there;  
But saints, exalted near his seat,  
Have no assaults to fear.
- 4 I'm pleased to meet him in his court,  
And taste his heavenly love;  
But still I think his visits short,  
Or I too soon remove.
- 5 He shines, and I am all delight;  
He hides, and all is pain;  
When will he fix me in his sight,  
And ne'er depart again? WATTS.

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LORD'S DAY.

**589** L. M. Portugal, Blendon

- 1 **A**NOTHER six days' work is done,  
Another Sabbath is begun;  
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest—  
Improve the day thy God has blest.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns  
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;  
Provides an antepast of heaven,  
And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O, that our thoughts and thanks may rise,  
As grateful incense to the skies;

And draw from heaven that sweet repose,  
Which none, but he that feels it, knows.

- 4 This heavenly calm, within the breast,  
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,  
Which for the church of God remains,  
The end of cares, the end of pains.

- 5 In holy duties let the day,  
In holy pleasures, pass away ;  
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

STENNETT.

590

H. M.

Murray, Triumph.

*Resurrection of Christ celebrated.*

- 1 **A**WAKE, our drowsy souls,  
And burst the slothful band ;  
The wonders of this day  
Our noblest songs demand :  
Auspicious morn ! thy blissful rays  
Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise.
- 2 At thy approaching dawn,  
Reluctant death resigned  
The glorious Prince of life,  
In dark domains confined :  
The angelic host around him bends,  
And, midst their shouts, the God ascends.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord !  
Heaven with hosannas rings ;  
While earth, in humbler strains,  
Thy praise responsive sings :  
"Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,  
"Through endless years to live and reign."
- 4 Gird on, great God, thy sword,  
Ascend thy conquering car,  
While justice, truth, and love,  
Maintain the glorious war :  
Victorious, thou thy foes shalt tread,  
And sin and hell in triumph lead. SCOTT.

591

S. M.

Watchman, Sutton.

*The Book of Nature and the Scriptures.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the lofty sky  
Declares its maker God ;  
And all his starry works on high  
Proclaim his power abroad.

- 2 The darkness and the light,  
Still keep their course the same ;  
While night to day, and day to night,  
Divinely teach his name.
- 3 In every different land,  
Their general voice is known ;  
They show the wonders of his hand,  
And orders of his throne.
- 4 Ye Christian lands, rejoice,  
Here he reveals his word ;  
We are not left to nature's voice,  
To bid us know the Lord.
- 5 His statutes and commands  
Are set before our eyes ;  
He puts his gospel in our hands,  
Where our salvation lies.
- 6 His laws are just and pure,  
His truth without deceit,  
His promises for ever sure,  
And his rewards are great.

WATTS.

592

S. M.

Dover, Felham.

*Excellence of God's Word. Morning. Ps. 19.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the morning sun  
Begins his glorious way !  
His beams through all the nations run,  
And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes,  
It spreads diviner light ;  
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,  
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word !  
And all thy judgments just !  
For ever sure thy promise, Lord  
And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain  
Are thy directions given !  
O, may I never read in vain,  
But find the path to heaven.
- 5 I hear thy word with love,  
And I would fain obey ;  
Send thy good Spirit from above,  
To guide me, lest I stray.

- 6 While, with my heart and tongue,  
I spread thy praise abroad,  
Accept the worship and the song,  
My Saviour and my God.

WATTS.

## 593

C. M.

Irish, Mear.

*The Lord's Day ; or, the Resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 **B**LEST morning, whose young dawning  
rays,  
Beheld our rising God;  
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,  
And leave his dark abode !
- 2 In the cold prison of a tomb  
The great Redeemer lay,  
Till the revolving skies had brought  
The third, th' appointed day.
- 3 Hell and the grave unite their force  
To hold our God in vain ;  
The sleeping Conqueror arose,  
And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To thy great name, Almighty Lord,  
These sacred hours we pay ;  
And loud hosannas shall proclaim  
The triumph of the day.
- 5 Salvation and immortal praise  
To our victorious King ;  
Let heaven, and earth, and rocks, and seas,  
With glad hosannas ring.

WATTS.

## 594

S. M. Peckham, Silver Street.

*Before Sermon.*

- 1 **C**OME, sound his praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing ;  
Jehovah is the sovereign God,  
The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown ;  
He gave the seas their bound ;  
The watery worlds are all his own,  
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne ;  
Come, bow before the Lord :  
We are his works, and not our own ;  
He formed us by his word.

- 4 To-day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod;  
Come, like the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God. **WATTS.**

**595** C. M. Medfield.  
*Seeking God. Morning. Ps. 63.*

- 1 **E**ARLY, my God, without delay,  
I haste to seek thy face:  
My thirsty spirit faints away,  
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims, on the scorching sand,  
Beneath a burning sky,  
Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
And they must drink or die.
- 3 Not life itself, with all its joys,  
Can my best passions move,  
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,  
As thy forgiving love.
- 4 Thus, till my last expiring day,  
I'll bless my God and King;  
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
And tune my lips to sing. **WATTS.**

**596** C. M. Barby, Mear.  
*Evening of the Lord's Day.*

- 1 **F**REQUENT the day of God returns  
To shed its quickening beams;  
And yet how slow devotion burns!  
How languid are its flames!
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love;  
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;  
We would be like thy saints above,  
And praise thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,  
And fit us to ascend  
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,  
The Sabbath ne'er shall end;—
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,  
With heavenly lustre shine;  
—Before the throne of God appear,  
And feast on love divine. **BROWN**

## 597

L. M. 6L.

Dresden.

- 1 **G**REAT God, this sacred day of thine  
 Demands the soul's collected powers;  
 With joy we now to thee resign  
 These solemn, consecrated hours:  
 O may our souls adoring own  
 The grace that calls us to thy throne.
- 2 All-seeing God, thy piercing eye  
 Can every secret thought explore;  
 May worldly cares our bosoms fly,  
 And where thou art, intrude no more:  
 O may thy grace our spirits move,  
 And fix our minds on things above!
- 3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,  
 And bid thy word, with life divine,  
 Engage the ear—and warm the heart;  
 Then shall the day indeed be thine:  
 Our souls shall then adoring own  
 The grace that calls us to thy throne.

EPIS. COLL.

## 598

H. M.

Bethesda.

*Longing for the House of God.*

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,  
 How pleasant and how fair  
 The dwellings of thy love,  
 Thy earthly temples are!  
 To thine abode  
 My heart aspires,  
 With warm desires  
 To see my God.
- O, happy souls, who pray,  
 Where God appoints to hear;  
 O, happy men, who pay  
 Their constant service there!  
 They praise thee still;  
 And happy they,  
 Who love the way  
 To Zion's hill.
- They go from strength to strength,  
 Through this dark vale of tears;  
 Till each arrives, at length,  
 Till each in heaven appears:  
 O, glorious seat,  
 When God our King,  
 Shall thither bring  
 Our willing feet!

- 4 To spend one sacred day  
Where God and saints abide,  
Affords diviner joy  
Than thousand days beside:  
Where God resorts,  
I love it more  
To keep the door,  
Than shine in courts.
- 5 The Lord his people loves;  
His hand no good withholds  
From those his heart approves,  
From pure and pious souls:  
Thrice happy he,  
O God of hosts,  
Whose spirit trusts  
Alone in thee.

WATTS.

599

S. M.

Worcester, Newton.

*Seeking God.*

- 1 **M**Y God, permit my tongue  
This joy, to call thee mine;  
And let my early cries prevail,  
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 For life, without thy love,  
No relish can afford;  
No joy can be compared with this,  
To serve and please the Lord.
- 3 To thee I'll lift my hands,  
And praise thee while I live;  
Not the rich dainties of a feast,  
Such food or pleasure give.
- 4 In wakeful hours of night,  
I call my God to mind;  
I think how wise thy counsels are,  
And all thy dealings kind.
- 5 Since thou hast been my help,  
To thee my spirit flies;  
And on thy watchful providence  
My cheerful hope relies.
- 6 The shadow of thy wings  
My soul in safety keeps;  
I follow where my Father leads,  
And he supports my steps.

WATTS.

## 600

C. M.

Greenwalk, Walsal.

*Evening.*

- 1 **O**N the first Christian Sabbath eve,  
When the disciples met,  
O'er his lost fellowship to grieve,  
Nor knew the Scripture yet;—
- 2 Lo! in their midst his form was seen,  
The form in which he died;  
Their Master's marred and wounded mien,  
His hands, his feet, his side.
- 3 Then were they glad their Lord to know,  
And hailed him yet with fear;  
Jesus, again thy presence show;  
Meet thy disciples here. MONTGOMERY.

## 601

7s.

Pavilion, Sabbath.

*Sabbath Morning.*

- 1 **S**AFELY through another week,  
God has brought us on our way;  
Let us now a blessing seek,  
Waiting in his courts to-day:  
Day of all the week the best;  
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,  
Through the dear Redeemer's name,  
Show thy reconciling face—  
Take away our sin and shame:  
From our worldly cares set free,  
May we rest this day in thee.
- 3 Here we come thy name to praise;  
Let us feel thy presence near:  
May thy glory meet our eyes,  
While we in thy house appear:  
Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting feast.
- 4 May the gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;  
Make the fruits of grace abound;  
Bring relief from all complaints:  
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,  
Till we join the church above. NEWTON.



602

S. M.

St. Thomas, Sutton.

*Salvation by Christ.*

- 1 **S**EE what a living Stone  
The builders did refuse :  
Yet God hath built his church thereon,  
In spite of envious Jews.
- 2 The scribe and angry priest,  
Reject thine only Son ;  
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,  
As the chief corner-stone.
- 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,  
And wondrous in our eyes ;  
This day declares it all divine,  
This day did Jesus rise.
- 4 This is the glorious day  
That our Redeemer made ;  
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray ;  
Let all the church be glad.
- 5 Hosanna to the King  
Of David's royal blood ;  
Bless him, ye saints ; he comes to bring  
Salvation from your God.
- 6 We bless thine holy name,  
Which all this grace displays ;  
And offer on thine altar, Lord,  
Our sacrifice of praise.

WATTS

603

S. M.

Concord, Philadelphia.

*The Day of Rest. Morning or Evening. Ps. 92.*

- 1 **S**WEET is the task, O Lord,  
Thy glorious acts to sing,  
To praise thy name, and hear thy word,  
And grateful offerings bring ;—
- 2 Sweet, at the dawning hour,  
Thy boundless love to tell ;  
And, when the night-wind shuts the flower,  
Still on the theme to dwell ;—
- 3 Sweet, on this day of rest,  
To join, in heart and voice,  
With those who love and serve thee best,  
And in thy name rejoice.
- 4 To songs of praise and joy  
Be every Sabbath given,  
That such may be our blest employ  
Eternally in heaven.

## 604

L. M. Green's Hundredth, Monmouth.

- 1 **S**WEET is the work, my God, my King,  
 To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,  
 To show thy love by morning light,  
 And talk of all thy truths at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;  
 No mortal care shall seize my breast;  
 O may my heart in tune be found,  
 Like David's harp of solemn sound!
- 3 Then shall I share a glorious part,  
 When grace hath well refined my heart,  
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
 All I desired or wished below;  
 And every power find sweet employ  
 In that eternal world of joy.      WATTS.

## 605

L. M. 6L.

Eaton, Carthage.

*He shall feed his Flock like a Shepherd.*

- 1 **T**HE Saviour meets his flock to-day;  
 Shall I in sloth abide at home?  
 Shall I behind the people stay,  
 When Jesus kindly bids me come?  
 I'll go,—it is a place for prayer,—  
 In hope that God may meet me there.
- 2 How long did faithful Hannah wait,  
 And served the Lord for many years,  
 Attending at the temple gate,  
 With fasting and with many tears!  
 She seldom left the house of prayer,  
 Till God was pleased to meet her there.
- 3 Remove temptation, O my Lord;  
 And let my enemies be slain,  
 Which would withdraw me from thy word,  
 And plunge me in the world again:  
 And always ready may I stand  
 To take my seat at thy right hand.

## 606

C. M.

Sunday, Howard's.

*The Lord's Day.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,  
 In concert with the blest,

- Who, joyful, in harmonious lays,  
Employ an endless rest.
- 2 Lord, may we still remember thee,  
And more in knowledge grow;  
And may we more of glory see,  
While waiting here below.
- 3 On this glad day a brighter scene  
Of glory was displayed,  
By God, the Eternal Word, than when  
This universe was made.
- 4 He rises, who our souls hath bought,  
With grief and pain extreme:  
'Twas great—to speak the world from nought;  
'Twas greater—to redeem.

DECOURCY'S COLL.

607

L. M. Antigua, Winchester.

*The Eternal Sabbath.* Heb. iv. 9.

- 1 **T**HINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;  
But there's a nobler rest above;  
To that our longing souls aspire,  
With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;  
No groans, to mingle with the songs  
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes;  
No cares to break the long repose;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
Obscures the lustre of thy throne.
- 4 Around thy throne, grant we may meet,  
And give us but the lowest seat;  
We'll shout thy praise, and join the song  
Of the triumphant, holy throng.

DODDRIDGE.

608

S. M.

Watchman, Lisbon.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast  
And these rejoicing eyes!
- 2 The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day;  
Here we may sit and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.

- 3 One day, amidst the place  
Where my dear God hath been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this ;  
And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss.

WATTS.

## 609

H. M.

Murray.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, delightful morn,  
Thou day of sacred rest ;  
I hail thy kind return ;  
Lord, make these moments blest :  
From low delights and mortal toys,  
I soar to reach immortal joys.
- 2 Now may the King descend,  
And fill his throne of grace ;  
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,  
While saints address thy face :  
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,  
And learn to know and fear the Lord.
- 3 Descend, celestial Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers ;  
Disclose a Saviour's love,  
And bless these sacred hours ;  
Then shall my soul new life obtain,  
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

HAYWARD

## 610

C. M. Clarendon, Clifford, Springfield.

- 1 **W**HEN, on the third, auspicious day,  
While yet the blushing dawn  
Shed forth its earliest smiling ray  
To gild the rising morn,—
- 2 The "holy women" sought the place  
Where their Beloved was laid,  
And shining angels preached the grace  
That raised him from the dead.
- 3 They hasted from the hallowed ground,  
Where his dear flesh had lain,  
To tell his mourning friends around,  
That Jesus lives again.

- 4 This day, as days of olden time,  
Is one of heavenly joy ;  
Good tidings reach to every clime,  
And every tongue employ.

## CHURCH.

611

C. M. Plympton, New Durham.

*The Folly of Persecutors. Ps. 14.*

- 1 **A**RE sinners now so senseless grown,  
That they the saints devour?  
And never worship at thy throne,  
Nor fear thine awful power?
- 2 Great God, appear to their surprise ;  
Reveal thy dreadful name ;  
Let them no more thy wrath despise,  
Nor turn our hope to shame.
- 3 Dost thou not dwell among the just ?  
And yet our foes deride  
That we should make thy name our trust :  
Great God, confound their pride.
- 4 O that the joyful day were come,  
To finish our distress !  
When God shall bring his children home,  
Our songs shall never cease. WATTS.

612

L. M. 6L.

Eaton.

*The Presence of God.*

- 1 **A**S, panting in the sultry beam,  
The hart desires the cooling stream,  
So to thy presence, Lord, I flee,  
So longs my soul, O God, for thee ;  
Athirst to taste thy living grace,  
And see thy glory face to face.
- 2 But rising griefs distress my soul,  
And tears on tears successive roll :  
For many an evil voice is near  
To chide my wo, and mock my fear ;  
And silent memory weeps alone,  
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.
- 3 For I have walked the happy round  
That circles Zion's holy ground,

And gladly swelled the choral lays  
That hymned my great Redeemer's praise,  
What time the hallowed arch along  
Responsive swelled the solemn song.

- 4 Ah! why, by passing clouds oppressed,  
Should vexing thoughts distract my breast?  
Turn, turn to him, in every pain,  
Whom never suppliant sought in vain;  
Thy strength, in joy's ecstatic day—  
Thy hope, when joy has passed away. GEMS.

## 613

11s &amp; 10s.

Brightness of Glory.

*Zion Triumphant.*

- 1 **D**AUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness!

Wake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.

Bright, o'er the hills, dawns the day-star of gladness:

Rise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

- 2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,

And scattered their legions, was mightier far;  
They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge  
that pursued them;

Vain were their steeds, and their chariots  
of war.

- 3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee,

Extolled with the harp and the timbrel  
should be;

Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved  
thee;—

The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is  
free!

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

## 614

S. M.

Kibworth, St. Thomas.

*Gospel Worship and Order.*

- 1 **F**AR as thy name is known,  
The world declares thy praise;  
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,  
Their songs of honor raise.

- 2 With joy let Judah stand  
On Zion's chosen hill,  
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,  
And counsels of thy will.

- 3 Let strangers walk around  
The city where we dwell;  
Compass and view the holy ground,  
And mark the building well;—
- 4 The order of thy house,  
The worship of thy court,  
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows;—  
And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent and how wise!  
How glorious to behold!  
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,  
And rites adorned with gold.
- 6 The God we worship now  
Will guide us till we die;  
Will be our God while here below,  
And ours above the sky.

WATTS.

## 615 *L. M. Leeds. Blendon, New Sabbath.* *Church's Safety amidst Desolations. Ps. 43.*

- 1 **G**OD is the refuge of his saints  
When storms of sharp distress invade;  
Ere we can offer our complaints,  
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled  
Down to the deep, and buried there;  
Convulsions shake the solid world;  
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar—  
In sacred peace our souls abide;  
While every nation, every shore,  
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God;  
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,  
And watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,  
Our grief allays, our fear controls:  
Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,  
Secure against a threatening hour;  
Nor can her firm foundations move—  
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

WATTS.

616

L. M.

Green's, All Saints.

*God the Glory and Defence of Zion.*

- 1 **H**APPY the church, thou sacred place,  
The seat of thy Creator's grace;  
Thy holy courts are his abode,  
Thou earthly palace of our God.
- 2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates  
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;  
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,  
Fixed on his counsels and his love.
- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage;  
Against his throne in vain they rage:  
Like rising waves, with angry roar,  
That dash and die upon the shore.
- 4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,  
Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell:  
His arms embrace this happy ground,  
Like brazen bulwarks built around.
- 5 God is our shield, and God our sun:  
Swift as the fleeting moments run,  
On us he sheds new beams of grace,  
And we reflect his brightest praise. WATTS.

617

C. M.

Mear, Clifford.

*The Safety of the Church.* Isa. xxvi. 1, 6.

- 1 **H**OW honorable is the place  
Where we, adoring, stand!  
Zion, the glory of the earth,  
And beauty of the land!
- 2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend  
The city where we dwell;  
The walls, of strong salvation made,  
Defy the assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,  
The doors wide open fling:  
Enter, ye nations that obey  
The statutes of our King.
- 4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,  
And live in perfect peace—  
You who have known Jehovah's name,  
And ventured on his grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,  
And banish all your fears:



Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,  
Eternal as his years. WATTS.

C. M. Braintree, Peterborough.

618

*The Triumph of Christ.*

- 1 "I LIFT my banners," saith the Lord,  
"Where antichrist has stood;  
"The city of my gospel foes  
"Shall be a field of blood.
- 2 "My heart has studied just revenge,  
"And now the day appears;  
"The day of my redeemed is come,  
"To wipe away their tears.
- 3 "I call for helpers, but in vain:  
"Then has my gospel none?  
"Weil, mine own arm has might enough  
"To crush my foes alone.
- 4 "Slaughter and my devouring sword  
"Shall walk the streets around:  
"Babel shall reel beneath my stroke,  
"And stagger to the ground."
- 5 Thine honors, O victorious King,  
Thine own right hand shall raise,  
While we thine awful vengeance sing,  
And our Deliverer praise. WATTS.

619

S. M. Shirland, Hopkins, Watchman.

*Love to the Church.*

- 1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of thine abode—  
The church our blest Redeemer saved  
With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy church, O God;  
Her walls before thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 If e'er to bless thy sons  
My voice or hands deny,  
These hands let useful skill forsake,  
This voice in silence die.
- 4 If e'er my heart forget  
Her welfare or her wo,  
Let every joy this heart forsake,  
And every grief o'erflow

- 5 For her my tears shall fall;  
 For her my prayers ascend;  
 To her my cares and toils be given,  
 Till toils and cares shall end.
- 6 Beyond my highest joy  
 I prize her heavenly ways—  
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
 Her hymns of love and praise.
- 7 Jesus, thou Friend divine,  
 Our Saviour and our King,  
 Thy hand, from every snare and foe,  
 Shall great deliverance bring.
- 8 Sure as thy truth shall last,  
 To Zion shall be given  
 The brightest glories earth can yield,  
 And brighter bliss of heaven. WATTS.

## 620

11s.

Idumea, Immanuel.

*Church in Affliction.* Isa. xlix. 14—17.

- 1 **O** ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave,  
 Whom no man can comfort, whom no  
 man can save;  
 With darkness surrounded, by terrors dis-  
 mayed,  
 In toiling and rowing, thy strength is decayed.
- 2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,  
 But skilful's the Pilot who sits at the helm;  
 His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee de-  
 fends;  
 In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.
- 3 "O fearful! O faithless!" in mercy he cries;  
 "My promise, my truth, are they light in  
 thine eyes?"  
 "Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall  
 stand;  
 "Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee  
 to land.
- 4 "Forget thee I will not—I cannot: thy name,  
 "Engraved on my heart, doth for ever remain;  
 "The palms of my hands while I look on, I  
 see  
 "The wounds I received when suffering for  
 thee.

- 5 "I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,  
 "For thou art most near me—my flesh and my bones;  
 "In all thy distresses thy Head feels the pain—  
 "Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain  
 6 "Then trust me, and fear not; thy life is secure:  
 "My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power;  
 "In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,  
 "To make thee at length in my likeness to shine."  
 JAY'S COLL

## 621 *Zion exalted above the Hills.*

C. M.

Bethlehem

- 1 O'ER mountain tops the mount of God,  
 In latter days, shall rise  
 Above the summit of the hills,  
 And draw the wondering eyes.  
 2 To this the joyful nations round,  
 All tribes and tongues, shall flow;  
 Up to the mount of God, they say,  
 And to his house, we'll go.  
 3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill  
 Shall lighten every land;  
 The King, who reigns in Salem's towers,  
 Shall the whole world command.  
 4 Among the nations he shall judge;  
 His judgments truth shall guide;  
 His sceptre shall protect the just,  
 And crush the sinner's pride.  
 5 No war shall rage, no hostile feuds  
 Disturb those peaceful years:  
 To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,  
 To pruning-hooks their spears.  
 6 Come then, O house of Jacob, come,  
 And worship at his shrine;  
 And, walking in the light of God,  
 With holy beauties shine. SCOTCH PAR

## 622 *Future Glory of the Church.* Ps. 67.

78.

Pleyel's Hymn.

- 1 ON thy church, O Power divine,  
 Cause thy glorious face to shine;

Till the nations from afar  
Hail her as their guiding star.

- 2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,  
Scatter blessings o'er the land;  
And the world's remotest bound  
With the voice of praise resound.

623

C. M.

Cambridge, Mear.

*The Church.* Cant. vi. 10.

- 1 **S**AY, who is she that looks abroad  
Like the sweet blushing dawn,  
When with her living light she paints  
The dew drops of the lawn?
- 2 Fair as the moon, when in the skies  
Serene her throne she guides,  
And o'er the twinkling stars supreme  
In full-orbed glory rides;—
- 3 Clear as the sun, when from the east  
Without a cloud he springs,  
And scatters boundless light and heat  
From his resplendent wings;—
- 4 Tremendous as a host, that moves  
Majestically slow,  
With banners wide displayed, all armed,  
All ardent for the foe;—
- 5 This is the church, by heaven arrayed  
With strength and grace divine;  
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,  
And thus her glories shine. GEMS.

624

C. M. St. David's, Abridge, London.

*Dwelling with God.* Ps. 24.

- 1 **T**HE earth for ever is the Lord's,  
With Adam's numerous race;  
He raised its arches o'er the floods,  
And built it on the seas.
- 2 But who, among the sons of men,  
May visit thine abode?  
He that hath hands from mischief clean,  
Whose heart is right with God.
- 3 This is the man may rise, and take  
The blessings of his grace;  
This is the lot of those that seek  
The God of Jacob's face.

- 4 Now let our souls' immortal powers  
To meet the Lord prepare :  
Lift up their everlasting doors ;  
The King of glory's near.
- 5 The King of glory ! who can tell  
The wonders of his might ?  
He rules the nations ; but to dwell  
With saints is his delight.

WATTS.

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LORD'S SUPPER.

625

C. M.

York, St. James.

- 1 **F**ATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,  
To see thy glories shine ;  
The Lord will his own table bless,  
And make the feast divine.
- 2 We touch, we taste the heavenly bread,  
We drink the sacred cup :  
With outward forms our sense is fed,  
Our souls rejoice in hope.
- 3 We shall appear before the throne  
Of our forgiving God,  
Dressed in the garments of his Son,  
And sprinkled with his blood.
- 4 We shall be strong to run the race,  
And climb the upper sky ;  
Christ will provide our souls with grace ;  
He bought a large supply.
- 5 Let us indulge a cheerful frame,  
For joy becomes a feast ;  
We love the memory of his name  
More than the wine we taste.

WATTS

626

S. M.

Shirland

- 1 **G**LORY to God on high ;  
Our peace is made with heaven ;  
The Son of God came down to die.  
That we might be forgiven.
- 2 His precious blood was shed,  
His body bruised for sin ;

Remember this in eating bread,  
And this in drinking wine.

3 Approach his royal board,  
In his rich garments clad;  
Join every tongue to praise the Lord,  
And every heart be glad.

4 The Father gives the Son;  
The Son his flesh and blood:  
The Spirit applies, and faith puts on  
The righteousness of God. METH. COLL.

627

C. M.

Swanwick.

*Divine Glories and Graces.*

1 **H**OW are thy glories here displayed,  
Great God, how bright they shine,  
While, at thy word, we break the bread,  
And pour the flowing wine!

2 Here thy revenging justice stands,  
And pleads his dreadful cause;  
Here saving mercy spreads her hands,  
Like Jesus on the cross.

3 Thy saints attend, with every grace,  
On this great sacrifice;  
And love appears with cheerful face,  
And faith with fixed eyes.

4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,  
To heaven directs her sight;  
Here every warmer passion meets,  
And warmer powers unite.

5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,  
And rising sin destroy;  
Repentance comes with aching heart—  
Yet not forbids the joy.

6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight,  
Let sin for ever die;  
Then shall our souls be all delight,  
And every tear be dry. WATTS.

628

L. M.

Sicilian.

*The Gospel Feast. Luke xiv. 16, &c.*

1 **H**OW rich are thy provisions, Lord!  
Thy table, furnished from above!  
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,  
The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.

- 2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,  
Were first invited to the feast:  
We humbly take what they refuse,  
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.
- 3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame;  
And help was far, and death was nigh!  
But, at the gospel call, we came,  
And every want received supply.
- 4 From the highway that leads to hell,  
From paths of darkness and despair,  
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,  
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.
- 5 What shall we pay th' eternal Son,  
Who left the heaven of his abode,  
And to this wretched earth came down,  
To bring us wanderers back to God!
- 6 Our everlasting love is due  
To him who ransomed sinners lost;  
And pitied rebels, when he knew  
The vast expense his love would cost.

WATTS.

## 629

C. M. St. Martin's, Christmas.

*Divine Love making a Feast, and calling in the guests.*

- 1 **H**OW sweet and awful is the place,  
With Christ within the doors,  
While everlasting love displays  
The choicest of her stores!
- 2 Here every bowel of our God  
With soft compassion rolls;  
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,  
Is food for dying souls.
- 3 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,  
That sweetly drew us in;  
Else we had still refused to taste,  
And perished in our sin.
- 4 Pity the nations, O our God;  
Constrain the earth to come;  
Send thy victorious word abroad,  
And bring the strangers home.
- 5 We long to see thy churches full,  
That all the chosen race  
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,  
Sing thy redeeming grace.

WATTS

## 630

S. M.

Dover.

*Communion with Christ, and with Saints.*

1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

- 1 **J**ESUS invites his saints  
To meet around his board ;  
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold  
Communion with the Lord.
- 2 For food he gives his flesh ;  
He bids us drink his blood :  
Amazing favor, matchless grace,  
Of our descending God !
- 3 This holy bread and wine  
Maintain our fainting breath,  
By union with our living Lord,  
And interest in his death.
- 4 Our heavenly Father calls  
Christ and his members one ;  
We the young children of his love,  
And he the First-born Son.
- 5 We are but several parts  
Of the same broken bread ;  
One body hath its several limbs,  
But Jesus is the head.
- 6 Let all our powers be joined,  
His glorious name to raise ;  
Pleasure and love fill every mind,  
And every voice be praise.

WATTS.

## 631

L. M.

Bath.

*The Memorial of our absent Lord.*

- 1 **J**ESUS is gone above the skies,  
Where our weak senses reach him not ;  
And carnal objects court our eyes,  
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,  
Apt to forget his lovely face ;  
And, to refresh our minds, he gave  
These kind memorials of his grace.
- 3 The Lord of life this table spread,  
With his own flesh and dying blood ;  
We on the rich provision feed,  
And taste the wine, and bless our God.



- 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,  
And earth grow less in our esteem;  
Christ and his love fill every thought,  
And faith and hope be fixed on him.
- 5 Whilst he is absent from our sight,  
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,  
That we may dwell in heavenly light,  
And live for ever near his face. WATTS.

## 632

C. M.

Barby.

- 1 **J**ESUS! O word divinely sweet!  
How charming is the sound!  
What joyful news! what heavenly sense  
In that dear name is found!
- 2 Our souls, all guilty, and condemned,  
In hopeless fetters lay;  
Our souls, with numerous sins depraved,  
To death and hell a prey.
- 3 Jesus, to purge away this guilt  
A willing victim fell,  
And on his cross triumphant broke  
The bands of death and hell.
- 4 Our foes were mighty to destroy;  
He mighty was to save:  
He died, but could not long be held  
A prisoner in the grave.
- 5 Jesus, who mighty art to save,  
Still push thy conquest on;  
Extend the triumphs of thy cross,  
Where'er the sun has shone.
- 6 O Captain of salvation, make  
Thy power and mercy known;  
Till crowds of willing converts come  
And worship at thy throne. STENNETT.

## 633

C. M.

Rochester.

- The Provisions for the Table of our Lord.*
- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,  
And sing the solemn feast;  
Where sweet, celestial dainties stand,  
For every willing guest.
- 2 The tree of life adorns the board,  
With rich, immortal fruit;  
And ne'er an angry, flaming sword,  
To guard the passage to't

- 3 The cup stands crowned with living juice,  
The fountain flows above ;  
And runs down streaming, for our use,  
In rivulets of love.
- 4 The food's prepared by heavenly art,  
The pleasure's well refined ;  
They spread new life through every heart,  
And cheer the drooping mind.
- 5 Shout, and proclaim the Saviour's love,  
Ye saints that taste his wine ;  
Join with your kindred saints above,  
In loud hosannas join.
- 6 A thousand glories to the God  
Who gives such joy as this ;  
Hosanna ! let it sound abroad,  
And reach where Jesus is.

WATTS.

## 634

C. M.

Wantage.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy table I behold  
The wonders of thy grace ;  
But most of all admire that I  
Should find a welcome place.
- 2 What strange, surprising grace is this,  
That such a soul has room !  
My Saviour takes me by the hand,  
My Jesus bids me come.
- 3 " Eat, O my friends," the Saviour cries ;  
" The feast was made for you :  
" For you I groaned, and bled, and died,  
" And rose, and triumphed too."
- 4 With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts,  
Lord, we accept thy love :  
'Tis a rich banquet we have had,—  
What will it be above ?
- 5 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,  
Join all your praising powers :  
No theme is like redeeming love,  
No Saviour is like ours.

STENNETT.

## 635

L. M.

Wells.

- 1 **N**OW, far above these starry skies,  
Our Jesus fills his brighter throne,  
Invisible to mortal eyes,  
But not to humble faith unknown.

- 2 The countless hosts that round him stand,  
The subjects of his sovereign power,  
Fly through the world at his command,  
Or prostrate at his feet adore.
- 3 His name above all creatures great,  
He all sustains and all controls;  
Yet, from his high, exalted state,  
Looks kindly down on humble souls.
- 4 Though in the glories he possessed,  
Long ere this world or time began,  
He shines the Son of God confessed,  
Yet owns himself the Son of man.
- 5 Here once in agonies he died,  
Now in the heavens he ever lives;  
Of joy there pours the eternal tide,  
Here saves the sinner who believes.
- 6 Come, quickly come, immortal King;  
On earth thy regal honors raise;  
The full salvation promised, bring;  
Then every tongue shall sing thy praise.  
TURNER.

## 636

C. M.

Mear.

- 1 **T**HE King of heaven his table spreads,  
And blessings crown the board;  
Not paradise, with all its joys,  
Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,  
And endless life, are given,  
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed  
To raise our souls to heaven.
- 3 Millions of souls, in glory now,  
Were fed and feasted here;  
And millions more, still on the way,  
Around the board appear.
- 4 All things are ready; come away,  
Nor weak excuses frame;  
Crowd to your places at the feast,  
And bless the Founder's name.

METH. COLL.

## MINISTRY.

637

L. M.

Green's Hundredth.

- 1 **C**OMFORT, ye ministers of grace,  
Comfort the people of your Lord ;  
O, lift ye up the fallen race,  
And cheer them by the gospel word.
- 2 Go into every nation, go,  
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,  
Glad tidings unto all we show ;  
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.
- 3 The Lord your God shall quickly come ;  
Sinners, repent, the call obey ;  
Open your hearts to make him room ;  
Ye desert souls, prepare his way.
- 4 The Lord shall clear his way through all ;  
Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain ;  
The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,  
Crooked be straight, and rugged plain.
- 5 The glory of the Lord, displayed,  
Shall all mankind together view,  
And what his mouth in truth hath said,  
His own almighty hand shall do.

METH. COLL.

638

L. M.

Dunstan, Luton.

*Institution of the Gospel Ministry.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy house  
Smile on our homage and our vows ;  
While with a grateful heart we share  
These pledges of our Saviour's care.
- 2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose  
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,  
Scattered his gifts on men below,  
And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 3 Hence sprung the apostle's honored name,  
Sacred beyond heroic fame :  
In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,  
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.
- 4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,  
And, fed by Christ, their graces live ;

While, guarded by his potent hand,  
Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

- 5 So shall the bright succession run  
Through the last courses of the sun ;  
While unborn churches, by their care,  
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.
- 6 Jesus our Lord, their hearts shall know,  
The springs whence all these blessings flow ;  
Pastors and people shout his praise  
Through the long round of endless days.

DODDRIDGE.

## 639

L. M. 6L.

Eaton, Wexford.

- 1 **G**IVE me the faith which can remove  
And sink the mountain to a plain ;  
Give me the childlike, praying love,  
Which longs to build thy house again :  
Thy love let it my heart o'erpower,  
And all my simple soul devour.

- 2 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,  
Into thy blessed hands receive ;  
And let me live to preach thy word,  
And let me to thy glory live ;  
My every sacred moment spend  
In publishing the sinner's Friend.

- 3 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart  
With boundless charity divine ;  
So shall I all my strength exert,  
And love them with a zeal like thine ;  
And lead them to thy open side,  
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

METH. COLL.

## 640

L. M.

Old Hundred, Blendon.

*Ordination.*

- 1 **G**REAT Lord of angels, we adore  
The grace that builds thy courts below ;  
And, through ten thousand sons of light,  
Stoops to regard what mortals do.

- 2 Amidst the wastes of time and death,  
Successive pastors thou dost raise,  
Thy charge to keep, thy house to guide,  
And form a people for thy praise.

The heavenly natives, with delight,  
Hover around the sacred place ;

- Nor scorn to learn from mortal tongues  
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 4 At length, dismissed from feeble clay,  
Thy servants join th' angelic band ;  
With them through distant worlds they fly,  
With them before thy presence stand
- 5 O glorious hope ! O blest employ !  
Sweet lenitive of grief and care !  
When shall we reach those radiant courts,  
And all their joy and honor share ?
- 6 Yet while these labors we pursue,  
Thus distant from thy heavenly throne,  
Give us a zeal and love like theirs,  
And half their heaven shall here be known.
- DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the word of mercy give,  
And let it swiftly run ;  
And let the priests themselves believe,  
And put salvation on.
- 2 Clothed with the spirit of holiness,  
May all thy people prove  
The plenitude of gospel grace,  
The joy of perfect love.
- 3 Jesus, let all thy lovers shine,  
Illustrious as the sun ;  
And, bright with borrowed rays divine,  
Their glorious circuit run.
- 4 Beyond the reach of mortals, spread  
Their light where'er they go ;  
And heavenly influences shed  
On all the world below.
- 5 As giants, may they run their race,  
Exulting in their might ;  
As burning luminaries, chase  
The gloom of hellish night ;—
- 6 As the bright Sun of righteousness,  
Their healing wings display ;  
And let their lustre still increase  
Unto the perfect day.
- METH. COLL.

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**642** C. M. Abridge, Christmas.  
*Ministers watch for Souls.* Heb. xiii. 17.

- 1 **L**ET Zion's watchmen all awake,  
And take the alarm they give;  
Now let them from the mouth of God  
Their awful charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import  
The pastor's care demands;  
But what might fill an angel's heart—  
It filled a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord  
Did heavenly bliss forego;  
For souls, which must for ever live,  
In raptures, or in wo.
- 4 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,  
Their own Redeemer, see;  
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,  
That they may watch for thee.

DODDRIDGE.

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**643** S. M. Yarmouth, Thatcher.

- 1 **L**ORD of the harvest, hear  
Thy needy servants' cry;  
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,  
And all our wants supply.
- 2 On thee we humbly wait,  
Our wants are in thy view;  
The harvest truly, Lord, is great,  
The laborers are few.
- 3 Convert, and send forth more  
Into thy church abroad,  
And let them speak thy word of power,  
As workers with their God.
- 4 Give the pure gospel word,  
The word of general grace;  
Then let them preach the common Lord,  
Saviour of human race.
- 5 O, let them spread thy name,  
Their mission fully prove;  
Thy universal grace proclaim,  
Thine all-redeeming love.

METH. COLL

644

8s, 7s &amp; 4. Tamworth, Helmsley.

*Cry aloud. Isa. lviii. 1.*

- 1 **M**EN of God, go, take your stations;  
 Darkness reigns throughout the earth;  
 Go, proclaim among the nations,  
 Joyful news of heavenly birth;  
 Bear the tidings  
 Of the Saviour's matchless worth.
- 2 What though earth and hell, united,  
 Should oppose the Saviour's plan?  
 Plead his cause, nor be affrighted:  
 Fear ye not the face of man:  
 Vain their tumult,  
 Stop his work they never can.
- 3 When exposed to fearful dangers,  
 Jesus will his own defend:  
 Borne afar midst foes and strangers,  
 Jesus will appear your friend:  
 And his presence  
 Shall be with you to the end. KELLY.

645

L. M. Park Street, Arnheim.

*The Pastor's Wish for his People. Phil. iv. 1.*

- 1 **M**Y brethren, from my heart beloved,  
 Whose welfare fills my daily care,  
 My present joy, my future crown,  
 The word of exhortation hear.
- 2 Stand fast upon the solid rock  
 Of the Redeemer's righteousness;  
 Adorn the gospel with your lives,  
 And practise what your lips profess.
- 3 With pleasure meditate the hour,  
 When he, descending from the skies,  
 Shall bid your bodies, mean and vile,  
 In his all-glorious image rise.
- 4 Glory in his dear honored name,  
 To him inviolably cleave;  
 Your all he purchased by his blood,  
 Nor let him less than all receive.
- 5 Such is your pastor's faithful charge,  
 Whose soul desires not yours, but you;  
 O may he, at the Lord's right hand,  
 Himself and all his people view! GIBBONS.



646

H. M. Triumph, Whitechurch.

*Ministers a sweet Savor to God.* 2 Cor. ii. 15, 16.

- 1 **P**RAISE to the Lord on high,  
Who spreads his triumphs wide;  
While Jesus' fragrant name  
Is breathed on every side:  
Balmy, and rich the odors rise,  
And fill the earth and reach the skies.
- 2 Ten thousand dying souls  
Its influence feel—and live;  
Sweeter than vital air  
The incense they receive;  
They breathe anew, and rise and sing  
Jesus the Lord, their conquering King.
- 3 But sinners scorn the grace  
That brings salvation nigh;  
They turn away their face,  
And faint, and fall, and die:  
So sad a doom, ye saints, deplore,  
For, O, they fall to rise no more.
- 4 Yet, wise and mighty God,  
Shall all thy servants be,  
In those who live or die,  
A savor sweet to thee;  
Supremely bright thy grace shall shine,  
Guarded with flames of wrath divine.

DODDRIDGE.

647

L. M.

Wells.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR of men, thy searching eye  
Doth all mine inmost thoughts descry;  
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,  
Or the world's pleasures or its praise?
- 2 The love of Christ doth me constrain  
To seek the wandering souls of men;  
With cries, entreaties, tears to save,  
To snatch them from the gaping grave.
- 3 For this let men revile my name;  
No cross I shun, I fear no shame;  
All hail, reproach, and welcome, pain;  
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.
- 4 My life, my blood, I here present,  
If for thy truth they may be spent;

Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord;  
Thy will be done, thy name adored.

- 5 Give me thy strength, O God of power;  
Then, let winds blow, or thunders roar,  
Thy faithful witness will I be;  
'Tis fixed; I can do all through thee.

METH. COLL.

## 648

L. M.

Limehouse.

- 1 **S**HALL I, for fear of feeble man,  
The Spirit's course in me restrain?  
Or, undismayed in deed and word,  
Be a true witness of my Lord?
- 2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I  
Conceal the word of God Most High!  
How then before thee shall I dare  
To stand, or how thine anger bear?
- 3 Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng,  
Soften thy truth, or smooth my tongue—  
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee  
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?
- 4 What then is he whose scorn I dread?  
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?  
A man! an heir of death! a slave  
To sin! a bubble on the wave!
- 5 Yea, let men rage; since thou wilt spread  
Thy shadowing wings around my head;  
Since, in all pain, thy tender love  
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

## 649

H. M.

Darwell's.

- 1 **W**HAT contradictions meet  
In ministers' employ!  
It is a bitter sweet,  
A sorrow full of joy;  
No other post affords a place  
For equal honor or disgrace.
- 2 Who can describe the pain  
Which faithful preachers feel,  
Constrained to speak in vain  
To hearts as hard as steel!  
Or who can tell the pleasures felt,  
When stubborn hearts begin to melt!

- 3 The Saviour's dying love,  
The soul's amazing worth.  
Their utmost efforts move,  
And draw their bowels forth;  
They pray and strive, their rest departs,  
Till Christ be formed in sinners' hearts.
- 4 If some small hope appear,  
They still are not content;  
But with a jealous fear,  
They watch for the event:  
Too oft they find their hopes deceived;  
Then how their inmost souls are grieved!
- 5 But when their pains succeed,  
And, from the tender blade,  
The ripening ears proceed,  
Their toils are overpaid:  
No harvest joy can equal theirs,  
To find the fruit of all their cares.

NEWTON.

650

7s.

Condolence, Warren.

*After the Charge.*

- 1 **W**OULD you win a soul to God?  
Tell him of the Saviour's blood;  
Say, how Jesus' bowels move;  
Tell him of redeeming love.
- 2 Tell him how the streams did glide  
From his hands, his feet, his side;  
How his head with thorns was crowned,  
And his heart in sorrow drowned.
- 3 Tell him how he suffered death,  
Freely yielded up his breath,  
Died, and rose to intercede  
As our Advocate, and Head.
- 4 Tell him it was sovereign grace  
Wrought on you to seek his face;  
Made you choose the better part—  
Brought salvation to your heart.
- Tell him of that liberty,  
Wherewith Jesus makes us free;  
Sweetly speak of sins forgiven—  
Earnest of the joys of heaven.

HAMMOND.

## SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

651

7s &amp; 6s.

Missionary Hymn.

1 **F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains;  
 From India's coral strand;  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains  
 Roll down their golden sand;  
 From many an ancient river,  
 From many a palmy plain,  
 They call us to deliver  
 Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
 Though every prospect pleases,  
 And only man is vile?  
 In vain with lavish kindness,  
 The gifts of God are strown;  
 The heathen, in his blindness,  
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high;  
 Shall we, to men benighted,  
 The lamp of life deny?  
 Salvation! O salvation!  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 'Till earth's remotest nation  
 Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;  
 And you, ye waters, roll,  
 Till, like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole;  
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
 The Lamb, for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss returns to reign.

HEBER.

652

C. M. Coichester, Clarendon.

1 **G**O, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,  
 Ye messengers of God;  
 Go, publish, through Immanuel's name,  
 Salvation bought with blood.

- 2 What though your arduous track may lie  
Through regions dark as death?  
What though, your faith and zeal to try,  
Perils beset your path?
- 3 Yet, with determined courage, go,  
And, armed with power divine,  
Your God will needful aid bestow,  
And on your labors shine.
- 4 He, who has called you to the war,  
Will recompense your pains;  
Before Messiah's conquering car,  
Mountains shall sink to plains.
- 5 Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,  
But plead your Master's cause;  
Nor doubt that e'en your mighty foes  
Shall bow before his cross. VILL. COLL.

## 653

8s, 7s &amp; 4. Middleton, Greenville.

*Farewell to Missionaries.*

- 1 **G**O, ye heralds of salvation,  
Go, proclaim redeeming blood;  
Publish to that barbarous nation  
Peace and pardon from our God:  
Tell the heathen,  
None but Christ can do them good.
- 2 While the gospel trump you're sounding,  
May the Spirit seal the word;  
And, through sovereign grace abounding,  
Heathen bow, and own the Lord;  
Idols leaving,  
God alone shall be adored.
- 3 Distant though our souls are blending,  
Still our hearts are warm and true;  
In our prayers to heaven ascending,  
Brethren, we'll remember you;  
Heaven preserve you  
Safely all your journey through.
- 4 When your mission here is finished,  
And your work on earth is done,  
May your souls, by grace replenished,  
Find acceptance through the Son;  
Thence admitted,  
Dwell for ever near his throne.
- 5 Loud hosannas now resounding,  
Make the heavenly arches ring:

Grace to sinful men abounding  
 Ransomed millions sweetly sing,  
 While with rapture,  
 All adore their heavenly King. BALDWIN.

654

7s. Hotham, Lovest thou me.

Mark xvi. 15.

- 1 **G**O, ye messengers of God,  
 Like the beams of morning fly;  
 Take the wonder-working rod,  
 Wave the banner cross on high.
- 2 Go to many a tropic isle  
 On the bosom of the deep;  
 Where the skies for ever smile,  
 And the blacks for ever weep.
- 3 Where the golden gates of day,  
 Open on the palmy East,  
 Wide the bleeding cross display,  
 Spread the gospel's richest feast.
- 4 Visit every heathen soil,  
 Every barren, burning strand;  
 Bid each dreary region smile,  
 Lovely as the promised land.
- 5 In yon wilds of stream and shade,  
 Many an Indian wigwam trace;  
 And, with words of love, persuade  
 Savages to sue for grace.
- 6 Circumnavigate the ball;  
 Visit every soil and sea;  
 Preach the cross of Christ to all;  
 Jesus' love is full and free.

655

L. M. Sheffield, Park Street.

*Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.*

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign, where'er the sun  
 Does his successive journeys run;  
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,  
 And praises throng to crown his head;  
 His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
 With every morning sacrifice
- 3 People and realms, of every tongue,  
 Dwell on his love, with sweetest song;

And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.

- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;  
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

- 5 Let every creature rise—and bring  
Peculiar honors to their King ;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the long Amen.

WATTS.

## 656

8s, 7s &amp; 4.

Tamworth.

- 1 **L**OOK, ye saints, the day is breaking ;  
Joyful times are near at hand ;  
God, the mighty God, is speaking  
By his word, in every land ;  
Day advances,  
Darkness flies at his command.

- 2 God of Jacob, high and glorious,  
Let thy people see thy power ;  
Let the gospel be victorious  
Through the world for evermore ;  
Then shall idols  
Perish, while thy saints adore.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

H. M.

Columbia, Amherst.

## 657

*Effects of the Gospel.*

- 1 **M**ARK the soft-falling snow,  
And the diffusive rain :  
To heaven, from whence it fell,  
It turns not back again ;  
But waters earth  
Through every pore,  
And calls forth all  
Its secret store.

- 2 Arrayed in beauteous green,  
The hills and valleys shine,  
And man and beasts are fed  
By providence divine ;  
The harvest bows  
Its golden ears,  
The copious seed  
Of future years.

- 3 "So," saith the God of grace,  
 "My gospel shall descend,  
 "Almighty to effect  
 "The purpose I intend;  
 "Millions of souls  
 "Shall feel its power,  
 "And bear it down  
 "To millions more.
- 4 "Joy shall begin your march,  
 "And peace protect your ways,  
 "While all the mountains round  
 "Echo melodious praise;  
 "The vocal groves  
 "Shall sing the God,  
 "And every tree,  
 "Consenting, nod."

DODDRIDGE.

## 658

L. M.

Union, New Sabbath.

- 1 **M**ILLIONS there are on heathen ground,  
 Who never heard the gospel's sound;  
 Lord, send it forth, and let it run,  
 Swift and reviving as the sun.
- 2 Guide thou their lips, who stand to tell  
 Sinners the way that leads from hell;  
 To those who give, do thou impart  
 A generous, wise, and tender heart.
- 3 Lord, crown their zeal, reward their care,  
 That in thy grace they all may share;  
 And those who now in darkness dwell,  
 Deliverance sing from guilt and hell.

VILLAGE COLL.

## 659

7s &amp; 6s.

Missionary Hymn.

- 1 **O**N Thibet's snow-capped mountains,  
 O'er Afric's burning sand—  
 Where roll the fiery fountains  
 Adown Hawaii's strand—  
 In every distant nation,  
 The mighty globe around,  
 The heralds of salvation  
 The gospel trumpet sound.
- 2 In golden armor blazing,  
 They press their onward way,  
 And, high in air upraising,  
 The glorious cross display:



Away their weapons hurling,  
The warring nations cease,  
And hail with joy, unfurling  
The banneret of peace.

- 3 Where sin hath fixed her dwelling,  
Where death the tyrant reigns,  
The heavenly notes are swelling,  
The loudest, sweetest strains:  
They breathe—the bones are shaken,  
And, clothed with flesh, arise;  
They bid the dead awaken  
To glory in the skies.

CHR. LYRE.

660

L. M.

Blendon, Truro.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN of worlds, display thy power;  
Be this thy Zion's favored hour:  
Bid the bright morning Star arise,  
And point the nations to the skies.
- 2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,  
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,  
On wilds and continents unknown;  
And be the universe thine own.
- 3 Speak, and the world shall hear thy voice;  
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice;  
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,  
And bid all nations hail the light.

VILLAGE COLL.

661

S. M. Shirland, Northampton.

*Ordination and Departure of Missionaries.*

- 1 **Y**E messengers of Christ,  
His sovereign voice obey;  
Arise, and follow where he leads,  
And peace attend your way.
- 2 The Master, whom you serve,  
Will needful strength bestow;  
Depending on his promised aid,  
With sacred courage go.
- 3 Mountains shall sink to plains,  
And hell in vain oppose;  
The cause is God's, and must prevail  
In spite of all his foes.
- 4 Go, spread a Saviour's fame;  
And tell his matchless grace

To the most guilty and depraved  
Of Adam's numerous race.

- 5 We wish you, in his name,  
The most divine success;  
Assured that he who sends you forth,  
Will your endeavors bless.

VOXEL.

## PRAYER.

662

C. M.

Bristol.

- 1 **A**LL glory to the dying Lamb,  
And never-ceasing praise,  
While angels live to know thy name,  
Or men to feel thy grace.
- 2 With this cold, stony heart of mine,  
Jesus, to thee I flee;  
And to thy grace my soul resign,  
To be renewed by thee.
- 3 Give me to hide my blushing face,  
While thy dear cross appears;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 4 O, may the uncorrupted seed  
Abide and reign within;  
And thy life-giving word forbid  
My new-born soul to sin.
- 5 Father, I wait before thy throne;  
Call me a child of thine;  
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,  
To form my heart divine.
- 6 There shed thy promised love abroad,  
And make my comfort strong;  
Then shall I say, "My Father, God!"  
With an unwavering tongue.

METH. COLL.

663

C. M.

Poland, Hallowell.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God, in humble prayer  
To thee our souls we lift;  
Do thou our waiting minds prepare  
For thy most needful gift.

- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth  
 Along our path to flow ;  
 We ask not undecaying health,  
 Nor length of years below.
- 3 We ask not honors, which an hour  
 May bring and take away ;  
 We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,  
 Lest we should go astray.
- 4 We ask for wisdom :—Lord, impart  
 The knowledge how to live ;  
 A wise and understanding heart  
 To all before thee give.
- 5 The young remember thee in youth,  
 Before the evil days !  
 The old be guided by thy truth  
 In wisdom's pleasant ways !

MONTGOMERY.

664

L. M.

Brookfield.

*Frailty of Man.*

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Maker of my frame,  
 Teach me the measure of my days ;  
 Teach me to know how frail I am,  
 And spend the remnant to thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span,  
 A little point my life appears ;  
 How frail at best is dying man !  
 How vain are all his hopes and fears !
- 3 Vain his ambition, noise and show !  
 Vain are the cares which rack his mind !  
 He heaps up treasures mixed with wo,  
 And dies and leaves them all behind.
- 4 Oh, be a nobler portion mine ;  
 My God, I bow before thy throne ;  
 Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,  
 And fix my hopes on thee alone.

STEELE.

665

L. M.

Portugal, Portland.

**A**UTHOR of faith, we seek thy face  
 For all who feel thy work begun :  
 Confirm, and strengthen them in grace,  
 And bring thy feeblest children on.

- 2 Thou seest their wants, thou know'st their  
Be mindful of thy youngest care ; [names,  
Be tender of the new-born lambs,  
And gently in thy bosom bear.
- 3 The lion, roaring for his prey,  
And ravening wolves on every side,  
Watch over them to tear and slay,  
If found one moment from their Guide.
- 4 Satan his thousand arts essays,  
His agents all their powers employ,  
To blast the blooming work of grace,  
The heavenly offspring to destroy.
- 5 Baffle the crooked serpent's skill,  
And turn his sharpest darts aside :  
Hide from their eyes the devilish ill ;  
O, save them from the demon pride.
- 6 In safety lead thy little flock,  
From hell, the world, and sin secure :  
And set their feet upon the rock,  
And make in thee their goings sure.

METH. COLL.

666

L. M.

Paris, Bridgewater.

*The Lord's Prayer.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, adored in worlds above,  
Thy glorious name be hallowed still ;  
Thy kingdom come in truth and love ;  
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will..
- 2 Lord, make our daily wants thy care ;  
Forgive the sins which we forsake :  
In thy compassion let us share,  
As fellow men of ours partake.
- 3 Evil's beset us every hour ;  
Thy kind protection we implore ;  
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,  
The glory thine for evermore.

BIRMINGHAM COLL.

667

C. M.

Zion, Hymn 2d.

*The Lord's Prayer.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of all, we bow to thee,  
Who dwell'st in heaven adored ;  
But present still through all thy works,  
The universal Lord.

- 2 For ever hallowed be thy name,  
By all below the skies;  
And may thy kingdom still advance,  
Till grace to glory rise.
- 3 Thy glorious purpose, Lord, fulfil;  
Let all thy glory see;  
And, as in heaven thy will is done,  
On earth so let it be.
- 4 Our wants with every morning grow;  
With food these wants supply;  
And on our souls the Bread bestow  
To eat—and never die.
- 5 Our sins before thee we confess;  
O, may they be forgiven!  
As we to others mercy show,  
We mercy beg of Heaven.
- 6 Still let thy grace our life direct;  
From evil guard our way;  
And in temptation's fatal path,  
Permit us not to stray.
- 7 For thine's the power, the kingdom thine,  
All glory's due to thee:  
Thine from eternity they were,  
And thine shall ever be. WOR. COLL.

668

L. M.

Judea.

- 1 **F**ORGIVE us, Lord, to thee we cry:  
Forgive us through thy matchless grace:  
On thee alone our souls rely;  
Be thou our strength and righteousness.
- 2 Forgive us, as we now forgive  
The ills we suffer from our foes;  
Restore us, Lord, and bid us live;  
O, bid us in thy arms repose.
- 3 Forgive us, for our guilt is great;  
Our wretched souls no merit claim;  
For saving mercy still we wait,  
And ask but in the Saviour's name.
- 4 Forgive us, O thou bleeding Lamb,  
Thou risen, thou exalted Lord;  
Thou great High Priest, our souls redeem,  
And speak the pardon-sealing word.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

## 669

C. M.

Milford, Arundel.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,  
Thy blessing we implore ;  
Open the door to preach thy word,  
The great effectual door.
- 2 Gather the outcasts in, and save  
From sin and Satan's power ;  
And let them now acceptance have,  
And know their gracious hour.
- 3 Lover of souls thou know'st to prize  
What thou hast bought so dear :  
Come, then, and in thy people's eyes,  
With all thy wounds, appear.
- 4 The hardness from their hearts remove,  
Thou who for all hast died :  
Show them the tokens of thy love,  
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.
- 5 Ready thou art the blood t' apply,  
And prove the record true :  
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,  
"I suffered this for you!"

METH. COLL.

## 670

L. M. 6L.

Greenfield.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou sovereign Lord of all,  
The same through one eternal day,  
Attend thy feeblest follower's call,  
And oh, instruct us how to pray :  
Pour out the supplicating grace,  
And stir us up to seek thy face.
- 2 We cannot think a gracious thought,  
We cannot feel a good desire,  
Till thou, who called'st a world from nought,  
The power into our hearts inspire ;  
And then we in the Spirit groan,  
And then we give thee back thine own.
- 3 Come, in thy pleading Spirit, down  
To us who for thy coming stay ;  
Of all thy gifts we ask but one,  
We ask the constant power to pray :  
Indulge us, Lord, in this request,  
Thou canst not then deny the rest.

METH. COLL.

671

L. M.

Windham, Armley.

*Prayer for the Millennium.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, we bow before thy throne;  
We lift our eyes to seek thy face;  
To bleeding hearts thy love make known;  
On contrite souls bestow thy grace.
  - 2 See, spread beneath thy gracious eye,  
A world o'erspread with guilt and tears,  
Where deathless souls in ruin lie,  
And no kind voice dispels their fears.
  - 3 Lord, arm thy truth with power divine;  
Its conquests spread from shore to shore,  
Till suns and stars forget to shine,  
And earth and skies shall be no more.
  - 4 O rise, ye ransomed captives, rise;  
Peal the loud anthem here below;  
Let earth reflect it to the skies,  
And heaven with new-born rapture glow.
- SPIRITUAL SONGS.

672

S. M.

Dover, Pelham.

*God all, and in all.*

- 1 **M**Y God, my life, my love,  
To thee, to thee I call;  
I cannot live if thou remove,  
For thou art all in all.
- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer  
This dungeon where I dwell:  
'Tis paradise when thou art here:  
If thou depart, 'tis hell.
- 3 The smilings of thy face,  
How amiable they are!  
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,  
And no where else but there.
- 4 To thee, and thee alone,  
The angels owe their bliss;  
They sit around thy gracious throne,  
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 5 Not all the harps above  
Can make a heavenly place,  
If God his residence remove,  
Or but conceal his face.
- 5 Nor earth, nor all the sky,  
Can one delight afford;

No, not one drop of real joy,  
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love,  
Where all my pleasures roll ;  
The circle where my passions move,  
And centre of my soul.

8 To thee my spirits fly,  
With infinite desire ;  
And yet how far from thee I lie !  
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

WATTS.

673

C. M.

Barby, Chelmsford.

*Prayer for Repentance.*

1 **O** FOR that tenderness of heart  
That bows before the Lord !  
That owns how just and good thou art,  
And trembles at thy word !

2 O for those humble, contrite tears,  
Which from repentance flow !  
That sense of guilt, which, trembling, fears  
The long suspended blow !

3 Saviour, to me in pity give  
For sin the deep distress ;  
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,  
And bid me die in peace.

4 O, fill my soul with faith and love,  
And strength to do thy will ;  
Raise my desires and hopes above ;  
Thyself to me reveal.

SPIR. SONGS.

674

L. M.

Nazareth, Luton.

1 **O** THOU, who camest from above,  
The pure celestial fire t' impart,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for thy glory burn,  
With inextinguishable blaze,  
And, trembling, to its source return,  
In humble love and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire  
To work, and speak, and think for thee :  
Still let me guard the holy fire,  
And still stir up thy gift in me.



- 4 Ready for all thy perfect will,  
 My acts of faith and love repeat;  
 Till death thy endless mercies seal,  
 And make the sacrifice complete.

METH. COLL.

675

L. M. 6L.

Carthage.

- 1 **O**UR earth we now lament to see  
 With floods of wickedness o'erflowed,—  
 With violence, wrong, and cruelty,  
 One wide-extended field of blood,—  
 Where men, like fiends, each other tear,  
 In all the hellish rage of war.
- 2 As listed on Abaddon's side,  
 They mangle their own flesh, and slay:  
 Tophet is moved, and opens wide  
 Its mouth for its enormous prey;  
 And myriads sink beneath the grave,  
 And plunge into the flaming wave.
- 3 O, might the universal Friend  
 This havoc of his creatures see!  
 Bid our unnatural discord end;  
 Declare us reconciled in thee!  
 Write kindness on our inward parts,  
 And chase the murderer from our hearts!
- 4 Who now against each other rise,  
 The nations of the earth, constrain  
 To follow after peace, and prize  
 The blessings of thy righteous reign;  
 The joys of unity to prove—  
 The paradise of perfect love.      METH. COLL.

676

S. M.

Lisbon, America.

- 1 **O**UR heavenly Father, hear  
 The prayer we offer now;  
 Thy name be hallowed far and near;  
 To thee all nations bow.
- 2 Thy kingdom come; thy will  
 On earth be done in love,  
 As saints and seraphim fulfil  
 Thy perfect law above.
- 3 Our daily bread supply,  
 While by thy word we live;

The guilt of our iniquity  
Forgive as we forgive.

- 4 From dark temptation's power  
Our feeble hearts defend ;  
Deliver in the evil hour,  
And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine, then, for ever be  
Glory and power divine ;  
The sceptre, throne, and majesty  
Of heaven and earth are thine.

677

C. M.

Plympton, Lebanon.

*Ask, and ye shall receive.*

- 1 **W**HAT shall we ask of God in prayer?  
Whatever good we want ;  
Whatever man may seek to share,  
Or God in wisdom grant.
- 2 Father of all our mercies, thou  
In whom we move and live,  
Hear us, in heaven, thy dwelling, now,  
And answer, and forgive.
- 3 When, harassed by ten thousand foes,  
Our helplessness we feel,  
O, give the weary soul repose,  
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 When dire temptations gather round,  
And threaten or allure.  
By storm or calm, in thee be found  
A refuge strong and sure.
- 5 When age advances, may we grow  
In faith, in hope, and love ;  
And walk in holiness below  
To holiness above.
- 6 When earthly joys and cares depart,  
Desire and envy cease,  
Be thou the portion of our heart,  
In thee may we have peace.

MONTGOMERY

## PRAYER AND WATCHFULNESS.

678

S. M.

Pelham.

1 **A** CHARGE to keep I have,  
 A God to glorify ;  
 A never-dying soul to save,  
 And fit it for the sky ;  
 To serve the present age ;  
 My calling to fulfil :  
 O, may it all my powers engage,  
 To do my Master's will.

2 Arm me with jealous care,  
 As in thy sight to live ;  
 And oh, thy servant Lord, prepare,  
 A strict account to give !  
 Help me to watch and pray,  
 And on thyself rely,  
 Assured if I my trust betray,  
 I shall for ever die.

METH. COLL.

679

S. M.

America.

1 **G**IVE me a sober mind,  
 A quick discerning eye,  
 The first approach of sin to find,  
 And all occasions fly.

2 Still may I cleave to thee,  
 And never more depart,  
 But watch, with godly jealousy,  
 Over my evil heart.

3 Thus may I pass my days  
 Of sojourning beneath ;—  
 And languish to conclude my race,  
 And render up my breath ;—

4 In humble love and fear,  
 Thine image to regain,  
 And see thee in the clouds appear,  
 And rise, with thee to reign. METH. COLL

680

S. M.

Pelham.

**G**OD of almighty love,  
 By whose sufficient grace

- I lift my heart to things above,  
 And humbly seek thy face ;  
 Through Jesus Christ the just,  
 My faint desires receive,  
 And let me in thy goodness trust,  
 And to thy glory live.
- 2 Whate'er I say or do,  
 Thy glory be my aim ;  
 My offerings all be offered through  
 The ever-blessed name ;  
 Jesus, my single eye  
 Be fixed on thee alone ;  
 Thy name be praised on earth, on high,  
 Thy will by all be done.
- 3 Spirit of faith, inspire  
 My consecrated heart ;  
 Fill me with pure celestial fire,  
 With all thou hast and art :  
 My feeble mind transform,  
 And, perfectly renewed,  
 Into a saint exalt a worm ;  
 A worm exalt to God !

METH. COLL.

- 1 **H**ELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,  
 And still my tempted soul stand by,  
 Throughout the evil day ;  
 The sacred watchfulness impart,  
 And keep the issues of my heart,  
 And stir me up to pray.
- 2 My soul, with thy whole armor, arm,  
 In each approach of sin alarm,  
 And show the danger near :  
 Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,  
 And fill with godly jealousy,  
 And sanctifying fear.
- 3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,  
 O, let me see thy gathering frown,  
 And feel thy warning eye ;  
 And starting, cry, from ruin's brink,  
 Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink !  
 O, save me, or I die !
- 4 In me thine utmost mercy show,  
 And make me like thyself below,  
 Unblamable in grace ;

Ready prepared and fitted here,  
By perfect holiness, t' appear  
Before thy glorious face.

METH. COLL.

682

S. M.

Felham.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my strength, my hope,  
On thee I cast my care,  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know thou hear'st my prayer.  
Give me on thee to wait,  
Till I can all things do,  
On thee, almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.
- 2 I want a sober mind,  
A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down, and casts behind  
The baits of pleasing ill ;  
A soul inured to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss ;  
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,  
The consecrated cross.
- 3 I want a godly fear,  
A quick discerning eye,  
That looks to thee when sin is near,  
And sees the tempter fly ;  
A spirit still prepared  
And armed with jealous care,  
For ever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer.
- 4 I want a heart to pray,  
To pray and never cease,  
Never to murmur at thy stay,  
Or wish my sufferings less.  
This blessing, above all,  
Always to pray, I want,  
Out of the deep on thee to call,  
And never, never faint.
- 5 I rest upon thy word,  
The promise is for me ;  
My succor and salvation, Lord,  
Shall surely come from thee ;  
But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
Till thou my patient spirit guide  
Into thy perfect love.

METH. COLL.

## 683

S. M. Silver Street, Watchman.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my truth, my way,  
My sure, unerring light,  
On thee my feeble steps I stay,  
Which thou wilt guide aright.
  - 2 My wisdom and my guide,  
My counsellor thou art;  
O, never let me leave thy side,  
Or from thy paths depart.
  - 3 I lift mine eyes to thee,  
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,  
That I may now enlightened be,  
And never put to shame.
  - 4 Never will I remove  
Out of thy hands my cause;  
But rest in thy redeeming love,  
And hang upon thy cross.
  - 5 Teach me the happy art,  
In all things to depend  
On thee; O, never, Lord, depart,  
But love me to the end.
  - 6 O, make me all like thee  
Before I hence remove;  
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,  
And build me up in love.
  - 7 Let me thy witness live,  
When sin is all destroyed;  
And then my spotless soul receive,  
And take me home to God. METH. COLL.
- 

## 684

L. M.

Paris, Portugal.

- 1 **O** THOU who all things canst control,  
Chase this dread slumber from my soul;  
With joy and fear, with love and awe,  
Give me to keep thy perfect law.
- 2 O, may one beam of thy blest light  
Pierce through—dispel the shade of night;  
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,  
With holy, conquering zeal inspire.
- 3 For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant,  
Yet heavy is my soul, and faint;

With steps unwavering, undismayed,  
Give me in all thy paths to tread.

- 4 With outstretched hands and streaming eyes,  
Oft I begin to grasp the prize;  
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray:  
But oh, how soon it dies away!
- 5 The deadly slumber soon I feel  
Afresh upon my spirits steal;  
Rise, Lord, stir up thy quickening power,  
And wake me that I sleep no more.
- 6 Single of heart, O, may I be;  
Nothing may I desire but thee:  
Far, far from me the world remove,  
And all that holds me from thy love.

METH. COLL.

## 685

C. M. Greenwalk, New Durham.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD divine, our wants relieve  
In this our evil day;  
To all thy tempted followers give  
The power to watch and pray.
- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,  
Long as the cross we bear,  
O, let our souls on thee be cast  
In never-ceasing prayer.
- 3 Till thou thy perfect love impart,  
Till thou thyself bestow,  
Be this the cry of every heart,  
I will not let thee go.
- 4 I will not let thee go, unless  
Thou tell thy name to me;  
With all thy great salvation bless,  
And make me all like thee.
- 5 Then let me, on the mountain top,  
Behold thy open face,  
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,  
And prayer in endless praise. METH. COLL.

## 686

S. M.

Yarmouth

- 1 **T**HOU seest my feebleness,  
Jesus, be thou my power,  
My help and refuge in distress,  
My fortress and my tower.

- 2 Give me to trust in thee ;  
 Be thou my sure abode :  
 My horn, and rock, and buckler be,  
 My Saviour and my God.
- 3 Myself I cannot save,  
 Myself I cannot keep ;  
 But strength in thee I surely have,  
 Whose eyelids never sleep.
- 4 My soul to thee alone,  
 Now therefore I commend :  
 Thou, Jesus, love me as thine own,  
 And love me to the end. METH. COLL.

## 687

C. M. Funeral Thought, Buckingham.

- 1 **W**HY should the dread of sinful man  
 Ensnare and tempt my soul ?  
 O for that fortitude which can  
 My every fear control.
- 2 Shall I offend the holy God,  
 And sacrifice my peace,  
 To shun a mortal's threatening rod,  
 A sinful man to please ?
- 3 I must obey the God I love,  
 Though all the world contemns ;  
 One smile from him I prize above  
 The richest earthly gems.
- 4 Hark ! O my soul—methinks I hear  
 Jehovah's awful voice—  
 " Fear not, thou worm, for I am near ;  
 " I well approve thy choice."

## CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

## 688

C. M.

Dundee.

- 1 **A**LL praise to our redeeming Lord,  
 Who joins us by his grace,  
 And bids us, each to each restored,  
 Together seek his face.
- 2 He bids us build each other up ;  
 And, gathered into one,



To our high calling's glorious hope,  
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,  
We all delight to prove,  
The grace through every vessel flows,  
In purest streams of love.

4 E'en now we think and speak the same,  
And cordially agree,  
United all through Jesus' name  
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one,  
The common peace we feel;  
A peace to sensual minds unknown,  
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below  
In Jesus be so sweet,  
What height of rapture shall we know,  
When round his throne we meet!

METH. COLL.

689

S. M.

Worcester, Newbury.

1 **A**ND are we yet alive,  
And see each other's face?  
Glory and praise to Jesus give,  
For his redeeming grace!  
Preserved by power divine  
To full salvation here,  
Again in Jesus' praise we join,  
And in his sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen!  
What conflicts have we past!  
Fightings without, and fears within,  
Since we assembled last;  
But out of all the Lord  
Hath brought us by his love;  
And still he doth his help afford,  
And hides our life above.

3 Then let us make our boast  
Of his redeeming power,  
Which saves us to the uttermost,  
Till we can sin no more:  
Let us take up the cross,  
Till we the crown obtain;  
And gladly reckon all things loss,  
So we may Jesus gain

METH. COLL

## 690

S. M.

Dover.

- 1 **A**ND let our bodies part,  
To different climes repair;  
Inseparably joined in heart,  
The friends of Jesus are.
- 2 Jesus, the corner-stone,  
Did first our hearts unite;  
And still he keeps our spirits one,  
Who walk with him in white.
- 3 O, let us still proceed  
In Jesus' work below;  
And, following our triumphant Head,  
To further conquests go.
- 4 The vineyard of the Lord  
Before his laborers lies;  
And lo! we see the vast reward  
Which waits us in the skies.
- 5 O, let our heart and mind  
Continually ascend  
That haven of repose to find,  
Where all our labors end!—
- 6 Where all our toils are o'er,  
Our suffering and our pain;  
Who meet on that eternal shore,  
Shall never part again. METH. COLL.

## 691

10s &amp; 11s.

Lyons, Hanover.

- 1 **A**PPPOINTED by thee, we meet in thy name,  
And meekly agree to follow the Lamb;  
To trace thy example, the world to disdain,  
And constantly trample on pleasure and pain.
- 2 O, what shall we do our Saviour to love!  
To make us anew, come, Lord, from above;  
The fruit of thy passion, thy holiness, give;  
Give us the salvation of all that believe.
- 3 O Jesus, appear; no longer delay  
To sanctify here, and bear us away;  
The end of our meeting on earth let us see;  
Triumphantly sitting in glory with thee.  
METH. COLL

692

S. M.

Lord's Day.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we look to thee,  
Thy promised presence claim;  
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,  
Assembled in thy name:  
Thy name salvation is,  
Which here we come to prove;  
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,  
And everlasting love.
- 2 Not in the name of pride,  
Or selfishness we meet;  
From nature's paths we turn aside,  
And worldly thoughts forget.  
We meet the grace to take,  
Which thou hast freely given;  
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,  
That we may meet in heaven.
- 3 Present we know thou art;  
But, O, thyself reveal!  
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart  
The mighty comfort feel!  
O, may thy quickening voice  
The death of sin remove;  
And bid our inmost souls rejoice  
In hope of perfect love! METH. COLL.

693

L. M.

Sicilian.

*Meeting of Christian Friends.*

- 1 **K**INDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,  
A hearty welcome here receive;  
May we together now partake  
The joys which only he can give.
- 2 To you and us by grace is given,  
To know the Saviour's precious name;  
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,  
Our hope, our way, our end the same.  
May He by whose kind care we meet,  
Send his good Spirit from above;  
Make our communications sweet,  
And cause our hearts to burn with love.  
Forgotten be each earthly theme,  
When Christians see each other thus;  
We only wish to speak of Him,  
Who lived—and died—and reigns—for us.

- 5 We'll talk of all he did and said,  
And suffered for us here below;  
The path he marked for us to tread,  
And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,  
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;  
And hasten on the glorious day,  
When we shall meet to part no more.
- NEWTON.

## 694

C. M.

Arlington.

- 1 **L**IFT up your hearts to things above,  
Ye followers of the Lamb,  
And join with us to praise his love,  
And glorify his name.
- 2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,  
Whose mercies never end:  
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King!  
The King is now our friend.
- 3 We for his sake count all things loss,  
On earthly good look down;  
And joyfully sustain the cross,  
Till we receive the crown.
- 4 O, let us stir each other up,  
Our faith by works t' approve,  
By holy purifying hope,  
And the sweet task of love.
- 5 Let all who for the promise wait,  
The Holy Ghost receive;  
And, raised to our unsinching state,  
With God in Eden live!
- 6 Live, till the Lord in glory come,  
And wait his heaven to share:  
He now is fitting up your home:  
Go on; we'll meet you there.

METH. COLL.

## TRUSTING IN GRACE.

695

L. M.

Habakkuk.

*Unbelief repelled.*

1 **A**WAY, my unbelieving fear!  
 Doubt shall in me no more take place!  
 My Saviour doth not yet appear,  
 He hides the brightness of his face:  
 But shall I therefore let him go,  
 And basely to the tempter yield?  
 No—in the strength of Jesus, no—  
 I never will give up my shield.  
 Although the vine its fruit deny,  
 Although the olive yield no oil,  
 The withering fig-tree droop and die,  
 The field elude the tiller's toil;  
 The empty stall no herd afford,  
 And perish all the bleating race,—  
 Yet will I triumph in the Lord,  
 The God of my salvation praise.

2 Barren although my soul remain,  
 And not one bud of grace appear,  
 No fruit of all my toil and pain,  
 But sin, and only sin, is here;  
 Although my gifts and comforts lost,  
 My blooming hopes cut off I see,  
 Yet will I in my Saviour trust,  
 Whose matchless grace can reach to me.  
 In hope believing against hope,  
 His promised mercy will I claim;  
 His gracious word shall bear me up  
 To seek salvation in his name.  
 Soon, my dear Saviour, bring it nigh,  
 My soul shall then outstrip the wind,  
 On wings of love mount up on high,  
 And leave the world and sin behind.

METH. COLL.

696

S. M.

Newbury

**G**IVE to the winds thy fears,  
 Hope, and be undismayed:  
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,  
 God shall lift up thy head:

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
He gently clears thy way ;  
Wait thou his time, so shall this night  
Soon end in joyous day.

- 2 Leave to his sovereign sway  
To choose and to command :  
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way,  
How wise—how strong his hand !  
Far, far above thy thought  
His counsel shall appear,  
When fully he the work hath wrought  
That caused thy needless fear.
- 3 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,  
Our hearts are known to thee ;  
O, lift thou up the sinking hand,  
Confirm the feeble knee :  
Let us in life, in death,  
Thy steadfast truth declare ;  
And publish with our latest breath,  
Thy love and guardian care.

METH. COL

- 1 **J**ESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,  
To thee for help we fly :  
Thy little flock in safety keep,  
For, oh, the wolf is nigh !
- 2 He comes, of hellish malice full,  
To scatter, tear, and slay ;  
He seizes every straggling soul,  
As his own lawful prey.
- 3 Us into thy protection take,  
And gather with thy arm :  
Unless the fold we first forsake,  
The wolf can never harm.
- 4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,  
While by our Shepherd's side ;  
The sheep he never can devour,  
Unless he first divide.
- 5 O, do not suffer him to part  
The souls that here agree :  
But make us of one mind and heart,  
And keep us one in thee !
- 6 Together let us sweetly live,  
Together let us die ;

And each a starry crown receive,  
And reign above the sky. METH. COLL.

698 L. M. Islington, Duke Street.  
*Christ our Strength.* 2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

- 1 **L**ET me but hear my Saviour say,  
"Strength shall be equal to thy day;"  
Then I rejoice in deep distress;  
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I glory in infirmity,  
That Christ's own power may rest on me;  
When I am weak, then am I strong,  
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.
- 3 I can do all things, or can bear  
All suffering, if my Lord be there;  
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,  
While his left hand my head sustains.
- 4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,  
And we attempt the work alone;  
When new temptations spring and rise,  
We find how great our weakness is.
- 5 So Samson, when his hair was lost,  
Met the Philistines to his cost;  
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,  
Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.

WATTS.

699 L. M. 6L. Eaton, Carthage.

- 1 **M**ASTER, I own thy lawful claim;  
Thine, wholly thine, I long to be!  
Thou seest, at last, I willing am,  
Where'er thou go'st, to follow thee:  
Myself in all things to deny;  
Thine, wholly thine, to live and die.
- 2 Whate'er my sinful flesh requires,  
For thee I cheerfully forego;  
My covetous and vain desires,  
My hopes of happiness below;  
My senses' and my passions' food,  
And all my thirst for creature good.
- 3 Pleasure, and wealth, and praise no more  
Shall lead my captive soul astray;  
My fond pursuits I all give o'er,  
Thee, only thee, resolved t' obey:

My own in all things to resign,  
And know no other will but thine.

- 4 All power is thine in earth and heaven,  
All fullness dwells in thee alone ;  
Whate'er I have was freely given :  
Nothing but sin I call my own :  
Other property I disclaim ;  
Thou only art the great I AM.

METH. COLL.

## 700

L. M.

Effingham, Truro.

- 1 **P**EACE, troubled soul ; thou need'st not fear !  
Thy great Provider still is near :  
Who fed thee last, will feed thee still ;  
Be calm, and sink into his will.
- 2 The Lord, who built the earth and sky,  
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry ;  
His promise all may freely claim,  
" Ask, and receive in Jesus' name."
- 3 The ravens daily he doth feed,  
And sends them food as they have need ;  
Although they nothing have in store,  
Yet, as they lack, he gives them more.
- 4 Then do not seek, with anxious care,  
What ye shall eat, or drink, or wear ;  
Your heavenly Father will you feed,  
He knows that all these things you need.
- 5 Without reserve give Christ your heart ;  
Let him his righteousness impart ;  
Then all things else he'll freely give ;  
With him you all things shall receive.
- 6 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,  
That seeks in God his only rest ;  
May I that happy person be,  
In time and in eternity.

METH. COLL.

## 701

C. M.

Mear, Irish.

- 1 **P**REPARE us, Lord, to view thy cross,  
Who all our griefs hast borne ;  
To look on thee, whom we have pierced—  
To look on thee, and mourn.
- 2 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice ;  
And as thy cross we see,



Let each exclaim, in faith and hope—

“The Saviour died for me!”

PRATT'S COLL.

## 702

10s & 11s.

St. Michael's.

- 1 **T**HE earth is the Lord's, and all it contains;  
The truth of his word for ever remains;  
The saints have a mountain of blessings in him,  
His grace is the fountain, his peace is the stream.
- 2 To him our request, we now have made known,  
Who sees what is best for each of his own:  
Our heathenish care, we cast it aside;  
He heareth the prayer, and he will provide.
- 3 The modest and meek the earth shall possess;  
The kingdom who seek of Jesus's grace,  
The power of his Spirit shall joyfully own,  
And all things inherit in virtue of one.

## 703

L. M. CL.

Greenfield.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye;  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads,  
My weary, wandering steps he leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

ALBANY.

## 704

L. M.

Blendon.

- 1 **T**HOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of peace,  
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine;  
My longing heart implores thy grace:  
O, make me in thy likeness shine!
- 2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,  
Thy will in all things may I see;  
In love be every wish resigned,  
And hallowed my whole heart to thee.
- 3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,  
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;  
When grief my wounded soul assails,  
In lowly meekness may I rest.
- 4 Close by thy side still may I keep,  
Howe'er life's various current flow;  
With steadfast eye mark every step,  
And follow thee where'er thou go.
- 5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won;  
Alone thou hast the wine press trod;  
In me thy strengthening grace be shown,  
O, may I conquer through thy blood!
- 6 So, when on Zion thou shalt stand,  
And all heaven's hosts adore their King,  
Shall I be found at thy right hand,  
And, free from pain, thy glories sing.

METH. COLL.

## 705

8s.

Savannah, Goshen.

- 1 **T**HOUGH sorrow may stay for a night,  
Joy shall with the morning return;  
Then let us not faint in the fight,  
Nor fear in the furnace to burn.
- 2 'Tis when we are pressed with a load,  
Too heavy for mortals to bear—  
We haste to our Saviour and God,  
And safely he shelters us there.
- 3 The prize of our calling in view,  
We break through whole legions of foes,  
Determined them all to subdue,  
That dare our free passage oppose.
- 4 The sword of the Spirit we wield,  
That fills them with dread and dismay,

Resolved that we never will yield,  
While Jesus gives strength for the day.

## 706

P. M. Immanuel, The Lord will provide.

*The Lord will see, or provide. Gen. xxii. 14.*

- 1 **T**HOUGH troubles assail and dangers affright,  
Though friends should all fail, and foes  
all unite,  
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide—  
The scripture assures us, the Lord will provide.
- 2 His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old;  
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold:  
For though we are strangers, we have a good  
guide,  
And trust in all dangers, the Lord will provide.
- 3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,  
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;  
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,  
This heart-cheering promise—the Lord will  
provide.
- 4 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain—  
The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain;  
But when such suggestions our spirits have  
plied,  
This answers all questions—the Lord will  
provide.
- 5 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim;  
Yet since we have known the Saviour's  
great name,  
In this our strong tower, for safety we hide;  
The Lord is our power—the Lord will provide.
- 6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,  
This word of his grace shall comfort us  
through;  
No fearing or doubting with Christ on our side,  
We hope to die shouting—the Lord will  
provide.

NEWTON.

## 707

C. M. Swanwick, Psalm 34th.

*Encouragement to trust and love God. Ps. xxxiv.*

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,  
Till all who are distressed

From my example comfort take,  
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just;  
Protection he affords to all,  
Who make his name their trust.

4 O, make but trial of his love;  
Experience will decide,  
How blest are they, and only they,  
Who in his truth confide.

5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear:  
Make you his service your delight,  
Your wants shall be his care.

TATE.

708

S. M. America, Contentment.

*Dependence on God.*

1 **T**O keep the lamp alive,  
With oil we fill the bowl;  
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,  
And grace that feeds the soul.

2 The Lord's unsparing hand  
Supplies the living stream;  
It is not at our own command,  
But still derived from him.

3 Man's wisdom is to seek  
His strength in God alone;  
And e'en an angel would be weak,  
Who trusted in his own.

4 Retreat beneath his wings,  
And in his grace confide;  
This more exalts the King of kings,  
Than all your works beside.

5 In God is all our store;  
Grace issues from his throne:  
Whoever says, "I want no more,"  
Confesses he has none.

COWPER.

709

7s, 6s &amp; 8.

Amsterdam.

1 **V**AIN, delusive world, adieu,  
With all of creature good:  
Only Jesus I pursue,  
Who bought me with his blood.

- All thy pleasures I forego;  
 I trample on thy wealth and pride;  
 Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucified.
- 2 Other knowledge I disdain;  
 'Tis all but vanity:  
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain;  
 He tasted death for me:  
 Me to save from endless woe  
 The sin-atonement Victim died:  
 Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucified.
- 3 Him to know is life and peace,  
 And pleasure without end;  
 This is all my happiness,  
 On Jesus to depend;  
 Daily in his grace to grow,  
 And ever in his faith abide:  
 Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucified.
- 4 O that I could all invite,  
 This saving truth to prove;  
 Show the length, the breadth, the height,  
 And depth of Jesus' love:  
 Fain I would to sinners show  
 The blood by faith alone applied;  
 Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucified.

GEMS.

C. M.

Hymn 2d, Sunday.

# 710 *Thankfulness for Providential Goodness.*

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
 My rising soul surveys;  
 Transported with the view, I'm lost  
 In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 To all my weak complaints and cries,  
 Thy mercy lent an ear,  
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned  
 To form themselves in prayer.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth,  
 With heedless steps I ran,  
 Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,  
 And led me up to man.
- 4 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
 With health renewed my face;  
 And, when in sin and sorrow sunk,  
 Revived my soul with grace.

## 711, 712 REJOICING IN A REVIVAL.

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- 5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 6 Through every period of my life,  
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew. ADDISON.
- 

## REJOICING IN A REVIVAL.

711

C. M. Rochester, Clarendon.

- 1 **C**ONVINCED of sin, men now begin  
To call upon the Lord ;  
Trembling, they pray, and mourn the day  
In which they scorned his word.
- 2 Young converts sing, and praise their King,  
And bless God's holy name ;  
While older saints leave their complaints,  
And joy to join the theme.
- 3 God's chariot rolls, and frights the souls  
Of those who hate the truth ;  
And saints in prayer cry, " Lord, draw near ;  
" Have mercy on the youth :—
- 4 " From this glad hour exert thy power,  
" And melt each stubborn heart :  
" In those that bleed, let love succeed,  
" And holy joys impart."
- 5 Come, sinners, all, hear now God's call,  
And pray with one accord :  
Saints, raise your songs, with joyful tongues,  
To hail th' approaching Lord.

VILLAGE COLL.

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712

H. M. Weymouth, Eagle Street.

- 1 **H**ARK ! hark !—the notes of joy  
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,  
And seraphs find employ  
For their sublimest strains :  
Some new delight in heaven is known ;  
Loud sing the harps around the throne.

- 2 Hark ! hark !—the sounds draw nigh,  
The joyful hosts descend ;  
Jesus forsakes the sky,  
To earth his footsteps bend :  
He comes to bless our fallen race ;  
He comes with messages of grace.
- 3 Bear, bear the tidings round ;  
Let every mortal know  
What love in God is found,  
What pity he can show :  
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,  
Bear the glad news from pole to pole.
- 4 Strike, strike the harps again,  
To great Immanuel's name ;  
Arise, ye sons of men,  
And all his grace proclaim :  
Angels and men, wake every string ;  
'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing.

VILLAGE COLL.

## 713

8s &amp; 7s. Love Divine, Pleading Saviour.

- 1 **L**OVE divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling ;  
All thy faithful mercies crown.  
Jesus, thou art all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded love thou art :  
Visit us with thy salvation,  
Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit  
Into every troubled breast :  
Let us all in thee inherit,  
Let us find thy promised rest.  
Take away the love of sinning,  
Take our load of guilt away ;  
End the work of thy beginning,  
Bring us to eternal day.
- 3 Carry on thy new creation,  
Pure and holy may we be ;  
Let us see our whole salvation,  
Perfectly secured by thee.  
Change from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place ,  
Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

WHITEFIELD.

## 714

8s, 7s &amp; 4.

Tamworth.

- 1 **N**OW we hail the happy dawning  
 Of the gospel's glorious light;  
 May it take the wings of morning,  
 And dispel the shades of night;  
 Blessed Saviour,  
 Let our eyes behold the sight.
- 2 Where, amid the desert dreary,  
 Plant, nor shrub, nor floweret grows,  
 There refresh the wanderer weary,  
 With the sight of Sharon's Rose;  
 And its beauties  
 To the longing eye disclose.
- 3 Where the beasts of prey are prowling,  
 And the murderous serpents hiss,  
 There exchange the dismal howling  
 For the pleasing calm of peace;  
 And for ever  
 May destruction's empire cease.
- 4 Oh, let all the world adore thee—  
 Universal be thy fame;  
 Kings and subjects fall before thee,  
 And extol thy matchless name;  
 All ascribing  
 Endless praises to the Lamb.

VILLAGE COLL.

## 715

8s, 7s &amp; 4.

Littleton, Calvary.

- 1 **O**N the mountain's top appearing,  
 Lo, the sacred herald stands;  
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,  
 Zion long in hostile lands:  
 Mourning captive,  
 God himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful,  
 All thy friends unfaithful proved?  
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?  
 Cease thy mourning,  
 Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;  
 He himself appears thy friend:  
 All thy foes shall flee before thee,  
 Here their boasts and triumphs end:



Great deliverance

Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

- 4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,  
All thy warfare now is past ;  
God, thy Saviour, shall defend thee ;  
Peace and joy are come at last ;  
All thy conflicts  
End in everlasting rest.

KELLY.

716 7s. Fleyel's Hymn, Hampton.  
*The little Cloud.* 1 Kings xviii. 44.

- 1 **S**AW ye not the cloud arise,  
Little as the human hand ?  
Now it spreads along the skies,  
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land !  
2 Lo, the promise of a shower  
Drops already from above ;  
But the Lord will shortly pour  
All the blessings of his love.  
3 When he first the work begun,  
Small and feeble was his day ;  
Now the word doth swiftly run,  
Now it wins its widening way.  
4 Sons of God, your Saviour praise ;  
He the door hath opened wide ;  
He hath given the word of grace ;  
Jesus' word is glorified.

VILL. COLL

717 8s, 7s & 4s. Littleton, Jordan.  
*Zech. xiii. 1.*

- 1 **S**EE, from Zion's sacred mountain,  
Streams of living water flow ;  
God has opened there a fountain ;  
This supplies the plains below :  
They are blessed  
Who its sovereign virtues know.  
2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,  
Streams of mercy find their way ;  
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,  
Making all around look gay ;  
O, ye nations,  
Hail the long expected day.  
3 Gladdened by the flowing treasure,  
All enriching as it goes,  
Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure,  
Buds and blossoms as the rose ;

- Every object  
Sings for joy where'er it flows.  
4 Trees of life, the banks adorning,  
Yield their fruit to all around ;  
Those who eat are saved from mourning ;  
Pleasure comes, and hopes abound :  
Fair their portion—  
Endless life with glory crowned.

VILLAGE COLL.

718 L. P. M. St. Helen's, Eaton.  
*Efficacy of God's Word. Jer. xxiii. 29.*

- 1 WITH reverend awe, tremendous Lord,  
We hear the thunders of thy word ;  
The pride of Lebanon it breaks ;  
Swift the celestial fire descends,  
The flinty rock in pieces rends,  
And earth to its deep centre shakes.  
2 Arrayed in majesty divine,  
Here sanctity and justice shine,  
And horror strikes the rebel through ;  
While loud this awful voice makes known  
The wonders which thy sword hath done,  
And what thy vengeance yet shall do.  
3 So spread the honors of thy name ;  
The terrors of a God proclaim ;  
Thick let the pointed arrows fly ;  
Till sinners, humbled in the dust,  
Shall own the execution just,  
And bless the hand by which they die.  
4 Then clear the dark, tempestuous day,  
And radiant beams of love display ;  
Each prostrate soul let mercy raise ;  
So shall the bleeding captives feel,  
Thy word, that gave the wound, can heal,  
And change their notes to songs of praise.

DODDRIDGE.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

719 H. M. Columbia, Triumph.  
*Jehovah Miss.—The Lord my Banner.*

- 1 **B**Y whom was David taught  
 To aim the dreadful blow,  
 When he Goliath fought,  
 And laid the Gittite low?  
 No sword or spear the stripling took,  
 But chose a pebble from the brook.
- 2 'Twas Israel's God and King  
 Who sent him to the fight,  
 Who gave him strength to sling,  
 And skill to aim aright.  
 Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,  
 Because young David's God is yours.
- 3 Who ordered Gideon forth  
 To storm th' invader's camp,  
 With arms of little worth,  
 A pitcher and a lamp?  
 The trumpet made his coming known,  
 And all the host was overthrown.
- 4 Oh, I have seen the day,  
 When, with a single word,  
 God helping me to say,  
 My trust is in the Lord,  
 My soul has quelled a thousand foes,  
 Fearless of all that could oppose.
- 5 But unbelief, self-will,  
 Self-righteousness and pride,  
 How often do they steal  
 My weapons from my side!  
 Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's Friend,  
 Will help his servant to the end. COWPER

720 S. M. Durham, Concord.

- 1 **E**QUIP me for the war,  
 And teach my hands to fight;  
 My simple, upright heart prepare,  
 And guide my words aright.
- 2 Control my every thought,  
 My whole of sin remove;

Let all my works in thee be wrought;  
Let all be wrought in love.

3 O, arm me with the mind,  
Meek Lamb, that was in thee;  
And let my knowing zeal be joined  
With perfect charity.

4 With calm and tempered zeal  
Let me enforce thy call;  
And vindicate thy gracious will,  
Which offers life to all.

5 O, may I love like thee!  
In all thy footsteps tread!  
Thou hatest all iniquity,  
But nothing thou hast made.

6 O, may I learn the art,  
With meekness to reprove;  
To hate the sin with all my heart,  
But still the sinner love. METH. COLL.

## 721

S. M.

Newburg.

1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And put your armor on;  
Strong in the strength which God supplies  
Through his eternal Son;  
Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And in his mighty power,  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,  
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand, then, in his great might,  
With all his strength endued;  
But take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God:  
That, having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,  
And stand entire at last.

3 Stand, then, against your foes  
In close and firm array;  
Legions of wily fiends oppose  
Throughout the evil day:  
But meet the sons of night,  
But mock their vain design,  
Armed in the arms of heavenly light,  
Of righteousness divine.

4 Leave no unguarded place,  
No weakness of the soul;

Take every virtue, every grace,  
 And fortify the whole :  
 Indissolubly joined,  
 To battle all proceed ;  
 But arm yourselves with all the mind  
 That was in Christ your head. METH. COLL

## FORMAL RELIGION.

722

S. M.

Worcester

## FIRST PART.

- 1 **M**Y gracious, loving Lord,  
 To thee what shall I say ?  
 Well may I tremble at thy word,  
 And scarce presume to pray.  
 Ten thousand wants have I ;  
 Alas ! I all things want ;  
 But thou hast bid me always cry,  
 And never, never faint.
- 2 Yet, Lord, well might I fear,  
 Fear e'en to ask thy grace,  
 So oft have I, alas ! drawn near,  
 And mocked thee to thy face :  
 With all pollutions stained,  
 Thy hallowed courts I trod ;  
 Thy name and temple I profaned,  
 And dared to call thee God.
- 3 Nigh with my lips I drew :  
 My lips were all unclean ;  
 Thee with my heart I never knew ;  
 My heart was full of sin :  
 Far from the living Lord,  
 As far as hell from heaven,  
 Thy purity I still abhorred,  
 Nor looked to be forgiven.
- 4 My nature I obeyed ;  
 My own desires pursued :  
 And still a den of thieves I made  
 The hallowed house of God.  
 The worship he approves,  
 To him I would not pay ;  
 My selfish ends, and creature loves,  
 Had stole my heart away.

- 5 My sin and nakedness  
 I studied to disguise ;  
 Spoke to my soul a flattering peace,  
 And put out my own eyes ;  
 In fig leaves I appeared,  
 Nor with my form would part ;  
 But still retained a conscience seared,  
 A hard, deceitful heart.

## SECOND PART.

- 1 **A** GODLY, formal saint  
 I long appeared in sight ,  
 By self and Satan taught to paint  
 My tomb, my nature, white.  
 The Pharisee within,  
 Still undisturbed, remained ;  
 The strong man, armed with guilt of sin,  
 Safe in his palace reigned.
- 2 But, oh, the jealous God  
 In my behalf came down ;  
 Jesus himself the stronger showed,  
 And claimed me for his own.  
 My spirit he alarmed,  
 And brought into distress ;  
 He shook and bound the strong man, armed  
 In his self-righteousness.
- 3 Faded my virtuous show,  
 My form without the power ;  
 The sin-convincing Spirit blew,  
 And blasted every flower :  
 My mouth was stopped, and shame  
 Covered my guilty face ;  
 I fell on the atoning Lamb,  
 And I was saved by grace. METH. COLL.

- 1 **R**ELIGION'S form is vain,  
 While we deny its power ;  
 What will the hypocrite obtain  
 In death's tremendous hour ?
- 2 Now he may credit gain,  
 And in his affluence roll ;  
 But all his profit will be pain,  
 When God shall take his soul.
- 3 Then, oh, what dread surprise,  
 What horror and dismay,

When death shall open wide his eyes,  
And tear his mask away!

- 4 Lord, search and know my heart,  
And make my soul sincere;  
And bid hypocrisy depart,  
And keep my conscience clear. **HOSKINS.**

724

C. M.

Caledonia.

- 1 **S**TILL, for thy loving kindness, Lord,  
I in thy temple wait:  
I look to find thee in thy word,  
Or at thy table meet.
- 2 Here, in thine own appointed ways,  
I wait to learn thy will:  
Silent I stand before thy face,  
And hear thee say, "Be still!"
- 3 "Be still! and know that I am God!"  
'Tis all I live to know;  
To feel the virtue of thy blood,  
And spread its praise below!
- 4 I wait my vigor to renew,  
Thine image to retrieve;  
The veil of outward things pass through,  
And gasp in thee to live.
- 5 I work; and own the labor vain;  
And thus from works I cease;  
I strive; and see my fruitless pain,  
Till God create my peace.
- 6 Fruitless, till thou thyself impart,  
Must all my efforts prove;  
They cannot change a sinful heart,  
They cannot purchase love.
- 7 I do the thing thy laws enjoin,  
And then the strife give o'er;  
To thee I then the whole resign;  
I trust in means no more.
- 8 I trust in Him who stands between  
The Father's wrath and me;  
Jesus, thou great, eternal Man,  
I look for all from thee. **METH. COLL.**

725

C. M.

Dundee, Rochester.

*The Judgment of Hypocrites. Ps. 50.*

- 1 **W**HEN Christ to judgment shall descend,  
And saints surround their Lord,

- He calls the nations to attend,  
And hear his awful word.
- 2 "Not for the want of bullocks slain  
"Will I the world reprove;  
"Altars, and rites, and forms are vain,  
"Without the fire of love.
- 3 "And what have hypocrites to do  
"To bring their sacrifice?  
"They call my statutes just and true,  
"But deal in theft and lies.
- 4 "Could you expect to 'scape my sight,  
"And sin without control?  
"But I shall bring your crimes to light,  
"With anguish in your soul."
- 5 Consider, ye that slight the Lord,  
Before his wrath appear;  
If once you fall beneath his sword,  
There's no deliverer there. WATTS.

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## BACKSLIDING.

726

C. M. Martyr's, Funer'd Thought.

- 1 **D**EAR Jesus, let thy pitying eye  
Call back a wandering sheep;  
False to my vows, like Peter, I  
Would fain, like Peter, weep.
- 2 Now let me be by grace restored,  
To me thy mercy shown;  
O, turn and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.
- 3 Almighty Prince, enthroned above,  
Repentance to impart,  
Grant, through the greatness of thy love,  
The humble, contrite heart.
- 4 Give, what I should have long implored,  
A taste of love unknown;  
O, turn and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.
- 5 Behold me, Saviour, from above,  
Nor suffer me to die;  
For life, and happiness, and love,  
Smile in thy gracious eye.



- 6 Speak but the reconciling word ;  
 Let mercy melt me down :  
 O, turn and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone. VILL. COLL.

727

C. M. Elgin, Chapel, New Durham.

*Backsliding confessed.*

- 1 **H**OW far, alas ! in sinful ways,  
 How far from God I've gone !  
 And now I mourn in painful lays—  
 Ah ! Lord, what have I done ?
- 2 To sin and Satan's bold demand,  
 I was a willing prey ;  
 He was not readier to command,  
 Than I was to obey.
- 3 Perchance the tempter left my heart,  
 Yet still his work went on ;  
 I acted o'er his dreadful part—  
 Ah ! Lord, what have I done ?
- 4 Saviour, almighty and divine,  
 I've slighted all thy charms ;  
 Restore me from this sad decline,  
 Nor thrust me from thy arms. VILL. COLL.

728

8s. Lambeth, Union Hymn.

- 1 **H**OW shall a lost sinner, in pain,  
 Recover his forfeited peace ?  
 When brought into bondage again,  
 What hope of a second release ?  
 Will mercy itself be so kind  
 To spare such a rebel as me ?  
 And oh, can I possibly find  
 Such plenteous redemption in thee ?
- 2 O Jesus, of thee I inquire,  
 If still thou art able to save ;  
 The brand to pluck out of the fire,  
 And ransom my soul from the grave ;  
 The help of thy Spirit restore,  
 And show me the life-giving blood,  
 And pardon a sinner once more,  
 And bring me again unto God.
- 3 O Jesus, in pity draw near,  
 Come quickly to help a lost soul,  
 To comfort a mourner appear,  
 And make a poor Lazarus whole.

The balm of thy mercy apply,  
 Thou seest the sore anguish I feel;  
 Save, Lord, or I perish, I die;  
 O save, or I sink into hell.

- 4 I sink, if thou longer delay  
 Thy pardoning mercy to show;  
 Come quickly, and kindly display  
 The power of thy passion below:  
 By all thou hast done for my sake,  
 One drop of thy blood I implore:  
 Now, now let it touch me, and make  
 The sinner a sinner no more. METH. COLL.

729

C. M.

Milford, Dundee.

- 1 **O** FOR a closer walk with God,  
 A calm and heavenly frame;  
 A light to shine upon the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
 When first I saw the Lord?  
 Where is the soul-refreshing view  
 Of Jesus, and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!  
 How sweet their memory still!  
 But now I find an aching void  
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove; return,  
 Sweet messenger of rest;  
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
 And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
 Whate'er that idol be,  
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
 And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
 Calm and serene my frame;  
 So purer light shall mark the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb. COWPER.

730

7s.

Montpelier, Finedon.

*In Darkness.*

- 1 **O**NCE I thought my mountain strong,  
 Firmly fixed, no more to move;  
 Then my Saviour was my song,  
 Then my soul was filled with love;

- Those were happy, golden days,  
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.
- 2 Little then myself I knew,  
Little thought of Satan's power;  
Now I feel my sins anew;  
Now I feel the stormy hour:  
Sin has put my joys to flight;  
Sin has turned my day to night.
- 3 Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,  
Bid my dying hopes revive;  
Make my wounded spirit whole,  
Far away the tempter drive;  
Speak the word and set me free,  
Let me live alone to thee.

NEWTON.

731

C. M.

Barby, Caledonia.

*Backsliding mourned.*

- 1 O THAT I were as heretofore,  
When, warm in my first love,  
I only lived my God t' adore,  
And seek the things above.
- 2 Upon my head his candle shone,  
And, lavish of his grace,  
With cords of love he drew me on,  
And half unveiled his face.
- 3 Far, far above all earthly things  
Triumphantly I rode;  
I soared to heaven on eagles' wings,  
And found and talked with God.
- 4 Where am I now? from what a height  
Of happiness cast down!  
The glory swallowed up in night,  
And faded is the crown.
- 5 O God, thou art my home, my rest,  
For which I sigh in pain;  
How shall I 'scape into thy breast,  
My Eden now regain?

METH. COL.

## DEDICATIONS.

732

L. M.

Arnheim, Un

*Dedication of a House for Worship. Ps. lxxxvii*

- 1 **A**ND will the great, eternal God  
 On earth establish his abode?  
 And will he, from his radiant throne,  
 Avow our temple for his own?
- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise;  
 And sing that condescending grace,  
 Which to our notes will lend an ear,  
 And call us, sinful mortals, near.
- 3 Our Father's watchful care we bless,  
 Which guards our synagogues in peace;  
 That no tumultuous foes invade,  
 To fill our worshippers with dread.
- 4 These walls we to thy honor raise;  
 Long may they echo to thy praise;  
 And thou, descending, fill the place  
 With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 5 Here let the great Redeemer reign,  
 With all the glories of his train;  
 While power divine his words attends,  
 To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
- 6 And in the great, decisive day,  
 When God the nations shall survey,  
 May it before the world appear,  
 That crowds were born to glory here.

DODDRIDGE

733

H. M.

Allerton, Anhe

*Dedication of a House for Worship.*

- 1 **I**N sweet, exalted strains,  
 The King of glory praise;  
 O'er heaven and earth he reigns,  
 Through everlasting days;  
 He, with a nod, the world controls,  
 Sustains, or sinks, the distant poles.
- 2 To earth he bends his throne—  
 His throne of grace divine;  
 Wide is his bounty known,  
 And wide his glories shine:  
**Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,**  
**Is with his smiles and presence blest.**

- 3 Great King of glory, come,  
And with thy favor crown  
This temple as thy dome,  
This people as thy own:  
Beneath this roof, O deign to show  
How God can dwell with men below
- 4 Here may thine ears attend  
Thy people's humble cries;  
And grateful praise ascend,  
All fragrant, to the skies:  
Here may thy word melodious sound,  
And spread celestial joys around.
- 5 Here may th' attentive throng  
Imbibe thy truth and love;  
And converts join the song  
Of seraphim above:  
And willing crowds surround thy board,  
With sacred joy, and sweet accord.
- 6 Here may our unborn sons  
And daughters sound thy praise;  
And shine, like polished stones,  
Through long succeeding days:  
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,  
While temples stand, and men adore. FRANCIS
- 

## MORNING AND EVENING.

## MORNING.

734

L. M. Castle Street, Antigua.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, with rapture rise;  
And, filled with love and fear, adore  
The awful Sovereign of the skies,  
Whose mercy lends me one day more.
- 2 And may this day, indulgent Power,  
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be;  
But may each swiftly-flying hour  
Still nearer bring my soul to thee.

- 3 And wilt thou deign to lend an ear,  
 When I, poor abject mortal, pray?  
 Yes, boundless Goodness, thou wilt hear,  
 Nor cast the meanest wretch away.
- 1 Then let me serve thee all my days,  
 And may my zeal with years increase;  
 For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,  
 And all thy paths are paths of peace.

735

L. M. 6L. St. Helen's, Devoti

*Dependence and Enjoyment.*

- 1 **A**S every day thy mercy spares  
 Will bring its trials and its cares,  
 O Saviour, till my life shall end,  
 Be thou my counsellor and friend:  
 Teach me thy precepts, all divine,  
 And be thy great example mine.
- 2 Should poverty's consuming blow  
 Lay all my worldly comforts low;  
 And neither help nor hope appear,  
 My steps to guide, my heart to cheer;  
 Lord, pity and supply my need,  
 For thou on earth wast poor indeed.
- 3 Should providence profusely pour  
 Its various blessings in my store;  
 O keep me from the ills, that wait  
 On such a seeming prosperous state;  
 From hurtful passions set me free,  
 And humbly may I walk with thee.
- 4 When each day's scenes and labors close,  
 And wearied nature seeks repose,  
 With pardoning mercy richly blest,  
 Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;  
 And as each morning sun shall rise,  
 O, lead me onward to the skies.

WORCESTER'S SELECTION

736

C. M.

London, Fern

*Christian Watchfulness.*

- 1 **A**WAKE, my drowsy soul, awake,  
 And view the threatening scene:  
 Legions of foes encamp around,  
 And treachery lurks within.
- 2 'Tis not this mortal life alone  
 These enemies assail;

- How canst thou hope for future bliss,  
If their attempts prevail?
- 3 Then to the work of God awake—  
Behold thy Master near—  
The various, arduous task pursue  
With vigor and with fear.
- 4 The awful register goes on,  
The account will surely come;  
And opening day, or closing night,  
May bear me to my doom.
- 5 Tremendous thought! how deep it strikes!  
Yet like a dream it flies,  
Till God's own voice the slumbers chase  
From these deluded eyes. DODDRIDGE.

737

L. M.

Park Street, Wells.

*Morning Hymn.*

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily course of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Redeem thy misspent time that's past;  
Live this day, as if 'twere thy last:  
T' improve thy talents take due care;  
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,  
Thy conscience as the noonday clear:  
Think how th' all-seeing God, thy ways  
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;  
Scatter my sins as morning dew;  
Guard my first spring of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say,  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite
- Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye angelic host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

KENNEDY

738

C. M.

Mear, Howard

*Morning Invocation.*

- 1 **G**IVER and guardian of my sleep,  
To praise thy name I wake;  
Still, Lord, thy helpless servant keep,  
For thine own mercy's sake.
- 2 The blessing of another day  
I thankfully receive;  
O, may I only thee obey,  
And to thy glory live!
- 3 Vouchsafe to keep my soul from sin,  
Its cruel power suspend,  
Till all this strife and war within  
In perfect peace shall end.
- 4 Upon me lay thy mighty hand,  
My words and thoughts restrain:  
Bow my whole soul to thy command,  
Nor let my faith be vain.
- 5 Prisoner of hope, I wait the hour  
Which shall salvation bring;  
When all I am shall own thy power,  
And call my Jesus King. METH. COLL

739

L. M.

Blendon, New Sabbath

- 1 **G**OD of the morning, at whose voice  
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,  
And like a giant doth rejoice  
To run his journey through the skies;—
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east  
The circuit of his race begins,  
And, without weariness or rest,  
Round the whole earth he flies and shines
- 3 O, like the sun may I fulfil  
Th' appointed duties of the day;  
With ready mind and active will  
March on, and keep my heavenly way.
- 4 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,  
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;  
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure;  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 5 Give me thy counsel for my guide,  
And then receive me to thy bliss;



All my desires and hopes beside  
 Are faint and cold, compared with this.  
 WATTS.

## 740

C. M.

Colchester, Ferry.

- 1 **M**Y lovely Jesus, while on earth,  
 Arose before 'twas day,  
 And to a solitary place  
 Departed, there to pray.
- 2 I'll do as did my blessed Lord—  
 His footsteps I will trace;  
 I love to meet him in the grove,  
 And view his smiling face.
- 3 Early I'll rise, and sing and pray,  
 While I the light enjoy;  
 May this blest work, from day to day,  
 My heart and tongue employ. VILL. COLL.

## 741

7s.

Pleyel's, Lovest thou me.

- 1 **N**OW the shades of night are gone;  
 Now the morning light is come;  
 Lord, may we be thine to-day;  
 Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,  
 Banish doubt, and cleanse our sight;  
 In thy service, Lord, to-day,  
 Help us labor, help us pray.
- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound;  
 Save us from our foes around;  
 Going out, and coming in,  
 Keep us safe from every sin.
- 4 When our work of life is past,  
 O receive us then at last!  
 Night of sin will be no more,  
 When we reach the heavenly shore.  
 HART. COLL.

## 742

L. M.

Paradise, Old Hundred.

- 1 **O** COULD my soul this morning rise,  
 And feel that life that never dies,  
 I'd praise that hand with all my powers,  
 That guarded my unguarded hours.

- 2 'Tis he who gives me life divine ;  
 In him eternal joys are mine ;  
 Then rouse, my soul, bid sloth adieu,  
 Thy Jesus love, and him pursue.
- 3 Haste on to that immortal shore,  
 Where night and sleep are known no more ;  
 There shall I soon in glory rise,  
 And meet my God beyond the skies.
- 4 Then will I raise a morning song,  
 With all the vast angelic throng ;  
 Sailing in everlasting peace,  
 My morning song shall never cease.

ALLINE.

## 743

C. M.

St. Ann's.

- 1 **O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day  
 Salutes thy waking eyes ;  
 Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
 To Him who rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,  
 The day renews the sound ;  
 Wide as the heaven, on which he sits  
 To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,  
 My tongue shall speak his praise ;  
 My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,  
 And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 On a poor worm thy power might tread,  
 And I could ne'er withstand :  
 Thy justice might have crushed me dead,  
 But mercy held thine hand.
- 5 A thousand wretched souls are fled,  
 Since the last setting sun ;  
 And yet thou lengthen'st out my thread,  
 And yet my moments run.
- 6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,  
 Whilst I enjoy the light :  
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
 And bring a pleasant night.

WATTS.

## 744

S. M.

Newburg.

*Morning.*

- 1 **S**ERENE, I laid me down  
 Beneath his guardian care ;  
 I slept, and I awoke, and found  
 My kind Preserver near.

- 2 Thus does thine arm support  
This weak, defenceless frame ;  
But whence these favors, Lord, to mo,  
All worthless as I am?
- 3 O, how shall I repay  
The bounties of my God?  
This feeble spirit pants beneath  
This pleasing, painful load.
- 4 My life I would anew  
Devote, O Lord, to thee ;  
And in thy service I would spend  
A long eternity.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

745

C. M. Peterborough, Victory.

*Sabbath Morning Hymn.*

- 1 **T**HIS is the day when Christ arose  
So early from the dead ;  
Why should I keep my eyelids closed,  
And waste my hours in bed?
- 2 This is the day when Jesus broke  
The powers of death and hell ;  
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,  
And love my sins so well?
- 3 To-day with pleasure Christians meet,  
To pray and read thy word ;  
And I would go, with cheerful feet,  
To learn thy will, O Lord.
- 4 I'll quit the world, to read and pray,  
And so prepare for heaven ;  
O, may I love this blessed day  
The best of all the seven.

LYRE.

746

7s.

Elliott, Benevento.

*Morning.*

- 1 **T**HOU, O Lord, didst hear my cry ;  
Thy protecting hand was nigh ;  
Peaceful slumbers thou didst shed  
O'er my weary, drooping head.
- 2 Gently, with the dawning ray,  
On my soul thy beams display ;  
Sweeter than the smiling morn,  
Let thy cheering light return.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

## MORNING OR EVENING.

747

L. M.

Uxbridge, Portugal.

*Morning or Evening.*

- 1 **M**Y God, accept my early vows,  
Like morning incense in thy house;  
And let my nightly worship rise,  
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.
- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,  
From every rash and heedless word;  
Nor let my feet incline to tread  
The guilty path where sinners lead.
- 3 O, may the righteous, when I stray,  
Smite and reprove my wandering way!  
Their gentle words, like ointment, shed,  
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
- 4 When I behold them pressed with grief,  
I'll cry to Heaven for their relief;  
And by my warm petitions prove  
How much I prize their faithful love.

WATTS.

748

C. M.

Barby, Milford.

*Morning or Evening.*

- 1 **O**N thee, each morning, O my God,  
My waking thoughts attend;  
In whom are founded all my hopes,  
In whom my wishes end.
- 2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,  
Thy boundless love surveys;  
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares  
The sacrifice of praise.
- 3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,  
With thy protection blest,  
In peace and safety I commit  
My weary limbs to rest.
- 4 My spirit, in thy hands secure,  
Fears no approaching ill;  
For whether waking, or asleep,  
Thou, Lord, art with me still.
- 5 Then will I daily to the world  
Thy wondrous acts proclaim;  
Whilst all with me shall praise and sing,  
And bless the sacred name.

- 6 At morn, at noon, at night, I'll still  
Thy growing work pursue;  
And thee alone will praise, to whom  
Eternal praise is due.

LIV. COLL.

## EVENING.

749

C. M.

Swanwick, St. John's.

*Evening before the Sabbath.*

- 1 **B**EGONE, my earthly cares, away!  
Nor dare to tempt my sight;  
Let me begin th' ensuing day  
Before I end this night.
- 2 Yes, let the work of prayer and praise  
Employ my heart and tongue;  
Begin, my soul; thy Sabbath days  
Can never be too long.
- 3 Let the past mercies of the week  
Excite a grateful frame;  
Nor let my tongue refuse to speak  
Some good of Jesus' name.
- 4 Jesus!—how pleasing is the sound!  
How worthy of my love!  
Why is my heart so lifeless found?  
Why placed no more above?
- 5 Forgive my dulness, dearest Lord,  
And quicken all my powers;  
Prepare me to attend thy word,  
T' improve the sacred hours.
- 6 On wings of expectation borne,  
My hopes to heaven ascend:  
I long to welcome in the morn,  
The day with thee to spend.

750

C. M.

Barby, Bedford.

- 1 **D**READ Sovereign, let my evening song  
Like holy incense rise;  
Assist the offerings of my tongue  
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day  
Thy hand was still my guard;

And still, to drive my wants away,  
Thy mercy stood prepared.

- 3 Perpetual blessings from above  
Encompass me around ;  
But O, how few returns of love  
Hath my Creator found !

- 4 What have I done for him that died  
To save my wretched soul ?  
How are my follies multiplied,  
Fast as my minutes roll !

- 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,  
To thy dear cross I flee,  
And to thy grace my soul resign,  
To be renewed by thee.

- 6 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,  
I lay me down to rest,  
As in th' embraces of my God,  
Or on my Saviour's breast.

WATTS.

## 751

L. M.

Orland, Sandwich.

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light :  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Under thy own almighty wings.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, through thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
To die, that this vile body may  
Rise glorious at the awful day.

- 4 O, may my soul on thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;  
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,  
To serve my God when I awake.

- 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly choir ;  
Sing praise to heaven's eternal Sire. KENN.

## 752

P. M.

Evening Song.

- 1 **G**OD of evening and of morning,  
Great Source of all,

While our hearts with love are burning,  
 Prostrate we fall;  
 Now thy sacred throne addressing,  
 And our follies all confessing,  
 We entreat a Father's blessing;  
 Lord, hear our call.

2 Thou that rulest earth and heaven,  
 Darkness and light;  
 Who the day for toil hast given,  
 For rest the night;  
 May thine angel guards defend us;  
 Slumber sweet, thy mercy send us;  
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
 This live-long night.

3 Object of our souls' devotion,  
 Thee we adore;  
 Fill our hearts with sweet emotion,  
 This sacred hour;  
 Jesus, Master, thou art worthy;  
 All thy heavenly host adore thee;  
 Saints shall cast their crowns before thee,  
 Now, and evermore. SPIRITUAL SONGS.

## 753

C. M.

Colchester, Arundel.

1 **I**NDULGENT Father, by whose care  
 I've passed another day,  
 Let me this night thy mercy share,  
 And teach me how to pray.

2 Show me my sins, and how to mourn  
 My guilt before thy face;  
 Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,  
 And save me by thy grace.

3 Let each returning night declare  
 The tokens of thy love;  
 And every hour thy grace prepare  
 My soul for joys above.

4 And when on earth I close mine eyes,  
 To sleep in death's embrace,  
 Let me to heaven and glory rise,  
 T' enjoy thy smiling face.

## 754

7s. 8L. Bath Abby, Heavenly Home.

1 **O**MNIPRESENT God, whose aid  
 No one ever asked in vain,

- Be this night about my bed,  
 Every evil thought restrain;  
 Lay thy hand upon my soul,  
 God of my unguarded hours;  
 All my enemies control,  
 Hell, and earth, and nature's powers.
- 2 O thou jealous God, come down;  
 God of spotless purity;  
 Claim and seize me for thine own;  
 Consecrate my heart to thee;  
 Under thy protection take;  
 Songs in the night season give;  
 Let me sleep to thee, and wake;  
 Let me die to thee, and live.
- 3 Let me of thy life partake,  
 Thy own holiness impart;  
 O that I may sweetly wake,  
 With my Saviour in my heart!  
 O that I may know thee mine!  
 O that I may thee receive!  
 Only live the life divine;  
 Only to thy glory live. METH. COLL.

## 755

S. M.

America, Concord.

- 1 **T**HE day is past and gone;  
 The evening shades appear;  
 O, may we all remember well  
 The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,  
 Upon our beds to rest;  
 So death will soon disrobe us all  
 Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
 Secure from all our fears;  
 May angels guard us while we sleep,  
 Till morning light appears.
- 4 And if we early rise,  
 And view th' unwearied sun,  
 May we set out to win the prize,  
 And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,  
 And we from time remove,  
 O, may we in thy bosom rest,  
 The bosom of thy love. FREEMAN'S COLL.



756

L. M.

All Saints, Wells.

- 1 **T**HUS far the Lord has led me on ;  
 Thus far his power prolongs my days ;  
 And every evening shall make known  
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
 And I, perhaps, am near my home ;  
 But he forgives my follies past,  
 He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;  
 Peace is the pillow for my head :  
 While well-appointed angels keep  
 Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 In vain the sons of earth or hell  
 Tell me a thousand frightful things :  
 My God in safety makes me dwell,  
 Beneath the shadow of his wings.
- 5 Faith in his name forbids my fear :  
 O, may thy presence ne'er depart ;  
 And in the morning make me hear  
 The love and kindness of thy heart.
- 6 Thus, when the night of death shall come  
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
 And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,  
 With sweet salvation in the sound. WATTS.

## SEASONS.

757

L. M.

Spring, China.

*The Seasons.* Ps. lxy. 11.

- 1 **T**HE flowery spring, at God's command,  
 Perfumes the air and paints the land ;  
 The summer rays, with vigor shine,  
 To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 2 His hand in autumn richly pours,  
 Through all her coasts, redundant stores :  
 And winters, softened by his care,  
 No more the face of horror wear.
- 3 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,  
 Demand successive songs of praise ;

And be the cheerful homage paid,  
With morning light and evening shade.

- 4 And O, may each harmonious tongue,  
In worlds unknown, the praise prolong;  
And in those brighter courts adore,  
Where days and years revolve no more.

DODDRIDGE.

758

H. M.

Columbia.

*The Seasons.*

- 1 **H**OW pleasing is the voice  
Of God, our heavenly King,  
Who bids the frosts retire,  
And wakes the lovely spring!  
Bright suns arise, | And beauty glows  
The mild wind blows, | Through earth and skies.

- 2 The morn, with glory crowned,  
His hand arrays in smiles;  
He bids the eve decline,  
Rejoicing, o'er the hills:  
The evening breeze | His beauty blooms  
His breath perfumes; | In flowers and trees.

- 3 With life he clothes the spring,  
The earth with summer warms:  
He spreads the autumnal feast,  
And rides on wintry storms:  
His gifts divine | And round the year  
Through all appear; | His glories shine.

GEMS.

759

8s.

Uxbridge.

*Spring.*

- 1 **H**OW sweetly, along the gay mead,  
The daisies and cowslips are seen;  
The flocks, as they carelessly feed,  
Rejoice in the beautiful green.
- 2 The vines that encircle the bowers,  
The herbage that springs from the sod,—  
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flowers,  
All rise to the praise of my God.
- 3 Shall man, the great master of all,  
The only insensible prove?  
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call;  
Forbid it, devotion and love.
- 4 The Lord, who such wonders can raise,  
And still can destroy with a nod,

My lips shall incessantly praise—  
My soul shall rejoice in my God.

WORCESTER'S COLL.

760

C. M. Knaresborough, Sydenham.

*Spring.*

**W**HEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,  
And blossoms deck the spray,  
And fragrance breathes in every gale,  
How sweet the vernal day!  
Hark, how the feathered warblers sing;  
'Tis nature's cheerful voice;  
Soft music hails the lovely spring,  
And woods and fields rejoice.  
How kind the influence of the skies!  
The showers, with blessings fraught,  
Bid virtue, beauty, fragrance rise,  
And fix the roving thought.  
Then let my wondering heart confess,  
With gratitude and love,  
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless  
The garden, field, and grove.  
That bounteous hand my thoughts adore,  
Beyond expression kind,  
Hath better, nobler gifts in store,  
To bless the craving mind.  
O God of nature and of grace,  
Thy heavenly gifts impart;  
Then shall my meditation trace  
Spring, blooming in my heart.  
Inspired to praise, I then shall join  
Glad nature's cheerful song;  
And love and gratitude divine  
Attune my joyful song.

STEELE.

761

C. M.

Victory, Doxology.

*Summer: a Harvest Hymn.*

**T**O praise the ever bounteous Lord,  
My soul, wake all thy powers:  
He calls—and at his voice come forth  
The smiling harvest hours.  
His covenant with the earth he keeps;  
My tongue, his goodness sing;  
Summer and winter know their time;  
His harvest crowns the spring.

- 3 Well pleased, the toiling swains behold  
The waving yellow crop;  
With joy they bear the sheaves away,  
And sow again in hope.
- 4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow  
The seeds of righteousness;  
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams  
The ripening harvest bless.
- 5 Then, in the last great harvest, I  
Shall reap a glorious crop;  
The harvest shall by far exceed  
What I have sowed in hope.

RIFTON.

762

C. M. Garland, Charlesville.

*Prayer for Rain.*

- 1 **N**OW may the Lord of earth and skies  
Regard us when we call;  
'Tis he who bids the vapors rise,  
And showers abundant fall.
- 2 On thee, our God, we all depend,  
For life, and health, and food:  
O, make refreshing showers descend,  
And crown the year with good.
- 3 The evil and the just partake,  
These bounties of thy hand;  
Nor will a God of love forsake  
This long indulged land.
- 4 Let grace come down, like copious rains,  
On Zion's drooping field;  
So shall our souls revive again,  
And fruit abundant yield.
- 5 Then smiling nature shall express  
Her mighty Maker's praise:  
And we, the children of thy grace,  
Join her harmonious lays.

BURDER'S COLL.

763

L. M. Gloucester, Blendon.

*The God of Thunder.*

- 1 **O** THE immense, th' amazing height,  
The boundless grandeur of our God,  
Who treads the worlds beneath his feet,  
And sways the nations with his nod!
- 2 He speaks; and lo! all nature shakes;  
Heaven's everlasting pillars bow;

- He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,  
And shoots his fiery arrows through.
- 3 Well, let the nations start and fly  
At the blue lightning's horrid glare;  
Atheists and emperors shrink and die,  
When flame and noise torment the air;—
- 4 Let noise and flame confound the skies,  
And drown the spacious realms below;  
Yet will we sing the Thunderer's praise,  
And send our loud hosannas through.
- 5 Celestial King, thy blazing power  
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys;  
We shout to hear thy thunders roar,  
And echo to our Father's voice. WATTS.

## 764

C. M.

Swanwick, London.

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts;  
And thou, O earth, adore:  
Let death and hell, through all their coasts,  
Stand trembling at his power.
- 2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky,  
He makes the clouds his throne;  
There all his stores of lightning lie,  
Till vengeance darts them down.
- 3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams—  
And from his awful tongue  
A sovereign voice divides the flames,  
And thunder roars along.
- 4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day,  
When this incensed God  
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,  
And fling his wrath abroad.
- 5 What shall the wretch, the sinner do?  
He once defied the Lord;  
But he shall dread the Thunderer now,  
And sink beneath his word.
- 6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll,  
To blast the rebel worm,  
And beat upon his naked soul  
In one eternal storm. WATTS.

## 765

L. M. Psalm 97th, Charlestown.  
*Autumn.*

- 1 SEE, how brown autumn spreads the field;  
Mark, how the whitening hills are turned;

- The Lord is good—his mercy never ending;  
His blessings in perpetual showers descending.
- 2 Zion, enriched with his distinguished grace,  
Blest with the rays of thine Immanuel's face—  
Zion, Jehovah's portion and delight,  
Graven on his hands, and hourly in his sight—  
In sacred strains, exalt that grace excelling,  
Which makes thy humble hill his chosen dwelling.
- 3 His mercy never ends; the dawn, the shade,  
Still see new beauties through new scenes  
displayed;  
Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,  
And children lean upon their father's God.  
The deathless soul, through its immense duration,  
Drinks from this source immortal consolation.
- 4 Burst into praise, my soul; all nature join;  
Angels and men, in harmony combine:  
While human years are measured by the sun,  
And while eternity its course shall run—  
His goodness, in perpetual showers descending,  
Exalt in songs and raptures never ending.
- DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **W**HILE with ceaseless course the sun  
Hasted through the former year,  
Many souls their race have run,  
Never more to meet us here.
- 2 Fixed in an eternal state,  
They have done with all below;  
We a little longer wait;  
But how little—none can know.
- 3 Sun of righteousness, arise!  
Warm our hearts, and bless our eyes:  
Let our prayer thy pity move;  
Make this year a time of love.
- 4 Thanks for mercies past receive,  
Pardon of our sins renew;  
Teach us, henceforth, how to live  
With eternity in view.
- 5 Bless thy word to old and young,  
Fill us with a Saviour's love;  
When our life's short race is run,  
May we dwell with thee above.

771

C. M. Canterbury, Buckingham.

*Swiftness of Time.—New Year.*

- 1 **R**EMARK, my soul, the narrow bound  
Of the revolving year;  
How swift the weeks complete their round!  
How short the months appear!
- 2 So fast eternity comes on—  
And that important day,  
When all that mortal life hath done,  
God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet, like an idle tale, we pass  
The swift revolving year;  
And study artful ways t' increase  
The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my careless heart,  
Its great concerns to see;  
That I may act the Christian part,  
And give the year to thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,  
If future years arise;  
Or this shall bear my waiting soul  
To joy beyond the skies. DODDRIDGE.

772

10s, 5s &amp; 11s.

Amesbury.

- 1 **C**OME, let us anew our journey pursue,  
Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still till the Master appear:  
His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,  
And our talents improve,  
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.
- 2 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,  
Glides swiftly away;  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:  
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;  
The millennial year  
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
- 3 O that each, in the day of his coming, may say,  
"I have fought my way through;  
"I have finished the work thou didst give me  
to do!"  
O that each from his Lord may receive the  
glad word,  
"Well and faithfully done!"  
"Enter into my joy, and sit down on my  
throne."

HAR. SACRA.

773

H. M.

Columbia, Plainfield.

*Birth Day.*

- 1 **G**OD of my life, to thee  
My cheerful soul I raise ;  
Thy goodness bade me be,  
And still prolongs my days ;  
I see my natal hour return,  
And bless the day that I was born.
- 2 Long as I live beneath,  
To thee, O, let me live !  
To thee my every breath  
In thanks and praises give !  
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,  
Shall magnify my Maker's name.
- 3 My soul and all its powers,  
Thine, wholly thine, shall be ;  
All, all my happy hours,  
I consecrate to thee ;  
Me to thine image now restore,  
And I shall praise thee evermore.
- 4 I wait thy will to do,  
As angels do in heaven :  
In Christ a creature new,  
Most graciously forgiven :  
I wait thy perfect will to prove,  
All sanctified by spotless love. METH. COLL.

## MARRIAGE.

774

8s &amp; 7s. Sicilian, Good Shepherd.

*A Marriage Hymn.*

- 1 **C**OME, thou condescending Jesus ;  
Thou hast blest a marriage feast :  
Come, and with thy presence bless us ;  
Deign to be an honored guest.
- 2 Once, at Cana's happy village,  
Thou didst heavenly joy impart ;  
Though unseen, may thy blest image  
Be inscribed on every heart.
- 3 Lord, we come to ask thy blessing  
On the happy pair to rest ;



- May thy goodness, never ceasing,  
Make them now and ever blest.
- 4 Often, from their happy dwelling,  
May the voice of prayer ascend,  
For thy mercies still increasing,  
To their best, their kindest Friend
- 5 Through this life's tempestuous ocean,  
Storms are thick and dangers nigh;  
O may constant, pure devotion,  
Guide them safe to realms on high.
- 6 When, by death's cold hand divided,  
Which dissolves the tenderest ties,  
By thy grace, again united,  
May they in thy image rise.
- 7 Come, thou condescending Jesus,  
Fill our hearts with songs of praise;  
Come, and with thy presence bless us;  
Make us subjects of thy grace.

WORCESTER'S COLL

775

7s & 6s. Ceylon, Missionary Hymn.

- 1 **W**HEN on her Maker's bosom  
The new-born earth was laid,  
And nature's opening blossom  
Its fairest bloom displayed;  
When all with fruit and flowers  
The laughing soil was dressed,  
And Eden's fragrant bowers  
Received their human guest;—
- 2 No sin his face defiling,  
The heir of nature stood,  
And God, benignly smiling,  
Beheld that all was good;  
Yet, in that hour of blessing,  
A single want was known;  
A wish, the heart distressing—  
For Adam was alone.
- 3 O, God of pure affection,  
By men and saints adored,  
Who gavest thy protection  
To Cana's nuptial board,  
May such thy bounties ever  
To wedded love be shown,  
And no rude hand dis sever  
Whom thou hast linked in one.

## 776, 777 TIMES AND SEASONS.

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- 4 Their heart and hand combining  
To live for ever thine,  
May grace, upon them shining,  
Create their joys divine ;  
O, may they always serve thee,  
Their counsels ever one,  
And ne'er forget to love thee  
Till time on earth is done.

HEBER.

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776

L. M.

Olney, Portugal.

- 1 **W**ITH grateful hearts, and tuneful lays,  
We bow before th' Eternal throne,  
And offer up our humble praise,  
To him whose name is God alone.
- 2 On this auspicious eve, draw near,  
And shed thy richest blessings down ;  
Fill every heart with love sincere,  
And all thy faithful mercies crown.
- 3 Grant now thy presence, gracious Lord,  
And hearken to our fervent prayer ;  
The nuptial vow in heaven record,  
And bless the newly married pair.
- 4 O, guide them safe, this desert through,  
Mid all the cares of life and love,  
At length with joy thy face to view,  
In fairer, better worlds above.

VILL. COLL.

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## TIMES AND SEASONS.

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### YOUTH.

777

C. M.

Ferry, Stephen's.

*Early Religion.*

- 1 **B**Y cool Siloam's shady rill  
How sweet the lily grows !  
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,  
Of Sharon's dewy rose !

- 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod;  
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay;  
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,  
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
Of man's maturer age  
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
And stormy passions rage.
- 5 O thou who giv'st us life and breath,  
We seek thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
To keep us still thine own. HEBER

778 C. M. St. Martin's, Swanwick.  
*Exhortations to Faith and Holiness.*

- 1 **C**OME, children, learn to fear the Lord;  
And, that your days be long,  
Let not a false or spiteful word  
Be found upon your tongue.
- 2 Depart from mischief, practise love,  
Pursue the work of peace;  
So shall the Lord your ways approve,  
And set your souls at ease.
- 3 His eyes awake to guard the just,  
His ears attend their cry:  
When broken spirits dwell in dust,  
The God of grace is nigh.
- 4 What though the sorrows here they taste  
Are sharp and tedious too?  
The Lord, who saves them all at last,  
Is their supporter now.
- 5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead;  
But God secures his own;  
Prevents the mischief when they slide,  
Or heals the broken bone.
- 6 When desolation, like a flood,  
O'er the proud sinner rolls,  
Saints find a refuge in their God,  
For he redeemed their souls. WATTS.

779

C. M.

Walsal, Greenwalk.

*Youth.*

- 1 **C**OME, let us now forget our mirth,  
And think that we must die;  
What are our best delights on earth,  
Compared with those on high?
- 2 Our pleasures here will soon be past—  
Our brightest joys decay;  
But pleasures there for ever last,  
And cannot fade away.
- 3 Here sins and sorrows we deplore,  
With many cares distressed;  
But there the mourners weep no more,  
And there the weary rest.
- 4 Our dearest friends, when death shall call,  
At once must hence depart;  
But there we hope to meet them all,  
And never, never part.
- 5 Then let us love and serve the Lord,  
With all our youthful powers;  
And we shall gain this great reward;  
This glory shall be ours. TAYLOR.

780

L. M.

Effingham, Portugal.

*For Children.*

- 1 **I**N Israel's fane, by silent night,  
The lamp of God was burning bright;  
And there, by viewless angels kept,  
Samuel, the child, securely slept.
- 2 A voice unknown the stillness broke;  
"Samuel," it called, and thrice it spoke;  
He rose; he asked whence came the word:  
From Eli? No—it was the Lord.
- 3 'Thus early called to serve his God,  
In paths of righteousness he trod;  
Prophetic visions fired his breast,  
And all the chosen tribes were blest.
- 4 Speak, Lord; and, from our earliest days,  
Incline our hearts to love thy ways;  
Thy wakening voice hath reached our ear;  
Speak, Lord, to us; thy servants hear. CAWOOD.

781

C. M. Clarendon, Dwight.

*Remember thy Creator in the Days of thy Youth.*

- 1 **I**N the soft season of thy youth,  
In nature's smiling bloom,  
Ere age arrive, and, trembling, wait  
Its summons to the tomb;—
  - 2 Remember thy Creator, God;  
For him thy powers employ;  
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,  
Thy confidence, thy joy.
  - 3 He shall defend, and guide thy course  
Through life's uncertain sea,  
Till thou art landed on the shore  
Of blest eternity.
  - 4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose  
The path of heavenly truth:  
The earth affords no lovelier sight  
Than a religious youth. SALISBURY COLL.
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782

C. M. Windsor, Buckingham.

- 1 **L**O, the young tribes of Adam rise,  
And through all nature rove;  
Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,  
And taste the joys they love.
- 2 They give a loose to wild desires;  
But let the sinners know  
The strict account that God requires  
Of all the works they do.
- 3 The Judge prepares his throne on high;  
The frightened earth and seas  
Avoid the fury of his eye,  
And flee before his face.
- 4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,  
And stand the fiery test?  
I'd give all mortal joys away  
To be for ever blest.

WATTS.

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783

L. M. Green's Hundredth, German Hymn.

*A lovely Youth falling short of Heaven.*

- 1 **M**UST all the charms of nature, then,  
So hopeless to salvation prove?  
Can hell demand, can heaven condemn,  
The man whom Jesus deigns to love?—

- 2 The man who sought the ways of truth,  
Paid friends and neighbors all their due,—  
A modest, sober, lovely youth,  
Who thought he wanted nothing new?
- 3 But mark the change: Thus spake the Lord,  
“Come, part with earth for heaven to-day;”  
The youth, astonished at the word,  
In silent sadness went his way.
- 4 Poor virtues, that he boasted so,  
This test unable to endure,  
Let Christ, and grace and glory go,  
To make his land and money sure.
- 5 Ah, foolish choice of treasures here!  
Ah, fatal love of tempting gold!  
Must this base world be bought so dear,  
And life and heaven so cheaply sold?
- 6 In vain the charms of nature shine,  
If this vile passion governs me;  
Transform my soul, O love divine,  
And make me part with all for thee.

WATT3.

## 784

S. M.

St. Thomas, Shirland.

1 Chron. xxviii. 9.

- 1 **M**Y son, know thou the Lord;  
Thy father's God obey;  
Seek his protecting care by night,  
His guardian hand by day.
- 2 Call, while he may be found,  
And seek him while he's near;  
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,  
And worship him with fear.
- 3 If thou wilt seek his face,  
His ear will hear thy cry;  
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,  
His grace for ever nigh.
- 4 But if thou leave thy God,  
Nor choose the path to heaven;  
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,  
And never be forgiven.

VILL. COLL

## 785

L. M.

Putney, Carthage.

*Advice to Youth.*

- 1 **N**OW, in the heat of youthful blood,  
Remember your Creator, God:

- Behold the months come hastening on,  
When you shall say, "My joys are gone."
- 2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,  
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,  
Down to the regions of the dead,  
With endless curses on his head.
- 3 The dust returns to dust again,  
The soul, in agonies of pain,  
Ascends to God, not there to dwell;  
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
- 4 Eternal King, I fear thy name;  
Teach me to know how frail I am;  
And when my soul must hence remove,  
Give me a mansion in thy love.      WATTS

786

C. M.

Bath, Howard's

- 1 **R**ELIGION is the chief concern  
Of mortals here below;  
May I its great importance learn,  
Its sovereign virtue know!
- 2 More needful this than glittering wealth,  
Or aught the world bestows;  
Nor reputation, food, or health,  
Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage,  
Amidst our youthful bloom;  
'Twill fit us for declining age,  
And for the awful tomb.
- 4 O, may my heart, by grace renewed,  
Be my Redeemer's throne;  
And be my stubborn will subdued,  
His government to own.
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,  
Be joined with godly fear;  
And all my conversation prove  
My heart to be sincere.      FAWCETT.

787

C. M.

Arlington, Barb'y.

*A hopeful Youth falling short of Heaven.*

- 1 **T**HUS far 'tis well: you read, you pray,  
You hear God's holy word,  
You hearken what your parents say,  
And learn to serve the Lord.
- 2 Your friends are pleased to see your ways;  
Your practice they approve;

- Jesus himself would give you praise,  
And look with eyes of love.
- 3 But if you quit the paths of truth,  
To follow foolish fires,  
And give a loose to giddy youth,  
With all its wild desires;—
- 4 If you will let your Saviour go,  
To hold your riches fast;  
Or hunt for empty joys below,  
You'll lose your heaven at last.
- 5 The rich young man whom Jesus loved  
Should warn you to forbear;  
His love of earthly treasures proved  
A fatal, golden snare.
- 6 See, gracious God, dear Saviour, see  
How youth is prone to fall:  
Teach them to part with all for thee,  
And love thee more than all. WATTS.

## 788

C. M.

Coronation, Barby

*Young Persons invited to seek and love Christ.*

Prov. viii. 17.

- 1 **Y**E hearts with youthful vigor warm,  
In smiling crowds draw near;  
And turn from every mortal charm,  
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,  
Stoops to converse with you;  
And lays his radiant glories by,  
Your welfare to pursue.
- 3 "The soul who longs to see my face,  
"Is sure my love to gain;  
"And those who early seek my grace,  
"Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,  
If once compared with thee?  
What beauty should command my love,  
Like what in Christ I see?
- 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,  
Vain tempters of the mind!  
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,  
And here true bliss I find. DODDRIDGE.



## 789

L. M.

Sterling, Leyden.

- 1 **Y**E lovely bands of blooming youth,  
Warned by the voice of heavenly truth,  
Now yield to Christ your youthful prime,  
With all your talents and your time.
- 2 Think on your end—nor thoughtless say,  
“I’ll put far off the evil day;”  
Ah! not a moment’s in your power,  
And death stands ready at the door.
- 3 Eternity!—how near it rolls!  
Count the vast value of your souls!  
Beware! and count the awful cost,  
What they have gained whose souls are lost.
- 4 Pride, sinful pleasures, lusts and snares,  
Beset your hearts, your eyes, your ears:  
Take the alarm—the danger fly!  
Lord, save me, be your earnest cry.

VILL. COLL.

## 790

L. M.

Babylon, Woburn.

*Youth and Judgment.* Eccl. xi. 9.

- 1 **Y**E sons of Adam, vain and young,  
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue:  
Taste the delights your souls desire,  
And give a loose to all your fire.
- 2 Pursue the pleasures you design,  
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine;  
Enjoy the day of mirth;—but know,  
There is a day of judgment too!
- 3 God, from on high, beholds your thoughts;  
His book records your secret faults;  
The works of darkness you have done  
Must all appear before the sun.
- 4 The vengeance to your follies due  
Should strike your hearts with terror through:  
How will you stand before his face,  
Or answer for his injured grace?
- 5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes  
From these alluring vanities;  
And let the thunder of thy word  
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

WATTS.

## OLD AGE.

791

C. M. Walsal, Buckingham.

*Middle Age.* John ix. 4.

- 1 **A**ND have I measured half my days,  
And half my journey run,  
Nor tasted the Redeemer's grace,  
Nor yet my work begun?
- 2 The morning of my life is past;  
The noon is almost o'er:  
The night of death approaches fast,  
When I can work no more.
- 3 O thou, who seest and know'st my grief,  
Thyself unseen, unknown,  
In mercy help my unbelief,  
And melt my heart of stone.
- 4 Regard me with a gracious eye,  
The long-sought blessing give;  
And bid me, at the point to die,  
Behold thy face, and live. C. WESLEY.

792

C. M.

Funeral Thought

- 1 **E**TERNAL God, enthroned on high,  
Whom angel hosts adore,  
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh,  
Thy presence I implore.
- 2 O, guide me down the steep of age,  
And keep my passions cool;  
Teach me to scan the sacred page,  
And practise every rule.
- 3 My flying years time urges on;  
What's human must decay:  
My friends, my young companions, gone,  
Can I expect to stay?
- 4 Ah, no;—then soothe the mortal hour;  
On thee my hope depends:  
Support me with almighty power,  
While dust to dust descends. VILL. COLL.

793

C. M.

Clarendon.

*Old Age.*

- 1 **M**Y God, my everlasting hope,  
I live upon thy truth;

Thy hands have held my childhood up,  
And strengthened all my youth.

2 Still has my life new wonders seen,  
Repeated every year:  
Behold, my days that yet remain,  
I trust them to thy care.

3 Cast me not off when strength declines,  
When hoary hairs arise;  
And round me let thy glory shine,  
Whene'er thy servant dies.

4 Then, in the history of my age,  
When men review my days,  
They'll read thy love in every page,  
In every line thy praise.

SEAMAN'S HYMNS

794

C. M. Buckingham, Roland

*Old Age anticipated.*

1 **W**HEN in the vale of lengthened years  
My feeble feet shall tread,  
And I survey the various scenes  
Through which I have been led,—

2 How many mercies will my life  
Before my view unfold!  
What countless dangers will be past,  
What tales of sorrow told!

3 But yet, my soul, if thou canst say,  
I've seen my God in all;  
In every blessing owned his hand,  
In every loss his call;—

4 If piety has marked my steps,  
And love my actions formed,  
And purity possessed my heart,  
And truth my lips adorned:—

5 If I an aged servant am  
Of Jesus and of God,  
I need not fear the closing scene,  
Nor dread the appointed road.

6 This scene will all my labors end;  
This road conduct on high:  
With comfort I'll review the past,  
And triumph though I die.

GREENWOOD'S COLL.



- If, pierced by sins and sorrows here,  
We could not fly to thee!
- 2 The friends who in our sunshine live,  
When winter comes, are flown;  
And he who has but tears to give,  
Must weep those tears alone.
- 3 Oh, who could bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not thy wing of love  
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom  
Our peace-branch from above!
- 4 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright  
With more than rapture's ray,  
As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day. VILL. COLL.

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FASTS.

798 C. M. Plymouth, Greenwalk,  
*General Corruption of Manners.*

- 1 **H**ELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,  
Religion loses ground;  
The sons of violence prevail,  
And treacheries abound.
- 2 Their oaths and promises they break,  
Yet act the flatterer's part;  
With fair, deceitful lips they speak,  
And with a double heart.
- 3 Lord, when iniquities abound,  
And blasphemy grows bold,  
When faith is hardly to be found,  
And love is waxing cold;—
- 4 Is not thy chariot hastening on?  
Hast thou not given the sign?  
May we not trust and live upon  
A promise so divine?
- 5 "Yes," saith the Lord, "now will I rise,  
"And make oppressors flee;  
"I shall appear, to their surprise,  
"And set my servants free."
- 6 Thy word, like silver seven times tried,  
Through ages shall endure;  
The men who in thy truth confide  
Shall find thy promise sure. WATTS

799

C. M.

Bangor, Plymouth

*Public Fast.*

- 1 **S**EE, gracious God, before thy throne,  
Thy mourning people bend ;  
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone  
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments, from thy hand,  
Thy dreadful power display ;  
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,  
And still we live to pray.
- 3 How changed, alas ! are truths divine,  
For error, guilt, and shame !  
What impious numbers, bold in sin,  
Disgrace the Christian name.
- 4 O, turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,  
By thy resistless grace ;  
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,  
And humbly seek thy face.
- 5 Then, should insulting foes invade,  
We shall not sink in fear ;  
Secure of never-failing aid,  
When God, our God, is near.

STEELE

800

L. M.

Psalm 97th, Quercy

*Nations blessed and punished.*

- 1 **W**HEN God, provoked with daring crimes  
Scourges the madness of the times,  
He turns their fields to barren sand,  
And dries the rivers from the land.
- 2 His word can raise the springs again,  
And make the withered mountains green,  
Send showery blessings from the skies,  
And harvests in the desert rise.
- 3 The righteous, with a joyful sense,  
Admire the works of Providence ;  
And tongues of atheists shall no more  
Blasphe me the God that saints adore.
- 4 How few, with pious care, record  
These wondrous dealings of the Lord !  
But wise observers still shall find  
The Lord is holy, just, and kind.

WATTS.

801

L. M.

Darwen, Macedonia.

*National Distresses.*

- 1 **W**HILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,  
We view the terrors of thy sword,  
O, whither shall the helpless fly?  
To whom but thee direct their cry?
- 2 On thee, our guardian God, we call;  
Before thy throne of grace we fall;  
And is there no deliverance there?  
And must we perish in despair?
- 3 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn;  
To our forsaken God we turn;  
O, spare our guilty country, spare  
The church which thou hast planted here.
- 4 We plead thy grace, indulgent God;  
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;  
We plead thy gracious promises;  
And are they unavailing pleas?
- 5 These pleas, presented at thy throne,  
Have brought ten thousand blessings down  
On guilty lands in helpless wo;  
Let them prevail to save us too.

PRES. DAVIES

## THANKSGIVING.

802

L. M.

Bridgewater, Woodstown

- 1 **E**TERNAL Source of every joy,  
While in thy temple we appear,  
Well may thy praise our lips employ,  
Whose goodness crowns the circling year
- 2 Thy name we bless, Almighty God,  
For all the kindness thou hast shown  
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,  
This land we fondly call our own.
- 3 Here Freedom spreads her banner wide,  
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;  
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide  
In safety through their dangerous way.

- 4 We praise thee, that the gospel's light  
Through all our land its radiance sheds ;  
Dispels the shades of error's night,  
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.
- 5 Great God, preserve us in thy fear ;  
In dangers still our guardian be ;  
O, spread thy truth's bright precepts here ;  
Let all the people worship thee.

PRESBYTERIAN COLL.

**803** L. P. M. Newcourt, Psalm 46.  
*Thanksgiving for National Prosperity.*

- 1 **H**OW rich thy gifts, Almighty King !  
From thee our public blessings spring ;  
The extended trade, the fruitful skies,  
The treasures liberty bestows,  
The eternal joys the gospel shows,  
All from thy boundless goodness rise.
- 2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,  
Which pours from every foreign shore ;  
Science and art their charms display ;  
Religion teaches us to raise  
Our voices to our Maker's praise,  
As truth and conscience point the way.
- 3 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,  
To God we raise united songs :  
Here still may God in mercy reign ;  
Crown our just counsels with success ;  
With peace and joy our borders bless,  
And all our sacred rights maintain.

KIPPIS.

**804** 8s & 7s. Concord, Good Shepherd.  
*National Thanksgiving and Prayer.*

- 1 **L**ORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean,  
Hear us from thy bright abode,  
While our hearts, with deep devotion,  
Own their great and gracious God :  
Now with joy we come before thee,  
Seek thy face, thy mercies sing :  
Lord of life, and light, and glory.  
Guard thy church, thou heavenly King.
- 2 Health, and every needful blessing,  
Are thy bounteous gifts alone ;  
Comforts undeserved possessing,  
Here we bend before thy throne :



While the babe, the youth, the hoary,  
 Their united tribute bring,  
 Lord of life, and light, and glory,  
 Shield our land, thou heavenly King.

- 3 Thee, with humble adoration,  
 Lord, we praise for mercies past ;  
 Still to this most favored nation  
 May those mercies ever last :  
 Christians, then, through future story,  
 Songs of ceaseless praise shall sing :  
 Lord of life, and light, and glory,  
 Bless thy people, heavenly King. GEMS.

805 L. P. M. 46th Psalm, Eaton.  
*A general Thanksgiving.*

- 1 SAY, should we search the globe around,  
 Where can such happiness be found  
 As dwells in this much favored land ?  
 Here plenty reigns ; here Freedom sheds  
 Her choicest blessings on our heads :  
 By God supported, still we stand.
- 2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store  
 Which comes from every foreign shore ;  
 Science and art their charms display ;  
 Religion teacheth us to raise  
 Our voices in our Maker's praise,  
 As truth and conscience point the way.
- 3 These are thy gifts, Almighty King ;  
 From thee our matchless blessings spring :  
 Th' extended shade, the fruitful skies,  
 The raptures liberty bestows,  
 The eternal joys the gospel shows,  
 All from thy boundless goodness rise.

RIPON'S COLL.

806 C. M. Bedford, Clarendon.  
*Prosperity, Temporal and Spiritual. Ps. 67.*

- 1 SHINE, mighty God, on this our land,  
 With beams of heavenly grace ;  
 Reveal thy power through all our coasts,  
 And show thy smiling face.
- 2 When shall thy name from shore to shore,  
 Sound all the earth abroad,  
 And distant nations know and love  
 Their Saviour and their God ?

- 3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,  
Sing loud with solemn voice;  
While thankful tongues exalt his praise,  
And grateful hearts rejoice.
- 4 He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,  
That sits enthroned above,  
Wisely commands the worlds he made,  
In justice and in love.
- 5 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,  
And yield a full increase;  
Our God will crown his chosen land  
With fruitfulness and peace.
- 6 God, the Redeemer, scatters round  
His choicest favors here;  
While the creation's utmost bound  
Shall see, adore and fear.

WATTS.

807

L. M.

Newcourt, All Saints.

*The Magistrate's Psalm. Ps. 101.*

- 1 **M**ERCY and judgment are my song!  
And since they both to thee belong,  
My gracious God, my righteous King,  
To thee my songs and vows I'll bring.
- 2 Let wisdom all my actions guide,  
And let my God with me reside;  
No wicked thing shall dwell with me,  
Which may provoke thy jealousy.
- 3 No sons of slander, rage and strife,  
Shall be companions of my life;  
The haughty look, the heart of pride,  
Within my door shall ne'er abide.
- 4 In vain shall sinners hope to rise  
By flattering or malicious lies;  
And, while the innocent I guard,  
The bold offender shan't be spared.
- 5 The impious crew, that factious band,  
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land;  
And all that break the public rest,  
Where I have power, shall be suppressed.

WATTS.

## FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS.

808

H. M.

Acton.

- 1 **C**OME, let our voices join  
     In joyful songs of praise ;  
     To God, the God of love,  
         Our thankful hearts we'll raise .  
     To God alone all praise belongs—  
     Our earliest and our latest songs.
- 2 Now we are taught to read  
     The book of life divine,  
     Where our Redeemer's love  
         And brightest glories shine :  
     To God alone all praise is due,  
     Who sends his word to us and you.
- 3 Within these hallowed walls  
     Our wandering feet are brought,  
     Where prayer and praise ascend,  
         And heavenly truths are taught :  
     To God alone your offerings bring ;  
     Let young and old his praises sing.
- 4 Lord, let this work of love  
     Be crowned with full success ;  
     Let thousands, yet unborn,  
         Thy sacred name here bless :  
     To thee, O Lord, all praise to thee  
     We'll raise throughout eternity.

PRATT'S COLL.

809

C. P. M.

Columbia.

- 1 **G**REAT God ! our voice to thee we raise ;  
     Tune thou our lips and hearts with  
         Thy goodness to adore ; [praise,  
     Our life, our health, and every friend,  
     From thee arise, on thee depend,  
         Kind Father of the poor.
- 2 Stretch o'er our heads thy guardian wings,  
     Secure the weak, O King of kings ;  
         Our shield and refuge be :  
     Thy spirit, Lord, conduct our youth,  
     Through Christ, the life, the way, the truth,  
         That we may come to thee.

- 3 While friends their generous aid afford,  
 Accept the kind intention, Lord,  
 And crown it with thy love;  
 Then joy shall tune our humble songs,  
 Till we shall join immortal tongues  
 In nobler praise above. PRATT'S COLL.

810

S. M.

Lisbon.

- 1 **W**ITHIN these walls be peace;  
 Love through our borders found;  
 In all our little palaces,  
 Prosperity abound.
- 2 God scorns not humble things;  
 Here, though the proud despise,  
 The children of the King of kings  
 Are training for the skies.
- 3 May none who thus are taught  
 From glory be cast down,  
 But all, through faith and patience, brought  
 To an immortal crown.

GREENWOOD'S COLL.

## SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

811

C. M.

Hallowell, Reading.

*Benefit of Afflictions.*

- 1 **C**ONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,  
 And thy deliverance send;  
 My soul for thy salvation faints;  
 When will my troubles end?
- 2 Yet have I found 'tis good for me  
 To bear my Father's rod;  
 Afflictions make me learn thy law,  
 And live upon my God.
- 3 This is the comfort I enjoy,  
 When new distress begins;  
 I read thy word, I run thy way,  
 And hate my former sins.
- 4 Had not thy word been my delight,  
 When earthly joys were fled,  
 My soul, oppressed with sorrow's weight,  
 Had sunk amongst the dead.

5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,  
 Though they may seem severe ;  
 The sharpest sufferings I endure  
 Flow from thy faithful care.

6 Before I knew thy chastening rod,  
 My feet were apt to stray :  
 But now I learn to keep thy word,  
 Nor wander from thy way.

WATTS.

## 812

L. M. Woburn, Newport.

*Health, Sickness, and Recovery.*

1 **F**IRM was my health, my day was bright,  
 And I presumed 'twould ne'er be night ;  
 Fondly I said within my heart,  
 "Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."

2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,  
 Which made my mountain stand so long ;  
 Soon as thy face began to hide,  
 My health was gone, my comforts died.

3 I cried aloud to thee, my God,—  
 "What canst thou profit by my blood ?  
 "Deep in the dust, can I declare  
 "Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there ?

4 "Hear me, O God of grace," I said,  
 "And bring me from among the dead :"  
 Thy word rebuked the pains I felt,  
 Thy pardoning love removed my guilt.

5 My groans, and tears, and forms of wo,  
 Are turned to joy and praises now ;  
 I throw my sackcloth on the ground,  
 And ease and gladness gird me round.

6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,  
 Shall ne'er be silent of thy name ; [heaven,  
 Thy praise shall sound through earth and  
 For sickness healed, and sins forgiven.

WATTS.

## 813

C. M.

Dundee, York.

*Recovery from Sickness. Ps. 116.*

1 **I** LOVE the Lord : he heard my cries,  
 And pitied every groan :  
 Long as I live, when troubles rise,  
 I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord : he bowed his ear,  
 And chased my griefs away :

- O, let my heart no more despair,  
While I have breath to pray!
- 3 My flesh declined, my spirits fell,  
And I drew near the dead;  
While inward pangs, and fears of hell,  
Perplexed my wakeful head.
- 4 "My God," I cried, "thy servant save,  
"Thou ever good and just;  
"Thy power can rescue from the grave;  
"Thy power is all my trust."
- 5 The Lord beheld me sore distressed;  
He bade my pains remove:  
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,  
For thou hast known his love.
- 6 My God hath saved my soul from death,  
And dried my falling tears;  
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,  
And my remaining years. WATTS.

814

S. M.

St. Bridges, Maryland.

*Sick-bed Reflections.*

- 1 **J**UST o'er the grave I hung—  
No pardon met my eyes;  
As blessings never greet the slain,  
And hope shall never rise.
- 2 Sweet mercy to my soul  
Revealed no charming ray;  
Before me rose a long, dark night,  
With no succeeding day.
- 3 Then, oh, how vain appeared  
The joys beneath the sky!  
Like visions past—like flowers that blow  
When wintry storms are nigh.
- 4 How mourned my sinking soul  
The Sabbath's hours divine,  
The day of grace, that precious day,  
Consumed in sense and sin!
- 5 The work—the mighty work—  
Of life, so long delayed—  
Repentance yet to be begun  
Upon a dying bed! DWIGHT.

815

C. M.

Barby.

*A Sight of Heaven in Sickness.*

- 1 **O**FT have I sat in secret sighs,  
To feel my flesh decay,

- Then groaned aloud, with frightened eyes,  
To view my tottering clay.
- 2 But I forbid my sorrows now,  
Nor dares the flesh complain;  
Diseases bring their profits too;  
The joy o'ercomes the pain.
- 3 My cheerful soul now, all the day,  
Sits waiting here, and sings;  
Looks through the ruins of her clay,  
And practises her wings.
- 4 Faith almost changes into sight,  
While from afar she spies  
Her fair inheritance, in light,  
Above created skies.
- 5 The beams of heaven rush sweetly in  
At all the gaping flaws;  
Visions of endless bliss are seen,  
And native air she draws.
- 6 O, Saviour, let this flesh decay,  
The ruins wider grow,  
Till, glad to see the enlarged way,  
I stretch my pinions through.

GEMS.

L. M. Carthage, Windham.

816

*Prayer for a sick Minister.*

- 1 **O** THOU, before whose gracious throne  
We bow our suppliant spirit down,  
View the sad breast, the streaming eye,  
And let our sorrows pierce the sky.
- 2 Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,  
And all our trembling lips would tell;  
Thou only canst assuage our grief,  
And yield our wo-fraught heart relief.
- 3 With power benign, thy servant spare,  
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer;  
Avert thy swift-descending stroke,  
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.
- 4 Restore him, sinking to the grave;  
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save;  
Back to our hopes and wishes give,  
And bid our friend and father live.
- 5 Bound to each soul by tenderest ties,  
In every breast his image lies;  
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,  
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.

- 6 Yet, if our supplications fail,  
And prayers and tears can nought prevail,  
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,  
And guide him safe to endless day.

EVANS'S COLL.

817

C. M. Caledonia, Northfield.  
*Sickness.*

- 1 **W**HEN languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,  
And long to soar away ;—
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend  
The whispers of his love ;  
Sweet to look upward to the place  
Where Jesus pleads above ;—
- 3 Sweet on his faithfulness to trust,  
Which saves from second death ;  
Sweet to experience, day by day,  
His Spirit's quickening breath.
- 4 'Tis sweet to rest in lively hope,  
That, when my change shall come,  
Angels will hover round my bed,  
And waft my spirit home.
- 5 If such the views which grace unfolds,  
Weak as it is below,  
What rapture must the church above  
In Jesus' presence know !
- 6 If such the sweetness of the streams,  
What will that fountain be,  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Immediately from thee !
- 7 There shall my disimprisoned soul  
Behold him, and adore ;  
Beneath his likeness satisfied,  
And grieve and sin no more.

TOPLADY.

818

L. M. Newport.

- 1 **W**HEN pining sickness wastes the frame,  
Acute disease and weakening pain ;  
When life fast spends her feeble flame,  
And all the help of man is vain ;—  
Joyless and dark all things appear,  
Languid the spirits, weak the flesh :  
Med'cines can't ease, nor cordials cheer,  
Nor food support, nor sleep refresh.



- 2 O, then, to have recourse to God ;  
 To pray to him in time of need ;  
 To feel the balm of Jesus' blood ;  
 This is to find a friend indeed !  
 O Christian, this thy happy lot,  
 Who cleavest to the Lord by faith ;  
 He'll never leave thee, doubt it not,  
 In pain, in sickness, or in death.
- 3 When flesh and heart decays and fails,  
 He will thy strength and portion be ;  
 Support thy weakness, bear thy ails,  
 And softly whisper, "Trust in me."  
 Himself shall be thy tender friend,  
 Thy kind physician and thy stay ;  
 To make thy bed will condescend,  
 And chase thy falling tears away. GEMS.

819

C. M. New Durham, Lebanon.

*Comfort in Sickness.*

- 1 **W**HEN sickness shakes the languid frame,  
 Each dazzling pleasure flies ;  
 Phantoms of bliss no more obscure  
 Our long-deluded eyes.
- 2 Then the tremendous arm of death  
 Its hated sceptre shows,  
 And nature faints beneath the weight  
 Of complicated woes.
- 3 The tottering frame of mortal life  
 Shall crumble into dust ;  
 Nature shall faint ; but learn, my soul,  
 On nature's God to trust.
- 4 The man whose pious heart is fixed  
 On his all-gracious God,  
 In every frown may comfort find,  
 And kiss the chastening rod.
- 5 Nor him shall death itself alarm ;  
 On heaven his soul relies ;  
 With joy he views his Maker's love,  
 And with composure dies. HEGINBOTHAM,

## PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

820 C. M. Hallowell, Mear.  
*Death welcomed: Heaven anticipated.*

- 1 **A**ND let this feeble body fail,  
 And let it faint and die;  
 My soul shall quit the mournful vail,  
 And soar to worlds on high;—
- 2 Shall join the disembodied saints,  
 And find its long-sought rest,  
 (That only bliss for which it pants,)  
 In the Redeemer's breast.
- 3 In hope of that immortal crown,  
 I now the cross sustain;  
 And gladly wander up and down,  
 And smile at toil and pain.
- 4 I suffer on my threescore years,  
 Till my Deliverer come,  
 And wipe away his servant's tears,  
 And take his exile home.
- 5 O, what hath Jesus bought for me!  
 Before my ravished eyes  
 Rivers of life divine I see,  
 And trees of paradise.
- 6 I see a world of spirits bright,  
 Who taste the pleasures there;  
 They all are robed in spotless white,  
 And conquering palms they bear.
- 7 O, what are all my sufferings here,  
 If, Lord, thou count me meet  
 With that enraptured host t' appear,  
 And worship at thy feet!
- 8 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain!  
 Take life and friends away;  
 But let me find them all again  
 In that eternal day. WORCESTER'S COLL.

821 8s. 8L. Zion, Lambeth.

- 1 **A**WAY with our sorrow and fear!  
 We soon shall recover our home:  
 The city of saints shall appear,  
 The day of eternity come.

- From earth we shall quickly remove,  
And mount to our native abode;  
The house of our Father above,  
The palace of angels and God.
- 2 By faith we already behold  
That lovely Jerusalem here;  
Her walls are of jasper and gold,  
As crystal her buildings are clear:  
Immovably founded in grace,  
She stands, as she ever hath stood,  
And brightly her Builder displays,  
And flames with the glory of God.
- 3 No need of the sun in that day,  
Which never is followed by night,  
Where Jesus's beauties display  
A pure and a permanent light.  
The Lamb is their light and their sun,  
And, lo! by reflection they shine—  
With Jesus ineffably one,  
And bright in effulgence divine!
- METH. COLL.

822

C. M.

Cambridge, Irish.

- 1 **D**EATH cannot make our souls afraid:  
If God be with us there,  
We may walk through the darkest shade,  
And never yield to fear.
- 2 I could renounce my all below,  
If my Creator bid;  
And run, if I were called to go;  
And die as Moses did.
- 3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,  
And view the promised land,  
My flesh itself would long to drop,  
And pray for the command.
- 4 Clashed in my heavenly Father's arms,  
I would forget my breath,  
And lose my life among the charms  
Of so divine a death.
- WATTS

823

C. M.

Sunday, Cambridge

*Triumph over Death.* Job xix. 25, 27.

- 1 **G**REAT God, I own the sentence just,  
And nature must decay;

- I yield my body to the dust,  
To dwell with fellow clay.
- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,  
And trample on the tombs:  
My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives;  
My God, my Saviour, comes.
- 3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear,  
High on a royal seat;  
And death, the last of all his foes,  
Lie vanquished at his feet.
- 4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,  
And gnaw my wasting flesh,  
When God shall build my bones again,  
He'll clothe them all afresh.
- 5 Then shall I see thy lovely face,  
With strong, immortal eyes;  
And feast upon thy unknown grace,  
With pleasure and surprise.

WATTS

- 1 **H**OW happy is the pilgrim's lot!  
How free from every anxious thought,  
From worldly hope and fear!  
Confined to neither court nor cell,  
His soul disdains on earth to dwell;  
He only sojourns here.
- 2 This happiness in part is mine,  
Already saved from low design,  
From every creature love;  
Blest with the scorn of finite good,  
My soul is lightened of its load,  
And seeks the things above.
- 3 The things eternal I pursue—  
A happiness beyond the view  
Of those that basely pant  
For things by nature felt and seen:  
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,  
I neither have nor want.
- 4 Nothing on earth I call my own;  
A stranger to the world unknown,  
I all their goods despise:  
I trample on their whole delight,  
And seek a city out of sight,  
A city in the skies.

- 5 There is my house and portion fair ;  
 My treasure and my heart are there,  
 And my abiding home :  
 For me my elder brethren stay,  
 And angels beckon me away,  
 And Jesus bids me come. METH. COLL.

825

8s. 8L.

Mount Zion.

- 1 **I** LONG to behold him arrayed  
 With glory and light from above ;  
 The King in his beauty displayed,  
 His beauty of holiest love.  
 I languish and sigh to be there,  
 Where Jesus hath fixed his abode :  
 O, when shall we meet in the air,  
 And fly to the mountain of God ?
- 2 How happy the people that dwell  
 Secure in the city above !  
 No pain the inhabitants feel,  
 No sickness or sorrow shall prove.  
 Physician of souls, unto me  
 Forgiveness and holiness give ;  
 And then from the body set free,  
 And then to the city receive. METH. COLL.

826

8s & 7s. Sicilian, Good Shepherd.

*Eternity joyfully anticipated.*

- 1 **I**N this world of sin and sorrow,  
 Compassed round with many a care,  
 From eternity we borrow  
 Hope that can exclude despair.
- 2 Thee, triumphant God and Saviour,  
 In the glass of faith we see ;  
 O, assist each faint endeavor ;  
 Raise our earth-born souls to thee.
- 3 Place that awful scene before us,  
 Of the last tremendous day,  
 When to life thou wilt restore us :  
 Linger ages haste away.
- 4 When this vile and sinful nature  
 Incorruption shall put on,  
 Life renewing, glorious Saviour,  
 Let thy glorious will be done.

MADAN'S COLL.

827

C. M.

Litchfield, Corinth.

*Looking from Earth to Heaven.*

- 1 **O**H, could our thoughts and wishes fly,  
Above these gloomy shades,  
To those bright worlds, beyond the sky,  
Which sorrow ne'er invades!
- 2 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,  
Or reason's feeble ray,  
In ever-blooming prospect rise,  
Exposed to no decay.
- 3 Lord, send a beam of light divine,  
To guide our upward aim;  
With one reviving look of thine,  
Our languid hearts inflame.
- 4 Oh then, on faith's sublimest wing,  
Our ardent souls shall rise  
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring,  
Immortal in the skies. STEELE.

828

C. M.

Arlington, Jordan.

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene  
That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight!
- 3 There generous fruits, that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow:  
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vale,  
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains,  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God the Son for ever reigns,  
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds nor poisonous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be for ever blest?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest?

- 7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
 Would here no longer stay !  
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
 Fearless I'd launch away.
- 8 There, on those high and flowery plains,  
 Our spirits ne'er shall tire ;  
 But in perpetual, joyful strains,  
 Redeeming love admire. STENNETT.

829 10s & 11s. Walworth.  
*View of Heaven. Rev. xxii. 1—5.*

- 1 **O**N wings of faith mount up, my soul, and  
 rise ;  
 View thine inheritance beyond the skies ;  
 Nor heart can think, nor mortal tongue can  
 tell,  
 What endless pleasure in those mansions  
 dwell :  
 There my Redeemer lives, all bright and  
 glorious ;  
 O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns vic-  
 torious.
- 2 No gnawing grief, no sad, heart-rending pain,  
 In that blest country can admission gain ;  
 No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting fear,  
 For God's own hand shall wipe the falling  
 tear :  
 There my Redeemer lives, &c.
- 3 No rising sun his transient beams displays,  
 No sickly moon emits her feeble rays ;  
 'The Godhead there celestial glory sheds,  
 Th' exalted Lamb eternal radiance spreads :  
 There my Redeemer lives, &c.
- 4 One distant glimpse my eager passion fires ;  
 Jesus, to thee my longing soul aspires :  
 When shall I at my heavenly home arrive—  
 When leave this earth, and when begin to  
 live ?  
 For there my Saviour is all bright and glorious ;  
 O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns  
 victorious. STRAPHAN.

830 8s. 8L. Goshen, Union Hymn.

- 1 **S**TILL, out of the deepest abyss  
 Of trouble, I mournfully cry ;

And pine to recover my peace,  
 And see my Redeemer, and die.  
 I cannot, I cannot forbear,  
 These passionate longings for home;  
 O, when shall my spirit be there?  
 O, when will the messenger come?

- 2 Thy nature I long to put on,  
 Thine image on earth to regain;  
 And then in the grave to lay down  
 This burden of body and pain.  
 O Jesus, in pity draw near,  
 And lull me to sleep on thy breast,  
 Appear, to my rescue appear,  
 And gather me into thy rest.
- 3 To take a poor fugitive in,  
 The arms of thy mercy display,  
 And give me to rest from all sin,  
 And bear me triumphant away;—  
 Away from a world of distress,  
 Away to the mansions above,—  
 The heaven of seeing thy face,—  
 The heaven of feeling thy love.

- 1 **S**URROUNDED by a host of foes,  
 Stormed by a host of foes within;  
 Nor swift to flee, nor strong t' oppose;  
 Single, against hell, earth, and sin;  
 Single, yet undismayed I am;  
 I dare believe in Jesus' name.
- 2 What though a thousand hosts engage,  
 A thousand worlds my soul to shake?  
 I have a shield shall quell their rage,  
 And drive the alien armies back;  
 Portrayed it bears a bleeding Lamb:  
 I dare believe in Jesus' name.
- 3 Me to retrieve from Satan's hands,  
 Me from this evil world to free,  
 To purge my sins, and loose my bands,  
 And save from all iniquity,  
 My Lord and God, from heaven he came:  
 I dare believe in Jesus' name.
- 4 Salvation in his name there is,  
 Salvation from sin, death, and hell;  
 Salvation into glorious bliss;  
 How great salvation who can tell?



But all he hath for mine I claim;  
I dare believe in Jesus' name. METH. COLL.

832 C. M. Braintree, Arundel.  
*A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy.*

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger, shivering, on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O, could we make our doubts remove,  
These gloomy doubts that rise—  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unobscured eyes;—
- Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er;—  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood  
Should fright us from the shore. WATTS.

833 8s. Spring, De Fleury  
*Longing to be with Christ.*

- 1 **T**O Jesus, the crown of my hope,  
My soul is in haste to be gone:  
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,  
And waft me away to his throne.
- 2 My Saviour, whom, absent, I love;  
Whom, not having seen, I adore;  
Whose name is exalted above  
All glory, dominion, and power;—
- 3 Dissolve thou these bonds that detain  
My soul from her portion in thee;  
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,  
And make me eternally free.

- 4 When that happy era begins,  
 When arrayed in thy glories I shine,  
 Nor grieve any more, by my sins,  
 The bosom on which I recline :—
- 5 O, then shall the veil be removed,  
 And round me thy brightness be poured :  
 I shall meet him, whom absent I loved,  
 I shall see whom unseen I adored.
- 6 And then, never more shall the fears,  
 The trials, temptations, and woes,  
 Which darken this valley of tears,  
 Intrude on my blissful repose. GEM

834

7s.

Benevent

*Saints in Heaven.*

- 1 **W**HAT are these in bright array?  
 This innumerable throng  
 Round the altar, night and day,  
 Tuning their triumphant song?—  
 "Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,  
 "Blessing, honor, glory, power,  
 "Wisdom, riches to obtain,  
 "New dominion, every hour."
- 2 These through fiery trials trod ;  
 These from great affliction came :  
 Now, before the throne of God,  
 Sealed with his eternal name,  
 Clad in raiment pure and white,  
 Victor-palms in every hand,  
 Through their great Redeemer's might,  
 More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
 On immortal fruits they feed ;  
 Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,  
 Shall to living fountains lead :  
 Joy and gladness banish sighs,  
 Perfect love dispels their fears,  
 And for ever, from their eyes,  
 God shall wipe away all tears. GEM

835

L. M.

Islington, Antigua

*Desiring to depart and be with Christ.* Phil. i. 23

- 1 **W**HILE on the verge of life I stand,  
 And view the scenes on either hand,  
 My spirit struggles with my clay,  
 And longs to wing its flight away.

- 2 Come, ye angelic guardians, come,  
And lead the willing pilgrim home ;  
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,  
Source of my joys and of your own.
- 3 The blissful interview—how sweet  
To fall transported at his feet !  
Raised in his arms, to view his face,  
Through the full beamings of his grace !
- 4 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,  
I'll wait thy signal for my flight ;  
For, while thy service I pursue,  
I find my heaven begun below. DODDRIDGE

## 836

7s. Hotham, Heavenly Home.

- 1 **W**HIO are these arrayed in white,  
Brighter than the noon-day sun ?  
Foremost of the sons of light,  
Nearest the eternal throne ?  
These are they that bore the cross,  
Nobly for their Master stood,  
Sufferers in his righteous cause,  
Followers of the dying God.
- 2 Out of great distress they came ;  
Washed their robes, by faith below,  
In the blood of yonder Lamb,  
Blood that washes white as snow :  
Therefore are they next the throne,  
Serve their Maker day and night ;  
God resides among his own,  
God doth in his saints delight.
- 3 More than conquerors at last,  
Here they find their trials o'er ;  
They have all their sufferings past,  
Hunger now and thirst no more :  
No excessive heat they feel  
From the sun's director ray ;  
In a milder clime they dwell,  
Region of eternal day. METH. COLL.

## 837

C. M.

Devizes

*Farewell.*

- 1 **Y**E fleeting charms of earth, farewell !  
Your springs of joy are dry ;  
My soul now seeks another home—  
A brighter world on high.

- 2 Cheerful I leave this vale of tears,  
Where pains and sorrows grow ;  
Welcome the day that ends my toil,  
And every scene of wo.
- 3 No more shall sin disturb my breast—  
My God shall frown no more ;  
The streams of love divine shall yield  
Transports unknown before.
- 4 Fly, then, ye interposing days—  
Lord, send thy summons down ;  
The hand, that strikes me to the dust,  
Shall raise me to a crown.

FREEMAN'S COLL.

## TIME AND ETERNITY.

838

C. M.

Alpha, Barby.

- 1 **A**ND is this life prolonged to me ?  
Are days and seasons given ?  
O, let me then prepare to be  
A fitter heir of heaven.
- 2 In vain these moments shall not pass,  
These golden hours be gone :  
Lord, I accept thine offered grace,  
I bow before thy throne.
- 3 Now cleanse my soul from every sin  
By my Redeemer's blood :  
Now let my flesh and soul begin  
The honors of my God.
- 4 Let me no more my soul beguile  
With sin's deceitful toys :  
Let cheerful hope, increasing still,  
Approach to heavenly joys.
- 5 My thankful lips shall loud proclaim  
The wonders of thy praise,  
And spread the savor of thy name  
Where'er I spend my days.
- 6 On earth let my example shine ;  
And, when I leave this state,  
May heaven receive this soul of mine  
To bliss supremely great.

WATTS.

839

L. M. Luton, Wells, Portugal.

*The Privileges of the Living above the Dead.*

- 1 **A**WAKE, my zeal, awake, my love,  
To serve my Saviour here below,  
In works which perfect saints above  
And holy angels cannot do.
- 2 Awake, my charity, to feed  
The hungry soul, and clothe the poor :  
In heaven are found no sons of need ;  
There all these duties are no more.
- 3 Subdue thy passions, O my soul ;  
Maintain the fight, thy work pursue ;  
Daily thy rising sins control,  
And be thy victories ever new.
- 4 The land of triumph lies on high,  
There are no foes t' encounter there :  
Lord, I would conquer till I die,  
And finish all the glorious war
- 5 Let every flying hour confess  
I gain thy gospel fresh renown ;  
And when my life and labors cease,  
May I possess the promised crown. WATTS.

840

L. M. Surry, Luton.

*Eternity.*

- 1 **E**TERNITY is just at hand !—  
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,  
And careless view departing day,  
And throw my inch of time away ?
- 2 But an eternity there is  
Of endless wo or endless bliss ;  
And, swift as time fulfils its round,  
We to eternity are bound.
- 3 What countless millions of mankind  
Have left this fleeting world behind !  
They're gone ! but where ?—ah, pause and see ;  
Gone to a long eternity.
- 4 Sinner, canst thou for ever dwell  
In all the fiery deeps of hell ?  
And is death nothing then to thee ;  
Death and a dread eternity ? VILL. COLL.

841

L. M. Newcourt, German.

*The Wisdom of redeeming Time.*

- 1 **G**OD of eternity, from thee  
Did infant Time his being draw ;

- Moments, and days, and months and years,  
Revolve by thine unvaried law.
- 2 Silent and slow they glide away ;  
Steady and strong the current flows ;  
Lost in eternity's wide sea—  
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.
- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men  
Before the rapid streams are borne,  
On to the everlasting home,  
Whence not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Yet, while the shore on either side  
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,  
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,  
Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great Source of wisdom, teach my heart  
To know the price of every hour ;  
That time may bear me on to joys  
Beyond its measure and its power.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **H**OW short and hasty is our life !  
How vast our souls' affairs !  
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive  
To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,  
Without a moment's stay ;  
Just like a story or a song,  
We pass our lives away.
- 3 God, from on high, invites us home,  
But we march heedless on ;  
And, ever hastening to the tomb,  
Stoop downward as we run.
- 4 How we deserve the deepest hell,  
That slight the joys above !  
What chains of vengeance should we feel,  
That break such cords of love !
- 5 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,  
And lift our thoughts on high,  
That we may end this mortal race,  
And see salvation nigh.

WATTS.

843

8s.

Lambeth, Union Hymn.

Job xvi. 22; xvii. 1—11.

1 **I** WAIT a few sorrowful years,  
 And then I no longer shall mourn,  
 But flee from the valley of tears,  
 A way I shall never return;  
 My days are all vanished away,  
 Broke off the designs of my heart,  
 No longer on earth I delay,  
 Or linger as loath to depart.

2 My days are extinguished and gone—  
 My time as a shadow is fled,  
 And gladly I lay myself down  
 To rest with the peaceable dead:  
 The dead, ever-living, attend,  
 Whose dust is all safe in the tomb,  
 And many a glorified friend  
 Is ready to welcome me home.

VILL. COLL.

844

11s.

Portuguese Hymn.

*I would not live alway.*

1 **I** WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay  
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er  
 the way:

I would not live alway: no—welcome the  
 tomb;

Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its  
 gloom.

2 Who, who would live alway, away from his  
 God,

Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode?

Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the  
 bright plains,

And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

3 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to  
 greet;

While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
 And the smile of the Lord is the life of the  
 soul.

EPISCOPAL COLL.

845

L. M.

Arnley, Wells.

*Life, the Day of Grace and Hope.*

1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,  
 The time t' insure the great reward;

And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return.

- 2 Life is the hour that God has given  
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven;  
The day of grace, and mortals may  
Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 The living know that they must die,  
But all the dead forgotten lie;  
Their memory and their sense is gone;  
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 Then what my thoughts design to do,  
My hands, with all your might pursue;  
Since no device nor work is found,  
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 5 There are no acts of pardon passed  
In the cold grave to which we haste;  
But darkness, death, and long despair,  
Reign in eternal silence there.

WATTS

## 846

C. M.

Wantage, Martyr's

1 Cor. vii. 29.

- 1 **T**HE time is short! the season near,  
When death will us remove  
To leave our friends, however dear,  
And all we fondly love.
- 2 The time is short! sinners beware,  
Nor trifle time away;  
The word of great salvation hear,  
While it is called to-day.
- 3 The time is short! ye rebels, now  
To Christ the Lord submit;  
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,  
And fall at Jesus' feet.
- 4 The time is short! ye saints, rejoice—  
The Lord will quickly come;  
Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice  
To call you to your home.
- 5 The time is short! the moment near,  
When we shall dwell above;  
And be for ever happy there,  
With Jesus, whom we love.

HOSKINS

## 847

C. M. Knaresborough, St. Martin's

*Frail Life and succeeding Eternity.*

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, Eternal Name,  
And humbly own to thee,



- How feeble is our mortal frame ;  
What dying worms are we !
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,  
As months and days increase ;  
And every beating pulse we tell,  
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away  
The breath that first it gave ;  
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
We're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick, through all the ground,  
To push us to the tomb ;  
And fierce diseases wait around,  
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Good God, on what a slender thread  
Hang everlasting things !  
Th' eternal states of all the dead  
Upon life's feeble strings !
- 6 Infinite joy, or endless wo,  
Attends on every breath ;  
And yet how unconcerned we go  
Upon the brink of death !
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense  
To walk this dangerous road ;  
And, if our souls are hurried hence,  
May they be found with God.      WATTS.

848

C. M.

Barby, St. John's.

*Prudence and Zeal.* Ps. 39.

- 1 **T**HUS I resolved before the Lord,—  
“ Now will I watch my tongue ;  
“ Lest I let slip one sinful word,  
“ Or do my neighbor wrong.”
- 2 If I am e'er constrained to stay  
With men of lives profane,  
I'll set a double guard that day,  
Ner let my talk be vain.
- 3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak  
The pious thoughts I feel ;  
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take  
To mock my holy zeal.
- 4 Yet if some proper hour appear,  
I'll not be over-awed ;  
But let the scoffing sinners hear,  
That I can speak for God.      WATTS.

849

C. M.

Plymouth, Abridge.

*The Shortness of Life, and the Goodness of God.*

- 1 **T**IME! what an empty vapor 'tis!  
 And days, how swift they are!  
 Swift as an Indian arrow flies,  
 Or like a shooting star.
- 2 Our life is ever on the wing,  
 And death is ever nigh;  
 The moment when our lives begin,  
 We all begin to die.
- 3 Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days  
 Thy lasting favors share;  
 Yet, with the bounties of thy grace,  
 Thou load'st the rolling year.
- 4 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,  
 And we are clothed with love;  
 While grace stands pointing out the road  
 That leads our souls above.
- 5 His goodness runs an endless round;  
 All glory to the Lord!  
 His mercy never knows a bound;  
 And be his name adored.
- 6 Thus we begin the lasting song;  
 And, when we close our eyes,  
 Let the next age thy praise prolong,  
 Till time and nature dies.

WATTS.

## DEATH—RESURRECTION.

850

L. M.

Portugal, Blendon.

*Absent from the Body, and present with the Lord.*

- 1 **A**BSENT from flesh! O blissful thought!  
 What unknown joys this moment brings!  
 Freed from the mischiefs sin has brought,  
 From pains and fears, and all their springs.
- 2 Absent from flesh! illustrious day!  
 Surprising scene! triumphant stroke,  
 That rends the prison of my clay,  
 And I can feel my fetters broke.

3 Absent from flesh ! then rise, my soul,  
Where feet nor wings could ever climb,  
Beyond the heavens, where planets roll,  
Measuring the cares and joys of time.

4 I go where God and glory shine,  
His presence makes eternal day :  
My all that's mortal I resign,  
For angels wait and point my way.

WATTS.

## 851

C. M. Windsor, New Durham.

*Assurance of Heaven ; or, a Saint prepared to die.*

- 1 **D**EATH may dissolve my body now,  
And bear my spirit home ;  
Why do my minutes move so slow,  
Nor my salvation come ?
- 2 With heavenly weapons I have fought  
The battles of the Lord,  
Finished my course, and kept the faith,  
And wait the sure reward.
- 3 God has laid up in heaven for me  
A crown which cannot fade :  
The righteous Judge, at that great day,  
Shall place it on my head.
- 4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed  
This prize for me alone ;  
But all that love and long to see  
Th' appearance of his Son.
- 5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe  
From every ill design,  
And to his heavenly kingdom take  
This feeble soul of mine.
- 6 God is my everlasting aid,  
And hell shall rage in vain :  
To him be highest glory paid,  
And endless praise—Amen.

WATTS.

## 852

C. M. Windsor, Hallowell.

*The rich Fool surprised.*

- 1 **D**ELUDED souls, who think to find  
A solid bliss below !  
Bliss, the fair flower of paradise,  
On earth can never grow.
- 2 See how the foolish wretch is pleased  
T' increase his worldly store !

Too scanty now he finds his barns,  
And covets room for more.

- 3 "What shall I do?" distressed he cries;  
"This scheme will I pursue:  
"My scanty barns shall now come down,  
"I'll build them large and new.
- 4 "Here will I lay my fruits, and bid  
"My soul to take its ease:  
"Eat, drink, be glad: my lasting store  
"Shall give what joys I please."
- 5 Scarce had he spoke, when, lo! from heaven  
The Almighty made reply:  
"For whom dost thou provide, thou fool?  
"This night thyself shalt die." NEEDHAM.

## 853

L. M.

Chester, Leyden.

*Death and Heaven.*

- 1 **D**O flesh and nature dread to die,  
And timorous thoughts our minds enslave?  
But grace can raise our hopes on high,  
And quell the terrors of the grave.
- 2 What! shall we run to gain the crown,  
Yet grieve to think the goal so near?  
Afraid to have our labors done,  
And finish this important war?
- 3 Do we not dwell in clouds below,  
And little know the God we love?  
Why should we like this twilight so,  
When 'tis all noon in worlds above?
- 4 There shall we see him face to face,  
There shall we know the great Unknown;  
And Jesus, with his glorious grace,  
Shines in full light around the throne.
- 5 When we put off this fleshly load,  
We're from a thousand mischiefs free;  
For ever present with our God,  
Where we have longed and wished to be.
- 6 O for a visit from my God,  
To drive my fears of death away,  
And help me through this darksome road,  
To realms of everlasting day! WATTS.

## 854

C. M.

Durham, Windsor.

*Blessed are the Dead that die in the Lord.*

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heaven pro-  
For all the pious dead: [claims

Sweet is the savor of their names,  
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blest ;  
How kind their slumbers are !  
From sufferings and from sins released,  
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,  
They're present with the Lord :  
The labors of their mortal life  
End in a large reward.

WATTS.

## 855

C. M. Funeral Thought, Lebanon.

1 **H** EAVEN has confirmed the dread decree,  
That Adam's race must die :  
One general ruin sweeps them down,  
And low in dust they lie.

2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,  
Where you must shortly dwell :  
Hark ! how the awful summons sounds  
In every funeral knell !

3 Once you must die—and once for all :  
The solemn purport weigh ;  
For know, that heaven or hell are hung  
On that important day !

4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veiled,  
Must wake, the Judge to see ;  
And every word, and every thought,  
Must pass his scrutiny.

5 O, may I in the Judge behold  
My Saviour and my Friend ;  
And, far beyond the reach of death,  
With all his saints ascend.

DODDRIDGE.

## 856

L. M. Cowper, Windham.

*The Righteous blessed in Death.*

1 **H** OW blest the righteous when he dies !  
When sinks a weary soul to rest,  
How mildly beam the closing eyes !  
How gently heaves the expiring breast !

2 So fades a summer cloud away,  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,  
So gently shuts the eye of day,  
So dies a wave along the shore.

- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,  
 A calm which life nor death destroys;  
 Nothing disturbs that peace profound,  
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell:  
 How bright the unchanging morn appears!  
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.
- 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,  
 Light from its load the spirit flies;  
 While heaven and earth combine to say,  
 "How blest the righteous when he dies!"

BARBAULD.

857 C. M. Canterbury, London.  
*A Prospect of the Resurrection.*

- 1 **H**OW long shall death the tyrant reign,  
 And triumph o'er the just,  
 While the rich blood of martyrs slain  
 Lies mingled with the dust?
- 2 Lo, I behold the scattered shades;  
 The dawn of heaven appears;  
 The sweet immortal morning spreads  
 Its blushes round the spheres.
- 3 I see the Lord of glory come,  
 And flaming guards around;  
 The skies divide, to make him room,  
 The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 4 I hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"  
 And, lo, the graves obey;  
 And waking saints, with joyful eyes,  
 Salute th' expected day.
- 5 They leave the dust, and on the wing  
 Rise to the midway air,  
 In shining garments meet their King,  
 And low adore him there.
- 6 O, may our humble spirits stand  
 Among them clothed in white!  
 The meanest place at his right hand  
 Is infinite delight.

WATTS.

858 S. M. Newton, Shirland, Froome.  
*The expiring Saint.*

- 1 **I** SEE the pleasant bed  
 Where lies the dying saint:

Though in the icy arms of death,  
He utters no complaint.

- 2 His aspect is serene :  
He smiles in joyful hope :  
He knows that arm on which he rests  
Is an unfailing prop.
- 3 He lifts his eyes in love  
To his almighty Friend,  
Whose power from every fear secures,  
And guards him to the end.
- 4 He knows his Saviour died,  
And from the dead arose :  
He looks for victory o'er the grave,  
And death, the last of foes.
- 5 His happy soul is washed  
In sin-atonement blood :  
Exulting in eternal love,  
He wings his way to God.

WINCHELL'S COLL.

## 859

Ss. Lambeth, Union Hymn.

*The last Conflict.*

- 1 **I** SOON shall accomplish my race,  
And soar to the temple on high ;  
Dear Jesus, beholding thy face,  
I cheerfully yield me to die.  
Farewell, my distress and my wo ;  
The storms of existence are o'er ;  
Though fiercely the tempest may blow,  
Its fury appals me no more.
- 2 More quickly and shorter I breathe—  
The dew is o'erspreading my cheek—  
I feel the approaches of death,  
My heartstrings beginning to break ;  
A struggle or two, and 'tis done—  
From earth and its anguish I fly ;  
The palm of the conqueror won,  
I live by submitting to die.

COLLYER.

## 860

C. M. Braintree, St. David's

*The Song of Simeon ; or Death made desirable.*

- 1 **L** ORD, at thy temple we appear,  
As happy Simeon came,  
And hope to meet our Saviour here,  
O make our joys the same !

- 2 With what divine and vast delight  
The good old man was filled,  
When fondly, in his withered arms,  
He clasped the holy child !
- 3 "Now I can leave this world," he cried ;  
"Behold thy servant dies ;  
"I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,  
"And close my peaceful eyes.
- 4 "This is the Light prepared to shine  
"Upon the Gentile lands ;  
"Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,  
"To break their slavish bands."
- 5 Jesus, the vision of thy face  
Hath overpowering charms ;  
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,  
If Christ be in my arms.
- 6 Then, while ye hear my heartstrings break,  
How sweet my minutes roll !  
A mortal paleness on my cheek,  
And glory in my soul !

WATTS.

861 C. M. St. Martin's, Milford.  
*The Presence of God worth dying for.*

- 1 **L**ORD, 'tis an infinite delight  
To see thy lovely face,  
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,  
And feel thy vital rays.
- 2 This Gabriel knows, and sings thy name  
With rapture on his tongue ;  
Moses, the saint, enjoys the same,  
And heaven repeats the song.
- 3 While the bright nation sounds thy praise  
From each eternal hill,  
Sweet odors of exhaling grace  
The happy region fill.
- 4 Thy love, a sea without a shore,  
Spreads life and joy abroad ;  
O, 'tis a heaven worth dying for,  
To see a smiling God !

WATTS.

862 C. M. Carolina, Virginia.  
*The welcome Messenger.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when we see a saint of thine  
Lie gasping out his breath,  
With longing eyes, and looks divine,  
Smiling and pleased in death ;



- 2 How we could e'en contend to lay  
Our limbs upon that bed!  
We ask thine envoy to convey  
Our spirits in his stead.
- 3 Our souls are rising on the wing,  
To venture in his place!  
For when grim Death has lost his sting,  
He has an angel's face.
- 4 Jesus, then purge my crimes away;  
'Tis guilt creates my fears;  
'Tis guilt gives Death his fierce array,  
And all the arms he bears. WATTS.

## 863

C. M.

Canterbury.

*Death and Eternity.*

- 1 **M**Y thoughts, that often mount the skies,  
Go, search the world beneath,  
Where nature all in ruin lies,  
And owns her sovereign, Death.
- 2 The tyrant, how he triumphs here!  
His trophies spread around;  
And heaps of dust and bones appear  
Through all the hollow ground.
- 3 But where the souls, those deathless things,  
That left their dying clay?  
My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings  
And trace eternity!
- 4 O that unfathomable sea!  
Those deeps without a shore!  
Where living waters gently play,  
Or fiery billows roar.
- 5 There we shall swim in heavenly bliss,  
Or sink in flaming waves,  
While the pale carcass breathless lies  
Among the silent graves.
- 6 "Prepare us, Lord, for thy right hand,  
"Then come the joyful day,  
"Come, death, and some celestial band,  
"To bear our souls away." WATTS.

## 864

C. M.

Windsor, Greenwalk.

*The Death of a Sinner.*

- 1 **M**Y thoughts on awful subjects roll,  
Damnation and the dead:  
What horrors seize the guilty soul  
L'pon a dying bed!

## 865, 866 DEATH—RESURRECTION.

- 2 Lingering about these mortal shores,  
She makes a long delay ;  
Till, like a flood, with rapid force,  
Death sweeps the wretch away.
- 3 Then, swift and dreadful, she descends  
Down to the fiery coast,  
Among abominable fiends,  
Herself a frightened ghost.
- 4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,  
And darkness makes their chains ;  
Tortured with keen despair, they cry,  
Yet wait for fiercer pains.
- 5 Not all their anguish and their blood  
For their old guilt atones,  
Nor the compassion of a God  
Shall hearken to their groans.
- 6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,  
Nor bade my soul remove,  
Till I had learned my Saviour's death,  
And well insured his love! WATTS

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865

L. M. All Saints, Ellenthorpe

*A happy Resurrection.*

- 1 **N**O, I'll repine at death no more,  
But, with a cheerful gasp, resign  
To the cold dungeon of the grave  
These dying, withering limbs of mine.
- 2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,  
And crumble all my bones to dust,  
My God shall raise my frame anew,  
At the revival of the just.
- 3 Break, sacred morning, through the skies ;  
Bring that delightful, dreadful day ;  
Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come ;  
Thy lingering wheels, how long they stay
- 4 O haste, upon the wings of love ;  
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay ;  
That we may join in heavenly joys,  
And sing the triumph of the day. WATTS

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866

C. M. Walsal, Buckingham

- 1 **P**EACE! 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand  
That blasts our joys in death,  
Changes the visage once so dear,  
And gathers back our breath

- 2 'Tis he, the Potentate supreme  
Of all the world above,  
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,  
Nor from their purpose move.
- 3 'Tis he, whose justice might demand  
Our souls a sacrifice,  
Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,  
A thousand rich supplies.
- 4 Fair garlands of immortal bliss  
He weaves for every brow ;  
And shall rebellious passions rise,  
When he corrects us now ?
- 5 Silent we own Jehovah's name,  
We kiss the scourging hand,  
And yield our comforts, and our life  
To his supreme command. DODDRIDGE.

867

C. M. Funeral Thought, New Durham.

- 1 **S**TOOP down, my thoughts, that used to rise,  
Converse awhile with death ;  
Think how a gasping mortal lies,  
And pants away his breath.
- 2 His quivering lip hangs feebly down,  
His pulse is faint and few :  
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,  
He bids the world adieu.
- 3 But, O, the soul, that never dies ;  
At once it leaves the clay !  
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,  
And track its wondrous way.
- 4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,  
It mounts—triumphing there ;  
Or devils plunge it down to hell  
In infinite despair.
- 5 And must this body faint and die ?  
And must this soul remove ?  
O for some guardian angel nigh,  
To bear it safe above.
- 6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand  
My naked soul I trust ;  
And my flesh waits for thy command  
To drop into the dust. WATTS.

868

L. M.

Limehouse, Darwen.

*Loss of dear Friends.*

- 1 **T**HE God of love will sure indulge  
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,  
When his own children fall around;  
When tender friends and kindred die.
- 2 Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought  
Should with our mourning passions blend;  
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget  
Th' almighty, ever-living Friend.
- 3 Beneath a numerous train of ills,  
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;  
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,  
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.
- 4 Parent and Husband, Guard and Guide,  
Thou art each tender name in one;  
On thee we cast our every care,  
And comfort seek from thee alone.
- 5 Our Father, God, to thee we look,  
Our Rock, our Portion and our Friend;  
And on thy covenant, love and truth,  
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

SCOTT.

869

C. M.

Canterbury, Bedford.

*Death and immediate Glory. Ps. 110.*

- 1 **T**HERE is a house, not made with hands,  
Eternal and on high;  
And here my spirit waiting stands,  
Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay  
Must be dissolved and fall,  
Then, O my soul, with joy obey  
Thy heavenly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,  
That forms thee fit for heaven;  
And, as an earnest of the place,  
Hath his own Spirit given.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come;  
Faith lives upon his word;  
But while the body is our home,  
We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,  
But we had rather see

We would be absent from the flesh,  
And present, Lord, with thee. WATTS.

870 C. M. Poland, Bangor.  
*Warning to prepare for Death.*

- 1 **V**AIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear—  
Repent! thy end is nigh!  
Death, at the farthest, can't be far:  
O, think before thou die!
- 2 Reflect!—thou hast a soul to save:  
Thy sins—how high they mount!  
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?  
How stands that dread account?
- 3 Death enters—and there's no defence;  
His time there's none can tell;  
He'll in a moment call thee hence,  
To heaven—or to hell!
- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,  
Shall crawling worms consume;  
But ah! destruction stops not there!  
Sin kills beyond the tomb.
- 5 To-day the gospel calls,—to-day,  
Sinners, it speaks to you;  
Let every one forsake his way,  
And mercy will ensue.

HART.

871 L. M. Carthage, Berlin.  
*Death of the Sinner and Saint.*

- 1 **W**HAT scenes of horror and of dread  
Await the sinner's dying bed!  
Death's terrors all appear in sight,  
Presages of eternal night!
- 2 His sins in dreadful order rise,  
And fill his soul with sad surprise;  
Mount Sinai's thunders stun his ears,  
And not one ray of hope appears.
- 3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast;  
Where'er he turns, he finds no rest;  
Death strikes the blow—he groans and cries—  
And, in despair and horror, dies.
- 4 Not so the heir of heavenly bliss;  
His soul is filled with conscious peace;  
A steady faith subdues his fear:  
He sees the happy Canaan near.
- 5 His mind is tranquil and serene,  
No terrors in his looks are seen;

## 872, 873 DEATH—RESURRECTION.

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His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,  
And smooths his passage to the tomb.

- 6 Lord, make my faith and love sincere,  
My judgment sound, my conscience clear;  
And when the toils of life are past,  
May I be found in peace at last. FAWCETT.
- 

### 872

L. M.

Bath.

*The rich Sinner's Death.*

- 1 **W**HY do the proud insult the poor,  
And boast the large estates they have?  
How vain are riches to secure  
Their haughty owners from the grave!
- 2 They can't redeem one hour from death,  
With all the wealth in which they trust;  
Nor give a dying brother breath,  
When God commands him down to dust.
- 3 There the dark earth and dismal shade  
Shall clasp their naked bodies round:  
That flesh, so delicately fed,  
Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.
- 4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,  
Laid in the grave for worms to eat!  
The saints shall in the morning rise,  
And find the oppressor at their feet.
- 5 His honors perish in the dust,  
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood;  
That glorious day exalts the just  
To full dominion o'er the proud.
- 6 My Saviour shall my life restore,  
And raise me from my dark abode;  
My flesh and soul shall part no more,  
But dwell for ever near my God. WATTS.
- 

### 873

L. M.

Bridgewater, Duke Street.

- 1 **W**HY should we start, and fear to die?  
What timorous worms we mortals are!  
Death is the gate of endless joy,  
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,  
Fright our approaching souls away;  
Still we shrink back again to life,  
Fond of our prison and our clay.

- 3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,  
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,  
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are ;  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.
- WATTS.

874 C. M. Sunday, Victory.  
*The Resurrection.* 1 Cor. xv. 52—58.

- 1 **W**HEN the last trumpet's awful voice  
This rending earth shall shake—  
When opening graves shall yield their charge,  
And dust to life awake ;—
- 2 Those bodies, that corrupted fell,  
Shall incorrupted rise ;  
And mortal forms shall spring to life,  
Immortal in the skies.
- 3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung,  
Is now at last fulfilled—  
That Death should yield his ancient reign,  
And, vanquished, quit the field.
- 4 Then steadfast let us still remain,  
Though dangers rise around ;  
And in the work prescribed by God,  
Yet more and more abound ;—
- 5 Assured that, though we labor now,  
We labor not in vain ;  
But, through the grace of heaven's great Lord,  
Th' eternal crown shall gain.
- SCOTCH PAR.

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FUNERAL HYMNS.

875 8s. Lambeth.

- 1 **A** II, lovely appearance of death !  
What sight upon earth is so fair !  
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,  
Can with a dead body compare :

- With solemn delight I survey  
 The corpse, when the spirit is fled;  
 In love with the beautiful clay,  
 And longing to lie in its stead.
- 2 How blest is our brother, bereft  
 Of all that could burden his mind!  
 How easy the soul that has left  
 This wearisome body behind!  
 Of evil incapable, thou,  
 Whose relics with envy I see,  
 No longer in misery now,  
 No longer a sinner like me.
- 3 This earth is affected no more  
 With sickness, or shaken with pain;  
 The war in the members is o'er,  
 And never shall vex him again:  
 No anger, henceforward, or shame,  
 Shall redden this innocent clay:  
 Extinct is the animal flame,  
 And passion is vanished away.
- 4 This languishing head is at rest,  
 Its thinking and aching are o'er;  
 This quiet, immovable breast  
 Is heaved by affliction no more:  
 This heart is no longer the seat  
 Of trouble and torturing pain;  
 It ceases to flutter and beat,  
 It never shall flutter again.
- 5 The lids he so seldom could close,  
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,  
 Now, sealed in their mortal repose,  
 Have strangely forgotten to weep:  
 The fountains can yield no supplies,  
 These hollows from water are free;  
 The tears are all wiped from these eyes,  
 And evil they never shall see.

WHITEFIELD

876

C. M.

Martyr's, Lebanon

*Funeral of a faithful Minister.*

- 1 **F**AR from affliction, toil, and care,  
 The happy soul is fled;  
 The breathless clay shall slumber here,  
 Among the silent dead.
- 2 The gospel was his joy and song,  
 E'en to his latest breath;



The truth he had proclaimed so long  
Was his support in death.

- 3 Now he resides where Jesus is,  
Above this dusky sphere ;  
His soul was ripened for that bliss  
While yet he sojourned here.
- 4 The churches' loss we all deplore,  
And shed the falling tear ;  
Since we shall see his face no more,  
Till Jesus shall appear.
- 5 But we are hasting to the tomb :  
O, may we ready stand !  
Then, dearest Lord, receive us home,  
To dwell at thy right hand. VILL. COLL.

877

8s. 8L.

Corydon.

*On the Death of a Widow.*

- 1 **G**IVE glory to Jesus, our Head,  
With all that encompass his throne ,  
A widow, a widow, indeed,  
A mother in Israel is gone !  
The winter of trouble is past ;  
The storms of affliction are o'er ;  
Her struggle is ended at last,  
And sorrow and death are no more.
- 2 The soul has o'ertaken her mate,  
And caught him again in the sky ;  
Advanced to her holy estate,  
And pleasure that never shall die ;—  
Where glorified spirits, by sight,  
Converse in their happy abode :  
As stars in the firmament bright,  
And pure as the angels of God.
- 3 In loud hallelujahs they sing,  
And harmony echoes his praise ;  
When, lo ! the celestial King  
Pours out the full light of his face ;  
The joy, neither angel nor saint  
Can bear, so ineffably great ;  
But, lo ! the whole company faint,  
And heaven is found—at his feet.

METH. COLL.

878

C. M.

Funeral Thought.

*A Funeral Thought.*

- 1 **H**ARK ! from the tombs a doleful sound !  
Mine ears attend the cry—

- “Ye living men, come view the ground,  
 “Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 “Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
 “In spite of all your towers;  
 “The tall, the wise, the reverend head,  
 “Must lie as low as ours.”
- 3 Great God, is this our certain doom?  
 And are we still secure?  
 Still walking downwards to our tomb,  
 And yet prepare no more?
- 4 Grant us the powers of quickening grace,  
 To fit our souls to fly;  
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,  
 We'll rise above the sky. WATTS.

## 879

8s. 8L.

Union Hymn.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to Jesus on high!  
 Another has entered his rest;  
 Another has 'scaped to the sky,  
 And lodged in immanuel's breast;  
 The soul of our sister is gone,  
 To heighten the triumph above;  
 Exalted to Jesus's throne,  
 And clasped in the arms of his love.
- 2 How happy the angels that fall  
 Transported at Jesus's name;  
 The saints whom he soonest shall call,  
 To share in the feast of the Lamb!  
 No longer imprisoned in clay,  
 Who next from his dungeon shall fly?  
 Who first shall be summoned away—  
 My merciful Lord—is it I?
- 3 O Jesus, if this be thy will,  
 That suddenly I should depart;  
 Thy counsel of mercy reveal,  
 And whisper the call in my heart;  
 O, give me a signal to know,  
 If soon thou wouldst have me remove,  
 And leave the dull body below,  
 And fly to the regions above.

METH. COLL.

## 880

S. M.

St. Thomas, Dover.

*Balaam's Wish.* Num. xxiii. 10.

- 1 **H**OW blest the righteous are,  
 When they resign their breath!

No wonder Balaam wished to share  
In such a happy death.

2 "O, let me die," said he,  
"The death the righteous do ;  
"When life is ended, let me be  
"Found with the faithful few."

3 The force of truth how great,  
When enemies confess !  
None but the righteous, whom they hate,  
A solid hope possess.

4 But Balaam's wish was vain—  
His heart was insincere ;  
He thirsted for unrighteous gain  
And sought a portion here.

5 May we, O Lord most high,  
Warning from hence receive ;  
If like the righteous we would die,  
To choose the life they live. NEWTON.

881

C. M.

Barby, Clarendon.

1 **I**N vain my fancy strives to paint  
The moment after death ;  
The glories that surround a saint,  
When yielding up his breath.

2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks :  
We scarce can say, "He's gone !"   
Before the willing spirit takes  
Its mansions near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail  
To trace the spirit's flight ;  
No eye can pierce within the veil  
Which hides the world of light.

4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,  
Saints are completely blest ;  
Have done with sin, and care, and wo,  
And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold they praise his name,  
His face they always view ;  
Then let us followers be of them,  
That we may praise him too. NEWTON.

882

C. M.

Mean, St. James, York.

*A Thought of Death and Glory.*

1 **M**Y soul, come, meditate the day,  
And think how near it stands,

- When thou must quit this house of clay,  
And fly to unknown lands.
- 2 And you, mine eyes, look down and view  
The hollow, gaping tomb:  
This gloomy prison waits for you,  
Whene'er the summons come.
- 3 O, could we die with those that die,  
And place us in their stead;  
Then would our spirits learn to fly,  
And converse with the dead.
- 4 Then should we see the saints above,  
In their own glorious forms,  
And wonder why our souls should love  
To dwell with mortal worms.
- 5 We should almost forsake our clay,  
Before the summons come,  
And pray and wish our souls away  
To their eternal home.

WATTS.

883

C. M.

Raugor, Lebanon.

*Submission to afflictive Providences.*

- 1 **N**AKED as from the earth we came,  
And crept to life at first,  
We to the earth return again,  
And mingle with our dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,  
And fondly call our own,  
Are but short favors, borrowed now,  
To be repaid anon.
- 3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,  
Or sinks them in the grave:  
He gives, and (blessed be his name!)  
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions, then:  
Let each rebellious sigh  
Be silent at his sovereign will,  
And every murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,  
Its praises shall be spread;  
And we'll adore the justice too,  
That strikes our comforts dead.

WATTS.

# 884

C. M.

Plympton.

*Comfort under the Loss of Ministers.*

- 1 **N**OW let our drooping hearts revive,  
And all our tears be dry;  
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,  
Which view a Saviour nigh?
- 2 What though the arm of conquering death  
Does God's own house invade?  
What though the prophet and the priest  
Be numbered with the dead?
- 3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,  
The aged and the young,  
The watchful eye in darkness closed,  
And mute th' instructive tongue;—
- 4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,  
New comfort to impart;  
His eye still guides us, and his voice  
Still animates our heart.
- 5 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord;  
"My church shall safe abide;  
"For I will ne'er forsake my own,  
"Whose souls in me confide."

DODDRIDGE

# 885

L. M.

Putney, Darwen, Surry

- 1 **O**FT as the bell, with solemn toll,  
Speaks the departure of a soul,  
Let each one ask himself, "Am I  
"Prepared, should I be called to die?"
- 2 "Only this frail and fleeting breath  
"Preserves me from the jaws of death:  
"Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,  
"And plunged into a world unknown.
- 3 "Then, leaving all I loved below,  
"To God's tribunal I must go;  
"Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,  
"And fix my everlasting state."
- 4 Lord Jesus, help me now to flee,  
And seek my hope alone in thee;  
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give—  
Subdue my sins, and let me live.
- 5 Then, when the solemn bell I hear,  
If saved from guilt, I need not fear;

Nor would the thought distressing be—  
Perhaps it next may toll for me. NEWTON

## 886

C. M.

Ferry

- 1 **O** GOD, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home;—
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne,  
Still may we dwell secure:  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch, that ends the night,  
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.
- 6 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come;  
Be thou our guide while life shall last,  
And our perpetual home. METH. COLL.

## 887

8s &amp; 7s.

Smyrna.

- 1 **O** YE mourners, cease to languish  
O'er the graves of those ye love:  
Pain and death, and night and anguish,  
Enter not the world above.  
While in darkness ye are straying,  
Lonely, in the deepening shade,  
Glory's brightest beams are playing  
Round th' immortal spirit's head.
- 2 O ye mourners, cease to languish  
O'er th' grave of those ye love:  
Far removed from pain and anguish,  
They are chanting hymns of love:  
Light and peace at once deriving  
From the hand of God, most high;

In his glorious presence living,  
They shall never, never die.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

888

89. 8L. -

Lambeth, De Fleury.

- 1 **R**EJOICE for a brother deceased ;  
Our loss is his infinite gain ;—  
A soul out of prison released,  
And freed from its bodily chain :  
With songs let us follow his flight,  
And mount with his spirit above ;  
Escaped to the mansions of light,  
And lodged in the Eden of love.
- 2 Our brother the haven hath gained,  
Outflying the tempest and wind ;  
His rest he hath sooner obtained,  
And left his companions behind,  
Still tossed on a sea of distress,  
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,  
Where all is assurance and peace,  
And sorrow and sin are no more.

METH. COLL.

889

C. M.

Zion, Coronation.

*Death of pious Friends.* 1 Thess. iv. 13, 14.

- 1 **T**AKE comfort, Christians, when your friends  
In Jesus fall asleep :  
Their better being never ends ;  
Then why, dejected, weep ?
- 2 As Jesus died, and rose again,  
Victorious from the dead ;  
So his disciples rise and reign,  
With their triumphant Head
- 3 The time draws nigh, when from the clouds  
Christ shall with shouts descend,  
And the last trumpet's awful voice  
The heavens and earth shall rend.
- 4 Then they who live shall changed be,  
And they who sleep shall wake ;  
The graves shall yield their ancient charge  
And earth's foundation shake.
- 5 The saints of God, from death set free,  
With joy shall mount on high ;  
The heavenly hosts, with praises loud,  
Shall meet them in the sky. SCOTCH PAR.

890

L. M.

Norfolk, Armle

*The Grave.* Job iii. 17.

- 1 **T**HE grave is now a favored spot,  
To saints who sleep, in Jesus blessed;  
For there the wicked trouble not,  
And there the weary are at rest.
- 2 At rest in Jesus' faithful arms;  
At rest as in a peaceful bed;  
Secure from all the dreadful storms,  
Which round this sinful world are spread
- 3 Thrice happy souls, who're gone before  
To that inheritance divine!  
They labor, sorrow, sigh no more,  
But bright in endless glory shine.
- 4 Then let our mournful tears be dry,  
Or in a gentle measure flow;  
We hail them happy in the sky,  
And joyful wait our call to go.

VILL. COLL

891

C. M.

Martyn's, Buckingham

*On the Death of a Child.*

- 1 **T**HE once-loved form, now cold and dead  
Each mournful thought employs;  
And Nature weeps her comforts fled,  
And withered all her joys.
- 2 But wait the interposing gloom,  
And, lo! stern winter flies;  
And, dressed in beauty's fairest bloom,  
The flowery tribes arise.
- 3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,  
When what we now deplore  
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,  
And bloom to fade no more.
- 4 Then cease, fond Nature, cease thy tears;  
Religion points on high;  
There everlasting spring appears,  
And joys which cannot die.

STEELE

892

C. M.

St. Ann's, Hunsdale

*Infants.*

- 1 **T**HY life I read, my dearest Lord,  
With transport all divine;  
Thine image trace in every word,  
Thy love in every line.



- 2 With joy I see a thousand charms  
Spread o'er thy lovely face;  
While infants, in thy tender arms,  
Receive the smiling grace.
- 3 "I take these little lambs," said he,  
"And lay them in my breast;  
"Protection they shall find in me—  
"In me be ever blest.
- 4 "Their feeble frames my power shall raise,  
"And mould with heavenly skill:  
"I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,  
"And hands to do my will."
- 5 His words, ye happy parents, hear,  
And shout, with joys divine:  
Dear Saviour, all we have and are  
Shall be for ever thine. STENNETT.

893

10s &amp; 11s. St. Michael's, Lyons.

- 1 'TIS finished; 'tis done; the spirit is fled;  
The prisoner is gone, the Christian is  
dead;  
The Christian is living through Jesus's love,  
And gladly receiving a kingdom above.
- 2 All honor and praise are Jesus's due;  
Supported by grace, he fought his way thro';  
Triumphantly glorious through Jesus's zeal,  
And more than victorious o'er sin, death and  
hell.
- 3 Then let us record the conquering name;  
Our Captain and Lord with shouting proclaim;  
Who trust in his passion, and follow our  
Head,  
To certain salvation we all shall be led.
- 4 O Jesus, lead on thy militant care;  
And give us the crown of righteousness there,  
Where, dazzled with glory, the seraphim  
gaze,  
Or prostrate adore thee, in silence of praise.
- 5 Come, Lord, and display thy sign in the sky,  
And bear us away to mansions on high;  
The kingdom be given, the purchase divine,  
And crown us, in heaven, eternally thine.  
METH. COLL.

## 894

L. M. Sicilian, Putney, Armley.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb ;  
Take this new treasure to thy trust ;  
And give these sacred relics room,  
To seek a slumber in the dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,  
Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes  
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,  
While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept ;—God's dying Son  
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed ;  
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne  
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn ;  
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word ;  
Restore thy trust—a glorious form—  
Called to ascend and meet the Lord.

WATTS.

## 895

C. M. Swanwick, Clarendon.

*Comfort for Christians in the Death of their Children.*

- 1 YE mourning saints, whose streaming tears  
Flow o'er your children dead,  
Say not, in transports of despair,  
That all your hopes are fled.
- 2 While, cleaving to that darling dust,  
In fond distress ye lie,  
Rise, and, with joy and reverence, view  
A heavenly Parent nigh.
- 3 "I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,  
"In my own house a place ;  
"No names of daughters and of sons  
"Could yield so high a grace.
- 4 "Transient and vain is every hope  
"A rising race can give ;  
"In endless honor and delight  
"My children all shall live."
- 5 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,  
Through which thy face we see,  
And bless those wounds, which, through our  
hearts,  
Prepare a way for thee.

DODDRIDGE

896

C. M.

Isle of Wight.

*Death of a young Person.*

- 1 **W**HEN blooming youth is snatched away  
 By death's resistless hand,  
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,  
 Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
 O, may this truth, impressed  
 With awful power—I too must die—  
 Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 The voice of this alarming scene  
 May every heart obey;  
 Nor be the heavenly warning vain,  
 Which calls to watch and pray.
- 4 O, let us fly, to Jesus fly,  
 Whose powerful arm can save;  
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,  
 And triumph o'er the grave.
- 5 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,  
 With cleansing, healing power;  
 This only can prepare the heart  
 For death's surprising hour.

STEEL.

## GENERAL JUDGMENT.

897

C. M.

*The Tribunal.*

- 1 **A**ND must I be to judgment brought,  
 And answer, in that day,  
 For every vain and idle thought,  
 And every word I say?
- 2 Yes, every secret of my heart  
 Shall shortly be made known,  
 And I receive my just desert  
 For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful, then, ought I to live!  
 With what religious fear!  
 Who such a strict account must give  
 For my behavior here.
- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,  
 The watchful power bestow;

So shall I to my ways take heed,  
To all I speak or do.

5-If now thou standest at the door,  
O, let me feel thee near!

And make my peace with God, before  
I at thy bar appear. METH. COLL.

898

S. M.

Pentonville, Dover.

1 **A**ND am I born to die?  
To lay this body down?  
And must my trembling spirit fly  
Into a world unknown?

2 Waked by the trumpet's sound,  
I from the grave must rise,  
And see the Judge, with glory crowned,  
And see the flaming skies.

3 How shall I leave my tomb?  
With triumph or regret?  
A fearful or a joyful doom—  
A curse or blessing meet?

4 O thou, who wouldst not have  
One wretched sinner die,  
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save  
From endless misery;—

5 Show me the way to shun  
Thy dreadful wrath severe;  
That, when thou comest on thy throne,  
I may with joy appear. LUTHERAN COLL.

899

S. M. Little Marlboro', Dunbar.

*Describing Judgment.*

1 **B**EHOLD, with awful pomp,  
The Judge prepares to come;  
The archangel sounds the dreadful trump,  
And wakes the general doom.

2 Nature, in wild amaze,  
Her desolation mourns;  
Blushes of blood the moon deface;  
The sun to darkness turns.

3 The living look with dread;  
The frightened dead arise,  
Start from the monumental bed,  
And lift their ghastly eyes.

4 Ye wilful, wanton fools,  
Let dangers make you wise;

Carnal professors, careless souls,  
Unclose your sleeping eyes.

5 'Tis time we all awake ;  
The dreadful day draws near :  
Sinners, your proud presumption check,  
And stop your wild career.

6 Now is the accepted time ;  
To Christ for mercy fly ;  
O turn, repent, and trust in him,  
And you shall never die.

HART.

## 900

8s &amp; 7s.

Luther's Hymn.

1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear !

The end of things created !  
The Judge of man I see appear,  
On clouds of glory seated :  
The trumpet sounds ; the graves restore  
The dead which they contained before :  
Prepare, my soul, to meet him

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,  
At the last trumpet's sounding,  
Caught up to meet him in the skies  
With joy their Lord surrounding :  
No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;  
His presence sheds eternal day  
On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,  
Behold his wrath prevailing,  
For they shall rise, and find their tears  
And sighs are unavailing ;  
The day of grace is past and gone ;  
Trembling, they stand before the throne,  
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear !  
The end of things created !  
The Judge of man I see appear,  
On clouds of glory seated ;  
Beneath his cross I see the day  
When heaven and earth shall pass away ;  
And thus prepare to meet him.

## 901

C. M.

Archdale, Calcutta.

*The last Judgment.*

1 " HE comes ! he comes ! to judge the world,"  
Aloud th' archangel cries,

- While thunders roll from pole to pole,  
And lightnings cleave the skies.
- 2 The affrighted nations hear the sound,  
And upward lift their eyes:  
The slumbering tenants of the ground  
In living armies rise.
- 3 Amid the shouts of numerous friends,  
Of hosts divinely bright,  
The Judge, in solemn pomp, descends,  
Arrayed in robes of light.
- 4 Thus he ascends the judgment seat;  
And at his dread command,  
Myriads of creatures round his feet  
In solemn silence stand.
- 5 Princes and peasants here await  
Their last, their righteous doom;  
The men who dared his grace reject,  
And they who dared presume.
- 6 "Depart, ye sons of vice and sin!"  
The injured Jesus cries,  
While the long-kindling wrath within  
Flashes from both his eyes.
- 7 And now, in words divinely sweet,  
With rapture in his face,  
Aloud his sacred lips repeat  
The sentence of his grace:—
- 8 "Well done, my good and faithful sons,  
"The children of my love;  
"Receive the sceptres, crowns and thrones  
"Prepared for you above." STENNETT.

- 1 **H**OW happy are the little flock,  
Who, safe beneath their guardian rock,  
In all commotions rest!  
When wars' and tumults' waves run high,  
Unmoved, above the storm they lie;  
They lodge in Jesus' breast.
- 2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,  
By mercy gathered into thee,  
Before the floods descend;  
And while the bursting cloud comes down,  
We mark the vengeful day begun,  
And calmly wait the end.

- 3 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,  
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,  
And bid our hearts arise ;  
Earth's basis shook confirms our hope,  
Its cities' fall, but lifts us up  
To meet thee in the skies.
- 4 Appear, O Lord, on Sion's hill,  
The word and mystery to fulfil,  
Thy confessors to approve ;  
Thy members on thy throne to place,  
And stamp thy name on every face,  
In glorious, heavenly love. METH. COLL.

## 903

7s. Heavenly Home, Belfast.

*The last Judgment.*

- 1 **I**N the sun, and moon, and stars,  
Signs and wonders there shall be ;  
Earth shall quake with inward wars,  
Nations with perplexity.
- 2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,  
Tossed with stronger tempests, rise ;  
Darker storms the mountain sweep,  
Redder lightning rend the skies.
- 3 Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,  
Racking doubt and restless fear ;  
And, amid the thunder-cloud,  
Shall the Judge of men appear.
- 4 But, though from that awful face  
Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,  
Fear not ye, his chosen race ;  
Your redemption draweth nigh ! HEBER.

## 904

8s, 7s &amp; 4.

Westborough.

- 1 **L**IFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,  
Partners in his patience here :  
Christ, to all believers precious,  
Lord of lords, shall soon appear :  
Mark the tokens  
Of his heavenly kingdom near.
- 2 Hear all nature's groans proclaiming  
Nature's swift approaching doom ;  
War, and pestilence, and famine,  
Signify the wrath to come ;  
Cleaves the centre,  
Nations rush into the tomb.

- 3 Close behind the tribulation  
Of these last tremendous days,  
See the flaming Revelation!  
See the universal blaze!  
Earth and heaven  
Melt before the Judge's face!
- 4 Sun and moon are both confounded,  
Darkened into endless night,  
When, with angel-hosts surrounded,  
In his Father's glory bright,  
Beams the Saviour,  
Shines the everlasting light.
- 5 See the stars from heaven falling;  
Hark, on earth the doleful cry:  
Men on rocks and mountains calling,  
While the frowning Judge draws nigh,  
Hide us, hide us,  
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!
- 6 With what different exclamation  
Shall the saints his banner see!  
By the tokens of his passion,  
By the marks received for me!  
All discern him,  
All with shouts cry out—" 'Tis he!"
- 7 Lo, 'tis he! our heart's desire,  
Come for his espoused below;  
Come to join us with his choir,  
Come to make our joys o'erflow;  
Palms of victory,  
Crowns of glory, to bestow. METH. COLL.

- 1 **R**IGHTEOUS God, whose vengeful phials  
All our fears and thoughts exceed;  
Big with woes and fiery trials,  
Hanging, bursting o'er our head;—  
While thou visitest the nations,  
Thy selected people spare;  
Arm our cautioned souls with patience,  
Fill our humbled hearts with prayer.
- 2 Every fresh—alarming token  
More confirms the faithful word;  
Nature, for its Lord hath spoken,  
Must be suddenly restored:



From this national confusion,  
 From this ruined earth and skies,  
 See the times of restitution,  
 See the new creation rise!

- 3 Vanish, then, this world of shadows;  
 Pass the former things away:  
 Lord, appear! appear to glad us,  
 With the dawn of endless day!  
 O, conclude this mortal story!  
 Throw this universe aside!  
 Come, eternal King of glory,  
 Now descend, and take thy Bride!

METH. COLL.

906

8s, 7s & 4. Greenville, Jordan.  
 Luke xiii. 28.

- 1 **S**EE the eternal Judge descending—  
 View him seated on his throne!  
 Now, poor sinner, now, lamenting,  
 Stand and hear thy awful doom—  
 Trumpets call thee;  
 Stand and hear thy awful doom.
- 2 Hear the cries he now is venting,  
 Filled with dread of fiercer pain;  
 While in anguish thus lamenting,  
 That he ne'er was born again;  
 Greatly mourning,  
 That he ne'er was born again:—
- 3 “Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,  
 “With the marks of dying love;  
 “O, that I had sought his favor,  
 “When I felt his Spirit move—  
 “Golden moments,  
 “When I felt his Spirit move!”
- 4 Now, despisers, look and wonder;  
 Hope and sinners here must part:  
 Louder than a peal of thunder,  
 Hear the dreadful sound, “Depart!”  
 Lost for ever,  
 Hear the dreadful sound, “Depart!”

VILL. COLL.

907

8s & 7s. Northampton Chapel, Tabernacle.

- 1 **S**INNERS, take the friendly warning—  
 Soon that awful day shall break,

- And the trumpet, with its dawning,  
All the slumbering millions wake.
- 2 See assembled every nation ;  
Lofty cities, temples, towers,  
Wrapped in dreadful conflagration,  
Earth and sea the flame devours.
- 3 Ye, who to the world dissemble,  
While you practise deeds of night ;  
Sinners, now behold and tremble ;  
All your crimes are brought to light.
- 4 Lost in ease, or carnal pleasure,  
Sporting on the burning brink ;  
Now, you say, you have no leisure,  
You can find no time to think.
- 5 Ye, who now, conviction stifling,  
Waste your time, the loss deplore ;  
Hear the angel—cease your trifling—  
“Time,” he cries, “shall be no more!”
- 6 Pause, and hear the voice of reason—  
Catch the moments as they fly—  
You who lose the present season,  
You must all find time to die.

VILL. CO.

- 1 **S**TAND the omnipotent decree !  
Jehovah's will be done !  
Nature's end we wait to see,  
And hear her final groan ;  
Let this earth dissolve, and blend  
In death the wicked and the just ;  
Let those ponderous orbs descend,  
And grind us into dust.
- 2 Rests secure the righteous man,  
At his Redeemer's beck,  
Sure to emerge, and rise again,  
And mount above the wreck :  
Lo, the heavenly spirit towers,  
Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre,  
Triumphs in immortal powers,  
And claps his wings of fire !
- 3 Resting in this glorious hope,  
To be at last restored,  
Yield we now our bodies up,  
To earthquake, plague, or sword :

Listening for the call divine,  
The latest trumpet of the seven,  
Soon our soul and dust shall join,  
And both fly up to heaven. METH. COLL.

C. M.

Durham, Hadley.

# 909 *The everlasting Absence of God intolerable.*

1 **T**HAT awful day will surely come;  
The appointed hour makes haste,  
When I must stand before my Judge,  
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,  
Thou Sovereign of my heart,  
How could I bear to hear thy voice  
Pronounce the sound, "Depart?"

3 The thunder of that dismal word  
Would so torment my ear,  
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,  
With most tormenting fear.

4 O, wretched state of deep despair,  
To see my God remove,  
And fix my doleful station where  
I must not taste his love!

5 O, tell me that my worthless name  
Is graven on thy hands;  
Show me some promise, in thy book,  
Where my salvation stands.

6 Give me one kind, assuring word,  
To sink my fears again;  
And cheerfully my soul shall wait  
Her threescore years and ten.

WATTS.

C. M.

Lebanon, Plymouth.

# 910 *The last Harvest.*

1 **T**HE angel comes; he comes to reap  
The harvest of the Lord;  
O'er all the earth, with fatal sweep,  
Wide waves his flaming sword.

2 And who are they, in sheaves, to bide  
The fire of vengeance, bound?  
The tares, whose rank, luxuriant pride  
Choked the fair crop around.

3 And who are they, reserved in store,  
God's treasure-house to fill?  
The wheat, a hundred fold that bore  
Amid surrounding ill.

- 4 O King of mercy, grant us power  
 Thy fiery wrath to flee!  
 In thy destroying angel's hour,  
 O, gather us to thee!

HEBER

## 911

L. M. Old Hundred, Monmouth

- 1 **T**HE great archangel's trump shall sound,  
 While twice ten thousand thunders roar  
 Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,  
 And make the greedy sea restore.
- 2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,  
 The earth no more her slain conceal;  
 Sinners shall lift their guilty head,  
 And shrink to see a yawning hell.
- 3 But we, who now our Lord confess,  
 And faithful to the end endure,  
 Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness;  
 Stand as the Rock of Ages sure.
- 4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,  
 And mountains are on mountains hurled,  
 Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,  
 And smile to see a burning world.
- 5 By faith we now transcend the skies,  
 And on that ruined world look down;  
 By love, above all height we rise,  
 And share the everlasting throne.

METH. COLL.

## 912

L. M.

Protherell, Orland.

*The last Advent of Christ.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord will come! the earth shall quake,  
 The hills their fixed seat forsake;  
 And, withering, from the vault of night  
 The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord will come! but not the same  
 As once in lowly form he came,—  
 A silent lamb to slaughter led,  
 The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.
- 3 The Lord will come! a dreadful form,  
 With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,  
 On cherub wings, and wings of wind,  
 Anointed Judge of human kind!
- 4 Can this be he who wont to stray  
 A pilgrim on the world's highway!  
 By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?  
 O God, is this the crucified?

Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain ;  
 Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain ;  
 But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,  
 Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come !

HERBER.

913

H. M.

Amherst, Columbia.

*The Midnight Cry.*

**Y**E virgin souls, arise ;  
 With all the dead, awake ;  
 Unto salvation wise,  
 Oil in your vessels take :  
 Up starting at the midnight cry,  
 Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh !  
 He comes, he comes, to call  
 The nations to his bar,  
 And raise to glory all  
 Who fit for glory are ;  
 Make ready for your full reward ;  
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.  
 Go meet him in the sky,  
 Your everlasting Friend ;  
 Your Head to glorify,  
 With all his saints ascend ;  
 Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace  
 To see, without a veil, his face.  
 Ye, that have here received  
 The unction from above,  
 And in his Spirit lived,  
 Obedient to his love ;  
 Jesus shall claim you for his bride ;  
 Rejoice with all the sanctified.  
 Rejoice in glorious hope  
 Of that great day unknown,  
 When you shall be caught up  
 To stand before his throne,—  
 Called to partake the marriage feast,  
 And lean on our Immanuel's breast.  
 Then let us wait to hear  
 The trumpet's welcome sound ;  
 To see our Lord appear,  
 May we be watching found ;  
 Enrobed in righteousness divine,  
 In which the Bride shall ever shine.

## HELL AND HEAVEN.

914 C. M. Canterbury, Greenwalk  
*Death dreadful, or delightful.*

- 1 **D**EATH! 'tis a melancholy day  
 To those that have no God,  
 When the poor soul is forced away  
 To seek her last abode.
- 2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes;  
 But guilt, a heavy chain,  
 Still drags her downward from the skies,  
 To darkness, fire, and pain.
- 3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell;  
 Let stubborn sinners fear;  
 You must be driven from earth, and dwell  
 A long forever there.
- 4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,  
 And flashes in your face;  
 And thou, my soul, look downward too,  
 And sing recovering grace.
- 5 He is a God of sovereign love,  
 Who promised heaven to me,  
 And taught my thoughts to soar above,  
 Where happy spirits be.
- 6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand;  
 Then come the joyful day;  
 Come death, and some celestial band,  
 To bear my soul away.

WATTS.

915 C. M. Cambridge, Ferry.  
*The everlasting Song.*

- 1 **E**ARTH has engrossed my love too long;  
 'Tis time I lift mine eyes  
 Upwards, dear Father, to thy throne,  
 And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blest Man, my Saviour, sits:  
 The God! how bright he shines!  
 And scatters infinite delights  
 On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,  
 Circle the throne around;  
 And move, and charm the starry plains  
 With an immortal sound.

Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs :—

Jesus, my love, they sing ;

Jesus, the life of both our joys,

Sounds sweet from every string.

Now let me mount, and join their song,

And be an angel too ;

My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,

Here's joyful work for you.

I would begin the music here,

And so my soul should rise ;

O for some heavenly notes to bear

My passions to the skies !

WATTS.

916 C. M. Funeral Hymn, Howard's.  
*Hell.* Isa. xxx. 33 ; Mark ix. 43, 44.

**F**AR from the utmost verge of day  
Those gloomy regions lie,  
Where flames amid the darkness play—  
The worm shall never die.

The breath of God, his angry breath,  
Supplies and fans the fire ;  
There sinners taste the second death,  
And would—but can't expire.

Conscience, the never-dying worm,  
With torture gnaws the heart ;  
And wo and wrath, in every form,  
Is now the sinner's part.

Sad world indeed ! ah, who can bear  
For ever there to dwell—  
For ever sinking in despair  
In all the pains of hell !

VILL. COLL.

917 C. M. Caladonia, Clifford  
*The Saints in Glory.*

**H**OW bright these glorious spirits shine !  
Whence all their bright array ?  
How came they to the blissful seats  
Of everlasting day ?

Lo, these are they from sufferings great  
Who came to realms of light,  
And in the blood of Christ have washed  
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now, with triumphal palms, they stand  
Before the throne on high,

- And serve the God they love, amidst  
The glories of the sky.
- 4 His presence fills each heart with joy,  
Tunes every voice to sing;  
By day, by night, the sacred courts  
With glad hosannas ring.
- 5 The Lamb, who dwells amidst the throne,  
Shall o'er them still preside,  
Feed them with nourishments divine,  
And all their footsteps guide.
- 6 'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,  
Where living streams appear;  
And God the Lord from every eye  
Shall wipe off every tear. GEMS.

918

72.

Hotham, Middlesex.

*Heaven.* John xiv. 2.

- 1 **H**IGH in yonder realms of light  
Dwell the raptured saints above,  
Far beyond our feeble sight,  
Happy in Immanuel's love!  
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,  
Once they knew, like us below,  
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,  
Torturing pain and heavy wo.
- 2 Oft the big, unbidden tear,  
Stealing down the furrowed cheek,  
Told, in eloquence sincere,  
Tales of wo they could not speak.  
But, these days of weeping o'er,  
Past this scene of toil and pain,  
They shall feel distress no more,  
Never—never weep again!
- 3 'Mid the chorus of the skies,  
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,  
Hark—their songs melodious rise,  
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!  
Happy spirits, ye are fled,  
Where no grief can entrance find;  
Lulled to rest the aching head,  
Soothed the anguish of the mind!
- 4 All is tranquil and serene,  
Calm and undisturbed repose—  
There no cloud can intervene—  
There no angry tempest blows:



Every tear is wiped away,  
Sighs no more shall heave the breast:  
Night is lost in endless day—  
Sorrow—in eternal rest! VILL. COLL.

919 L. M. Wells, Monmouth.  
*The rich Man and Lazarus.*

- 1 **I**N what confusion earth appears!  
God's dearest children bathed in tears;  
While they, who heaven itself deride,  
Riot in luxury and pride!
- 2 But, patient, let my soul attend,  
And, ere I censure, view the end—  
That end how different!—who can tell  
The wide extremes of heaven and hell?
- 3 See the red flames around him twine,  
Who did in gold and purple shine,  
Nor can his tongue one drop obtain  
T' allay the scorching of his pain;—
- 4 While round the saints, so poor below,  
Full rivers of salvation flow;  
On Abrah'm's breast he leans his head,  
And banquets on celestial bread.
- 5 Jesus, my Saviour, let me share  
'The meanest of thy servants' fare;  
May I at last approach to taste  
The blessings of thy marriage-feast.

DODDRIDGE.

920 L. P. M. Psalm 46th.  
*The God of the Gentiles. Ps. 96.*

- 1 **L**ET all the earth their voices raise  
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,  
To sing and bless Jehovah's name:  
His glory let the heathens know,  
His wonders to the nations show,  
And all his saving works proclaim.
- 2 The heathens know thy glory, Lord;  
The wondering nations read thy word;  
Among us is Jehovah known:  
Our worship shall no more be paid  
To gods which mortal hands have made;  
Our Maker is our God alone.
- 3 He framed the globe, he built the sky,  
He made the shining worlds on high,  
And reigns complete in glory there:

His beams are majesty and light ;  
 His beauties, how divinely bright ;  
 His temple, how divinely fair !

- 4 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,  
 When earth shall feel his saving power,  
 And barbarous nations fear his name ;  
 Then shall the race of man confess  
 The beauty of his holiness,  
 And in his courts his grace proclaim.

WATTS.

921

C. M.

Zion, Northfield.

*Heaven.* 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10 ; Rev. xxi. 27.

- 1 **N**OR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,  
 Nor sense nor reason known,  
 What joys the Father has prepared  
 For those who love the Son.
- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord  
 Reveals a heaven to come :  
 The beams of glory in his word  
 Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,  
 And all the region peace ;  
 No wanton lips, nor envious eye,  
 Can see or taste the bliss.
- 4 Those holy gates for ever bar  
 Pollution, sin, and shame ;  
 None shall obtain admittance there,  
 But followers of the Lamb.
- 5 He keeps the Father's book of life ;  
 There all their names are found ;  
 The hypocrite in vain shall strive  
 To tread the heavenly ground.

WATTS.

922

L. M.

Sheffield.

- 1 **S**INNER, O why so thoughtless grown ?  
 Why in such dreadful haste to die ?  
 Daring to leap to worlds unknown ?  
 Heedless against thy God to fly ?
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,  
 Urged on by sin's fantastic dreams,  
 Madly attempt th' infernal gate,  
 And force thy passage to the flames ?
- 3 Stay, sinner ; on the gospel plains,  
 Behold the God of love unfold

The glories of his dying pains,  
For ever telling, yet untold.

WATTS.

923

8s &amp; 6s.

Lanesboro', Conway.

- 1 **T**HERE is a home of peaceful rest,  
To mourning wanderers given;  
There is a tear for souls distressed,  
A balm for every wounded breast—  
'Tis found alone—in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls,  
By sins and sorrows driven;  
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,  
Where storms arise—and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear—but heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,  
The heart with anguish riven;  
It views the tempest passing by,  
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene—in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given;  
There rays divine disperse the gloom;  
Beyond the confines of the tomb  
Appears the dawn—of heaven.

UNION COLL.

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## MARINERS.

924

5s &amp; 11s.

- 1 **A**LL praise to the Lord,  
Who rules by his word  
The untractable sea,  
And limits its rage by his steadfast decree;  
Whose providence binds  
Or releases the winds,  
And compels them again,  
At his beck, to put on the invisible chain.
- 2 O, let all men raise  
A tribute of praise,  
His goodness declare,  
And thankfully sing of his fatherly care:

With joy we embrace  
 This pledge of his grace,  
 And wait to outfly  
 These storms of affliction, and land in the sky.

## 925

L. M.

Morning Star, Paris.

- 1 **G**OD of the seas, thine awful voice  
 Bids all the rolling waves rejoice,  
 And one soft word of thy command  
 Can sink them silent in the sand.
- 2 If but a Moses wave thy rod,  
 The sea divides and owns its God ;  
 The stormy floods their Maker know,  
 And let his chosen armies through.
- 3 The smallest fish that swims the seas,  
 Sportful, to thee a tribute pays ;  
 And larger monsters of the deep,  
 At thy command, or rage or sleep.
- 4 Thus is thy glorious power adored  
 Among the watery nations, Lord ;  
 Yet men, who trace the dangerous waves,  
 Forget the mighty God who saves !

SEAMAN'S HYMNS.

## 926

8s, 7s &amp; 4. Tamworth, Gospel Call.

- 1 **G**UIDE us, O thou great Jehovah,  
 Wanderers on the mighty deep ;  
 From the storm and raging tempest  
 Deign our floating bark to keep :  
 Lord of heaven,  
 Bid the breeze propitious blow.
- 2 Be our safeguard through the night watch,  
 And our guardian all the day ;  
 To our destined port in safety  
 Give us swift and joyful way :  
 Strong Deliverer,  
 Be thou still our strength and shield.
- 3 And, when life's short voyage is over,  
 In the haven of the blest  
 May we, guided by thy Spirit,  
 Find an everlasting rest :  
 Father, hear us,  
 For the great Redeemer's sake.

SEAMAN'S HYMNS.

927

C. M.

Devizes, St. John's.

*Servants of God always safe.*1 **H**OW are thy servants blest, O Lord !

How sure is their defence !

Eternal Wisdom is their guide,

Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,

Supported by thy care ;

Through burning climes they pass unhurt,

And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne,

High on the broken wave,

They know thou art not slow to hear,

Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid—the winds retire,

Obedient to thy will :

The sea, that roars at thy command,

At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,

Thy goodness we'll adore ;

We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,

And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,

Thy sacrifice shall be ;

And death, when death shall be our lot,

Shall join our souls to thee. ADDISON

928

L. M.

Brookfield, Newport.

1 **H**OW is thy glorious power adored

Amid the watery nations, Lord !

Yet the bold men that trace the seas,

Bold men, refuse their Maker's praise.

2 What scenes of miracles they see !

And never tune a song to thee ;

While on the flood they safely ride,

They curse the hand that smooths the tide.

3 Then down they plunge in watery graves,

And some drink death among the waves ;

Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,

Nor own the God that rescued them.

4 O for some signal of thine hand !

Shake all the seas, Lord, shake the land ;

Great Judge, descend, lest men deny

That there's a God who rules the sky.

929

L. P. M.

Greenfield, Milan.

- 1 **H**OW oft unthinking sailors feel  
The staggering ship like drunkards reel,  
And tremble o'er the watery graves!  
And yet how many soon forget  
The horrors of the gaping pit,  
And that almighty arm which saves!
- 2 When they expect immediate death,  
And sigh, and groan, at every breath,  
O for some mighty power to save!  
They vow, in that distressing hour,  
To God, for his delivering power  
To save them from the gaping wave.
- 3 The Lord looks down with pitying eye,  
He hears the trembling sailor's cry,  
And comes to make his mercy known;  
He bids the threatening storms subside,  
And calms the swellings of the tide,  
And bids the boding clouds return.
- 4 Then they rejoice to see the shore,  
Their trembling sighs and fears are o'er;  
With joy they hail their native land;  
But O, their prayers are soon forgot—  
They make their vows, but pay them not,  
And thus abuse the heavenly hand.

ALLINE.

930

C. M.

Victory, Cambridge.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the songs of Zion sound,  
When seamen tune their voice  
In praise to him who reigns on high,  
And bids the world rejoice!
- 2 These tongues, which once their God blas-  
Now sound his praises high, [phemed,  
For that sweet word of gospel grace  
Which brings a Saviour nigh.
- 3 They sing, to tell how God has given  
Deliverance from the storm,  
And brought them to their port in peace  
By his almighty arm.
- 4 Sing on, dear seamen, sing and tell  
Of all Immanuel's love;

And may you rise and sit on high,  
And reign with him above.

SEAMAN'S HYMNS.

## 931

11s & 12s.

- 1 **I**N lands strange and distant, how sweetly  
the sound  
Of the tongue of a countryman falls on the  
ear!  
The strangeness of all that is passing around  
Makes the words seem more sweet, and the  
accents more dear.
- 2 It reminds us of home, of the land of our  
birth,  
Of the friends we have left, and the kin  
that we love;  
Of all that is dearest to man upon earth—  
All his comfort below, and his solace above.
- 3 It is thus to the Christian, when passing  
along  
This world, to the home of the Father, on  
high:  
Some brother he finds, in the midst of the  
throng,  
With the accent of heaven, the tongue of  
the sky.
- 4 The communion of saints brightens many a  
day,  
Enlivens the faith that was drooping and  
low,  
Stirs up the remembrance of God on our way,  
And bids all the sweetest affections to glow.

SEAMAN'S HYMNS.

## 932

6s & 5s.

- 1 **I**N the wide waste of water,  
So vast and so clear,  
How delightful to think  
That my Saviour is here!  
As much with this vessel,  
Where'er it may roam,  
As with those whom we love  
And have quitted at home.
- 2 Eternal Pervader,  
Protector of all,

Thou hearest the prayer  
Of the weakest who call:  
From thee never distant,  
Wherever we are,  
Thy love is our pole,  
And our point, and our star.

- 3 Forgive us, and bless us;  
Thou only canst bless:  
Thou knowest—we do not—  
Each future distress.  
O, guard us, and keep us,  
And bring us again  
To the land of our home,  
From the boisterous main.

## 933

11s. Portuguese Hymn, Immanuel.

- 1 I'VE sailed o'er the ocean, I've roamed round  
the earth,  
And left far behind me the land of my birth:  
Arabia's deserts I've trod in despair,  
But never forgot that "My Maker was there."
- 2 When on the wild shore my vessel was cast,  
I counted each hour, and believed it the last:  
I thought on that Power, who had kept me  
with care,  
Remembering with pleasure "My Maker was  
there."
- 3 When the storm and the tempest have clouded  
the sky,  
And the flash of the lightning has reached  
from on high,  
I've heard in the thunder a voice loud declare  
'Twas wicked to fear, for "My Maker was  
there."
- 4 Now my dangers are past, and my wanderings  
are o'er,  
I've returned once again to my own native  
shore:  
To the altar of mercy I'll ever repair,  
And offer my vows to "My Maker, who's  
there."



934

78.

Benevento.

*Christ, the Refuge from the Storm.*

Deut. xxxiii. 27.

- 1 **J**ESUS, lover of my soul,  
 Let me to thy bosom fly,  
 While the billows near me roll,  
 While the tempest still is nigh.  
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past;  
 Safe into the haven guide:  
 O, receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none;  
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee:  
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone;  
 Still support and comfort me.  
 All my trust on thee is stayed;  
 All my help from thee I bring:  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
 More than all in thee I find:  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
 Just and holy is thy name;  
 I am all unrighteousness:  
 Vile and full of sin I am;  
 Thou art full of truth and grace. COWPER.

935

L. M.

Eppingham, Uxbridge.

- 1 **L**AUNCHED on a sea, where troubled waves  
 With angry tossings swell and foam,  
 'Tis gospel hope from shipwreck saves,  
 Till death shall waft the vessel home.
- 2 In life, when adverse winds arise,  
 With keen, perplexing, heavy gales,  
 A hope well fixed, above the skies,  
 Against the sharpest storm prevails.
- 3 Billows of disappointment roll  
 Along the restless tide of time;  
 But gospel hope bears up the soul  
 'Till an eternal calm shall shine.  
 my hope is fixed on thee;  
 In below do I expect.

But I am safe, though out at sea;  
Thou wilt not let my soul be wrecked.

## 936

8s &amp; 7s. Greenville, Love Divine.

- 1 **L**EAD us, heavenly Father, lead us  
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;  
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,  
For we have no help but thee:  
Still possessing every blessing,  
If our God our Father be.
- 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;  
All our weakness thou dost know:  
Thou didst tread this world before us;  
Thou didst feel the keenest woe:  
Lone and dreary, weak and weary,  
Through the desert thou didst go.
- 3 Spirit of our God, descending,  
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;  
Love with kind affections blending;  
Pleasures, time can never cloy.  
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,  
Nothing shall our peace destroy.

## 937

C. M. Groveland, Walpole.

*In times of Distress and Danger.*

- 1 **O** GOD, who mad'st the earth and sky,  
The darkness and the day,  
Give ear to this thy family,  
And help us when we pray!  
For wide the waves of bitterness  
Around our vessel roar,  
And heavy grows the pilot's heart,  
To view the rocky shore.
- 2 The cross, our Master bore for us,  
For him we fain would bear;  
But mortal strength to weakness turns,  
And courage to despair.  
Then mercy on our failings, Lord;  
Our sinking faith renew:  
And when his sorrows visit us,  
O send his patience too!

HEBER.

## 938

L. M.

Cowper, Darwen.

- 1 **O**NCE on the raging seas I sailed;  
The storm was loud, the night was dark;

The ocean yawned;—my courage failed:  
The tempest tossed my foundering bark.

- 2 Deep horror then my vitals froze:  
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,  
When suddenly a star arose—  
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 It was my guide, my light, my all:  
It bade my dark foreboding cease,  
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace.
- 4 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,  
I'll sing first in night's diadem,  
For ever and for evermore,  
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

939

C. M.

Braintree, Abridge.

- 1 **O**UR little bark on boisterous seas,  
By cruel tempest tossed,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Expecting to be lost;—
- 2 We to the Lord, in humble prayer,  
Breathed out our sad distress;  
Though feeble, yet with contrite hearts,  
We begged return of peace.
- 3 The stormy winds did cease to blow,  
The waves no more did roll;  
And soon again a placid sea  
Spoke comfort to each soul.
- 4 O, may our grateful, trembling hearts  
Sweet hallelujahs sing  
To him, who hath our lives preserved,  
Our Saviour and our King.
- 5 Let us proclaim to all the world,  
With heart and voice, again,  
And tell the wonders he hath done  
For us the sons of men. MADAN'S COLL

940

7s.

Playell's Hymn, Alcester

- 1 **S**EE the calm but faithless sea,  
Lively emblem, world, of thee,  
Tempts the landsman from the shore  
Foreign regions to explore.
- 2 But, ere long, the tempest raves,  
And he trembles at the waves,

Wishes then he had been wise,  
But too late he sinks and dies!

- 3 Hapless thus are they, vain world,  
Soon on rocks of ruin hurled,  
Who, admiring thee, untried,  
Court thy pleasure, wealth or pride.
- 4 Such a shipwreck had been mine  
Had not Jesus (name divine !)  
Saved me with a mighty hand,  
And restored my soul to land.

## 941

8s, 7s &amp; 3.

- 1 **S**TAR of Peace ! to wanderers weary,  
Give the beam that smiles on me,  
Cheer the pilot's visions dreary  
Far at sea.
- 2 Star of Hope ! gleam on the billow,  
Bless the soul that sighs for thee,  
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow  
Far at sea.
- 3 Star of Faith ! when winds are mocking  
All his prayers ; he flies to thee ;—  
Save him, though on billows rocking  
Far at sea.
- 4 Star of God ! yet safely guide him  
To the shore he longs to see,  
Long tempestuous waves have tried him.  
Far at sea.

## 942

L. M.

Leeds, Psalm 57th

*Temptation ; or, Safety in the Storm.*

- 1 **T**HE billows swell, the winds are high,  
Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;  
Out of the depths to thee I call ;  
My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform ;  
And guide and guard me through the storm  
Defend me from each threatening ill—  
Control the waves—say, "Peace, be still!"
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,  
My soul still hangs her hopes on thee ;  
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,  
Is all that saves me from despair.

- 4 Though tempest-tossed, and half a wreck  
My Saviour through the floods I seek ;  
Let neither winds, nor stormy rain,  
Force back my shattered bark again.

COWPER.

## 943

7s &amp; 6s    Missionary Hymn, Ceylon.

- 1 **T**HOUGH hard the winds are blowing,  
And loud the billows roar,  
Full swiftly we are going  
To our dear native shore.
- 2 The billows, breaking o'er us,  
The storms, that round us swell,  
Are aiding to restore us  
To all we loved so well.
- 3 So sorrow often presses  
Life's mariners along ;  
Afflictions and distresses  
Are gales and billows strong.
- 4 The sharper and severer  
The storms of life we meet,  
The sooner and the nearer  
Is heaven's eternal seat.
- 5 Come then, afflictions dreary,  
Sharp sickness pierce my breast,  
You only bear the weary  
More quickly home to rest.

## 944

C. M.

Cambridge, Ocean.

*The Mariner's Psalm.* Ps. 107.

- 1 **T**HY works of glory, mighty Lord,  
Thy wonders in the deeps,  
The sons of courage shall record,  
Who trade in floating ships.
- 2 At thy command the winds arise,  
And swell the towering waves ;  
The men, astonished, mount the skies,  
And sink in gaping graves.
- 3 Then to the Lord they raise their cries ;  
He hears their loud request,  
And orders silence through the skies,  
And lays the floods to rest.
- 4 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,  
And see the storm allayed :

- Now to their eyes the port appears;  
 There let their vows be paid.
- 5 'Tis God that brings them safe to land;  
 Let stupid mortals know  
 That waves are under his command,  
 And all the winds that blow.
- 6 O that the sons of men would praise  
 The goodness of the Lord;  
 And those that see thy wondrous ways,  
 Thy wondrous love record. WATTS.

## 945

8s &amp; 7s.

Middleton.

- 1 **T**OSSED upon life's raging billow,  
 Sweet it is, O Lord, to know,  
 Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,  
 And canst feel a sailor's wo.  
 Never slumbering, never sleeping,  
 Though the night be dark and drear,  
 Thou the faithful watch art keeping,  
 "All, all's well," thy constant cheer.
- 2 And though loud the wind is howling,  
 Fierce though flash the lightnings red,  
 Darkly through the storm-clouds scowling  
 O'er the sailor's anxious head;  
 Thou canst calm the raging ocean,  
 All its noise and tumult still,  
 Hush the tempest's wild commotion,  
 At the bidding of thy will.
- 3 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,  
 While to thee I lift mine eye;  
 Thou wilt save me, ere I perish;  
 Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry.  
 And though mast and sail be riven,  
 Life's short voyage will soon be o'er;  
 Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,  
 Storm and tempest vex no more. LYRE.

## 946

11s.

Immanuel, St. Denis.

- 1 **W**HEN rocks and when shallows beset us  
 around,  
 When sands are deceitful, and treacherous  
 the ground,  
 When waves rise and threaten the ship to  
 o'erwhelm,  
 We trust to the pilot who governs the helm.

- 2 When dangers and death range abroad in  
our sight,  
We obey the command, and it guides us  
aright ;  
Though we know not the reason of all that  
we see,  
We trust our commander knows better than  
we.
- 3 And shall we, in seasons of danger, thus  
trust  
The power and the aid of a man, who is  
dust,  
And when we are called in our God to con-  
fide,  
Feel doubt and mistrust in his goodness to  
guide ?
- 4 Forbid it—O never, wherever we be,  
May we feel, Lord, and act, as mistrustful  
of thee !  
Thou knowest, thou seest, thou guidest aright,  
And the path, that's now dark, will hereafter  
be bright.

947

L. M. Seaman's Song, Cherryfield.

- 1 **W**OULD you behold the works of God,  
His wonders in the world abroad,  
Go with the mariners, and trace  
The unknown regions of the seas.
- 2 They leave their native shores behind,  
And seize the favor of the wind ;  
Till God command, and tempests rise,  
That heave the ocean to the skies.
- 3 Now to the heavens they mount amain,  
Now sink to dreadful deeps again ;  
What strange affright young sailors feel,  
And like a staggering drunkard reel !
- 4 When land is far, and death is nigh,  
Lost to all hope, to God they cry :  
His mercy hears their loud address,  
And sends salvation in distress.
- 5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage ;  
The furious waves forget their rage ;—  
'Tis calm ; and sailors smile to see  
The haven where they wished to be.

- 6 O, may the sons of men record  
 The wondrous goodness of the Lord!  
 Let them their private offerings bring,  
 And in the church his glory sing. WATTS

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PROMISCUOUS.

948

5s &amp; 11s.

- 1 **A**LL ye that pass by,  
 To Jesus draw nigh;  
 To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?  
 Our ransom and peace,  
 Our surety he is;  
 Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his.
- 2 The Lord, in the day  
 Of his wrath, did lay  
 Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away;  
 He died to atone  
 For sins not his own—  
 The Father hath punished for us his dear Son.
- 3 For sinners, like me,  
 He died on the tree;  
 His death is accepted, the sinner is free.  
 This grace let me claim—  
 A sinner I am,  
 A sinner believing in Jesus's name.
- 4 With joy we approve  
 The plan of his love,  
 A wonder to all, both below and above:  
 When time is no more,  
 We still shall adore  
 That ocean of love without bottom or shore.

949

C. P. M.

Aithlone.

- 1 **A**ND am I only born to die?  
 And must I suddenly comply  
 With nature's stern decree?  
 What after death for me remains?  
 Celestial joys, or hellish pains,  
 To all eternity.



- 2 How, then, ought I on earth to live,  
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,  
And props the house of clay ;  
My sole concern, my single care,  
To watch, and tremble, and prepare  
Against that fatal day !
- 3 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,  
But how I may escape the death  
That never, never dies ;  
How make mine own election sure ;  
And when I fail on earth, secure  
A mansion in the skies.
- 4 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray ;  
Be thou my guide, be thou my way  
To glorious happiness :  
Ah ! write the pardon on my heart,  
And whensoever I hence depart,  
Let me depart in peace. METH. COLL.

950 *Perseverance in the Christian Race.*

8s.

Goshen, Spring

- 1 **A**S Lot hid his city adieu,  
And fled from a terrible storm,  
So we have professed to do,  
To flee from the wrath that's to come.
- 2 Our race is the best ever known ;  
It leads from a world full of wo ;  
Then come, O ye Christians, and run  
For the joys that no mortal can know.
- 3 We will not run beating the air,  
Nor strive for the things that are vain ;  
But, casting on Jesus our care,  
The prize we are sure to obtain.
- 4 The prospects of earth will all fail,  
Its riches with wings fly away ;  
But the gospel will surely prevail,  
Its treasures will never decay.
- 5 Before are the gems that outvie  
The sun that with beauty hath shone :  
Then, oh ! let us press to the sky,  
And wear the bright crown as our own

951 *The Christian Race.*

L. M.

Douglas, Bridgewater.

- 1 **A**WAKE, our souls ; away, our fears ;  
Let every trembling thought be gone.

- Awake, and run the heavenly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint;  
But they forget the mighty God,  
That feeds the strength of every saint—
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power  
Is ever new, and ever young,  
And firm endures, while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,  
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,  
While such as trust their native strength,  
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;  
On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

WATTS.

952

L. M.

Babylon, Wind-Lun.

*Few swell: or, the almost Christian.*

- 1 **B**ROAD is **the** road that leads to death,  
And thousands walk together there;  
But wisdom shows a narrow path,  
With here and there a traveller.
- 2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"  
Is the Redeemer's great command;  
Nature must count her gold but dross,  
If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,  
And walks the ways of God no more,  
Is but esteemed—almost a saint—  
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,  
Create my heart entirely new:  
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,  
Which false apostates never knew.

WATTS.

953

7s.

Belfast, Lovest thou me.

*Invitations of Jesus.*

- 1 **C**OME, said Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come, and make my paths your choice,  
I will guide you to your home;  
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

- 2 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,  
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;  
Ye whose swoln and sleepless eyes  
Watch to see the morning rise;—
- 3 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,  
In remorse for guilt who mourn,  
Here repose your heavy care;  
A wounded spirit who can bear?
- 4 Sinner, come; for here is found  
Balm that flows for every wound;  
Peace that ever shall endure,  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

BARBAULD.

954

C. M.

Flympton, Walsal.

*For a Time of General Sickness.*

- 1 **D**EATH, with his dread commission sealed,  
Now hastens to his arms;  
In awful state he takes the field,  
And sounds his dire alarms.
- 2 Look up, ye heirs of endless joy,  
Nor let your fears prevail;  
Eternal life is your reward,  
When life on earth shall fail.
- 3 What though his darts, promiscuous hurled,  
Deal fatal plagues around;  
And heaps of putrid carcasses  
O'erload the cumbered ground?—
- 4 The arrows that shall wound your flesh,  
Were given him from above,  
Dipped in the great Redeemer's blood,  
And feathered all with love.
- 5 These with a gentle hand he throws,  
And saints lie gasping too;  
But heavenly strength supports their souls,  
And bears them conquerors through.

RIPPON'S COLL.

955

12s.

The Death Song.

*The Martyr's Song.*

- 1 **I** HAVE fought the good fight—I have finished my race,  
And thee, O my Saviour, I soon shall embrace;  
They may torture this body—my spirit is free,  
And the billows of death shall but waft it  
to thee.

- 2 Let thy strength, Lord, but gird me—thy  
 smile be but mine,  
 And my soul on thy faithfulness firmly recline ;  
 The dungeon—the sword, or the stake I can  
 dare,  
 And in transports expire—if my Jesus be there.
- 3 Did my Lord feel the scourge ? Did the thorns  
 pierce his brow ?  
 In the darkness of death, on the cross did  
 he bow ?  
 All this didst thou suffer, my Saviour, for me ?  
 Then welcome the fetters that link me to thee.
- 4 United in sufferings—the promise is clear—  
 I shall with my Jesus in glory appear ;  
 Out of great tribulation in triumph I go,  
 With my robe washed in blood and made  
 whiter than snow.
- 5 I go to my Saviour—I go to my God—  
 I tread the same path my Redeemer once trod ;  
 Unworthy, my Jesus, unworthy am I,  
 E'en to fall in thy cause—for thy truth e'en  
 to die.
- 6 Lo ! on my clear vision, the seats of the blest  
 Seem calmly to shine, and invite me to rest ;  
 Then unshaken my soul on the promise relies ;  
 “ Though I die, I shall live—though I fall, I  
 shall rise.”

LYRE.

- 1 **I**N the floods of tribulation,  
 While the billows o'er me roll,  
 Jesus whispers consolation,  
 And supports my fainting soul :  
 Sweet affliction !  
 Bringing Jesus to my soul.
- 2 Floods of tribulation heighten,  
 Billows still around me roar ;  
 Those who know not Christ, they frighten,  
 But my soul defies their power :  
 Sweet affliction !  
 Thus to bring my Saviour near.
- 3 All I meet, I find befriend me  
 In my path to heavenly joy :

Trials, though they now attend me,  
 There shall never more annoy :  
 Sweet affliction !  
 Every promise gives me joy.

957

S. M.

St. Bride's, Olivet.

- 1 **I**S this the kind return?  
 Are these the thanks we owe?  
 Thus to abuse eternal love,  
 Whence all our blessings flow !
- 2 To what a stubborn frame  
 Has sin reduced our mind !  
 What strange, rebellious wretches we !  
 And God as strangely kind !
- 3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,  
 And mould our souls afresh !  
 Break, Sovereign Grace, these hearts of stone,  
 And give us hearts of flesh.
- 4 Let past ingratitude  
 Provoke our weeping eyes ;  
 And hourly, as new mercies fall,  
 Let hourly thanks arise. SPIR. SONGS.

958

C. M.

St. Paul, Hymn 2d.

*Paradise on Earth.*

- 1 **G**LORY to God, who walks the sky,  
 And sends his blessings through ;  
 Who tells his saints of joys on high,  
 And gives a taste below.
- 2 When Christ, with all his graces crowned,  
 Sheds his kind beams abroad,  
 'Tis a young heaven on earthly ground,  
 And glory in the bud.
- 3 A blooming paradise of joy,  
 In this wild desert springs ;  
 And every sense I straight employ  
 On sweet celestial things.
- 4 But ah ! how soon my joys decay !  
 How soon my sins arise,  
 And snatch the heavenly scene away  
 From these lamenting eyes.
- 5 When shall the time, dear Jesus, when,  
 The shining day appear,  
 That I shall leave these clouds of sin,  
 And guilt and darkness here ?

- 6 Up to the fields above the skies,  
 My hasty feet would go;  
 There everlasting flowers arise,  
 There joys unwithering grow.

WATTS.

## 959

C. M.

St. Mary's.

- 1 **G**O, spirit, to the world divine;  
 Thy bliss is all above;  
 Here, pains and dying groans are thine;  
 There, rest, and joy, and love.
- 2 Could but a wish detain thee now,  
 That wish we would not breathe;  
 The crown is ready for thy brow,  
 An amaranthine wreath.
- 3 Commissioned angels wait to bear  
 Thy spirit to its home;  
 Where flowers of paradise appear  
 In everlasting bloom.
- 4 To every earthly care adieu;  
 No more shall pains oppress,  
 The heavenly shore appears in view,  
 The port of endless rest.

A. BROWN.

## 960

8s, 7s &amp; 4.

Messina.

*Protracted Meeting.*

- 1 **H**AIL, ye days of solemn meeting!  
 Hail, ye days of praise and prayer!  
 Far from earthly scenes retreating,  
 In your blessings we would share.  
 Sacred meeting,  
 In your blessings we would share.
- 2 Be thou near us, blessed Saviour,  
 Still at morn and eve the same,  
 Give us faith that cannot waver,  
 Kindle in us heaven's own flame.  
 Blessed Saviour,  
 Kindle in us heaven's own flame.
- 3 When the fervent prayer is glowing,  
 Sacred Spirit, hear that prayer;  
 When the choral song is flowing,  
 Let that song thine impress bear.  
 Sacred Spirit,  
 Let that song thine impress bear.

- 4 Angel bands, these scenes frequenting,  
Often may your praises wake,  
Oft may joy o'er souls repenting  
From your lips melodious break.  
Oft may anthems  
From your lips melodious break.
- 5 Sinner, while these days are spending,  
From thy sins consent to part ;  
See the Saviour o'er thee bending ;  
Wilt thou grieve him from thy heart ?  
Dying sinner,  
Wilt thou grieve him from thy heart ?
- 6 Sinner, see thy hours are fleeting,  
Soon these scenes will pass away,  
Hear the God of love entreating,  
Sinner, yield thy heart to-day ;  
Yield to Jesus,  
Sinner, yield thy heart to-day.

961

C. M.

Mear, Clarendon.

*Moderation: or, the Saint indeed.* Phil. iv. 5.

- 1 **H**APPY the man, whose cautious steps  
Still keep the golden mean ;  
Whose life, by wisdom's rules well formed,  
Declares a conscience clean.
- 2 Not of himself he highly thinks,  
Nor acts the boaster's part,  
His modest tongue the language speaks  
Of his still humbler heart.
- 3 Not in base scandal's art he deals,  
For truth dwells in his breast ;  
With grief he sees his neighbor's faults,  
And thinks and hopes the best.
- 4 What blessings bounteous Heaven bestows  
He takes with thankful heart ;  
With temperance he both eats and drinks,  
And gives the poor a part.
- 5 Not on the world his heart is set,  
His treasure is above ;  
Nothing beneath the sovereign good  
Can claim his highest love.

RIPPON'S COLL.

962

7s.

Rotterdam

- 1 **H**EARTS of stone, relent, relent ;  
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued ;

See his body, mangled, rent,  
 Covered with a gore of blood;  
 Sinful soul, what hast thou done?  
 Murdered God's eternal Son.

- 2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,  
 Drove the nails that fixed him there;  
 Crowned with thorns his sacred head,  
 Pierced him with a soldier's spear;  
 Made his soul a sacrifice,  
 For a sinful world he dies.

- 3 Will you let him die in vain?  
 Still to death pursue your Lord?  
 Open tear his wounds again?  
 Trample on his precious blood?  
 No, with all my sins I'll part;  
 Saviour, take my broken heart.

*Satan's various Temptations.*

- 1 **I** HATE the tempter and his charms;  
 I hate his flattering breath;  
 The serpent takes a thousand forms,  
 To cheat our souls to death.
- 2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,  
 Or kills with slavish fear;  
 And holds us still in wide extremes,  
 Presumption or despair.
- 3 Now he persuades, "How easy 'tis,  
 "To walk the road to heaven!"  
 Anon, he swells our sins, and cries,  
 "They cannot be forgiven."
- 4 He bids young sinners "yet forbear  
 "To think of God or death;  
 "For prayer and devotion are  
 "But melancholy breath."
- 5 He tells the aged, "they must die,  
 "And 'tis too late to pray;  
 "In vain for mercy now they cry,  
 "For they have lost their day."
- 6 Thus he supports his cruel throne  
 By mischief and deceit;  
 And drags the sons of Adam down  
 To darkness and the pit.
- 7 Almighty God, cut short his power;  
 Let him in darkness dwell;



And, that he vex the earth no more,  
 Confine him down to hell. WATTS.

964

7s. Pleyel's Hymn, Warner.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heavenly theme ;  
 Sing aloud in Jesus' name ;  
 Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove,  
 Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace  
 Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
 As to Canaan on ye move,  
 Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,  
 Banish all your guilty fears,  
 See your guilt and curse remove.  
 Cancelled by redeeming love.
- 4 Welcome, all by sin oppressed,  
 Welcome to his sacred rest :  
 Nothing brought him from above,  
 Nothing—but redeeming love.
- 5 Hither, then, your music bring,  
 Strike aloud each joyful string ;  
 Mortals, join the hosts above—  
 Join to praise redeeming love.

SPIRITUAL SONGS

965

L. M. Nantwich, Antigua.*A Sight of Christ makes Death easy.*

- 1 **N**OW have our hearts embraced our God ;  
 We would forget all earthly charms,  
 And wish to die as Simeon would,  
 With his young Saviour in his arms.
- 2 Our lips should learn that joyful song,  
 Were but our hearts prepared like his ;  
 Our souls still waiting to be gone,  
 And at thy word depart in peace.
- 3 Here we have seen thy face, O Lord,  
 And viewed salvation with our eyes,  
 Tasted and felt the living Word,  
 The bread descending from the skies.
- 4 Thou hast prepared this dying Lamb,  
 Hast set his blood before our face,  
 To teach the terrors of thy name,  
 And show the wonders of thy grace.

- 5 Shout, ye saints, with admiration;  
 Fill with songs the wide creation,  
 Since he's risen from the grave:  
 Shout with joy and acclamation,  
 To the Rock of your salvation,  
 Who alone hath power to save.

969

11s. Immanuel, Harvest Hymn.

*The Great Harvest ; or the End of the World.*

Matt. xiii. 17.

- 1 **T**HE fields are all white, and the harvest  
 is near,  
 The reapers now with their sharp sickles  
 appear  
 To reap down the fields, and the wheat to  
 secure ;  
 But the tares must for ever the fire endure.
- 2 Come, then, O my soul, meditate on that day  
 When all things in nature shall melt and  
 decay,  
 When the trumpet shall sound, and the angels  
 appear  
 To reap down the earth, both the wheat and  
 the tare.
- 3 But hear the great Judge, in that dread day's  
 alarms,  
 Say, gather my saints, bring them all to my  
 arms ;  
 That terrible plagues may be poured out on  
 those  
 Who dared to blaspheme, and my saints to  
 oppose.
- 4 Assemble, ye nations ; your sentence receive ;  
 No more shall my word you invite to believe ;  
 My judgment is right ; my great sentence is  
 just ;  
 Come hither, ye blessed—but depart, all ye  
 cursed !
- 5 O sinners, take warning, and seek now the  
 Lord ;  
 This truth is most certain—'tis Jesus' own  
 word—  
 That all true believers in glory shall dwell,  
 But all unbelievers must sink down to hell.

- 6 Farewell! be entreated to ponder your way;  
Repent, hear his voice—he invites you to-day;  
Our souls to his throne let us pour out in  
prayer,  
And may we be prepared to meet Christ in  
the air.

970

11s.

Hinton.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is our shepherd, our guardian,  
and guide,  
Whatever we want he will kindly provide;  
To the sheep of his pasture his mercies  
abound,  
His care and protection his flock will sur-  
round.
- 2 The Lord is our shepherd; what then shall  
we fear?  
What danger can frighten us while he is near?  
Not when the time calls us to walk through  
the vale  
Of the shadow of death, shall our hearts ever  
fail.
- 3 Though afraid of ourselves, to pursue the  
dark way,  
Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and  
stay:  
For we know by thy guidance, when once  
it is past,  
To a fountain of life it will bring us at last.
- 4 The Lord is become our salvation and song,  
His blessings have followed us all our life  
long;  
His name will we praise while we have any  
breath;  
Be cheerful in life, and be happy in death.

LYRE.

971

C. M.

Brattle Street.

- 1 **T**HOU art my refuge, O my God;  
In thee I safely trust;  
Sweet comforts flow from thy blest word,  
The solace of the just.
- 2 When waves of trouble near me roll.  
And tempests round me roar;

In thy pavilion hide my soul,  
Until the storm be o'er.

- 3 At thy command did waves subside,  
When, on the stormy sea,  
His bark the pilot could not guide,  
And none could save but thee.

- 4 While tossed by winds far from the shore,  
By waves and tempests driven,  
Pilot my bark the surges o'er,  
And give me rest in heaven. A. BROWN.

972

C. M.

Barby, Alby.

*Acknowledging God's Hand.—Morning.*

- 1 **W**HAT secret hand, at morning light,  
Softly unseals mine eye,  
Draws back the curtain of the night,  
And opens earth and sky?
- 2 'Tis thine, my God—the same that kept  
My resting hours from harm;  
No ill came nigh me, for I slept  
Beneath th' Almighty's arm.
- 3 'Tis thine—my daily bread that brings,  
Like manna scattered round,  
And clothes me as the lily springs  
In beauty from the ground.
- 4 In death's dark valley though I stray,  
'Twould there my steps attend,  
Guide with the staff my lonely way,  
And with the rod defend.
- 5 May that sure hand uphold me still  
Through life's uncertain race,  
To bring me to thine holy hill,  
And to thy dwelling-place. MONTGOMERY.

973

L. M.

Darwen, Armley.

*God ready to forgive: or, Despair sinful.*

- 1 **W**HAT mean these jealousies and fears,  
As if the Lord was loath to save,  
Or loved to see us drenched in tears,  
And sink with sorrow to the grave?
- 2 Does he want slaves to grace his throne?  
Or rules he by an iron rod?  
Loves he the deep, despairing groan?  
Is he a tyrant, or a God?

- 3 Not all the sins which we have wrought  
 So much his tender bowels grieve,  
 As this unkind, injurious thought,  
 That he's unwilling to forgive.
- 4 What though our crimes are black as night,  
 Or glowing like the crimson morn?  
 Immanuel's blood will make them white  
 As snow through the pure ether borne.
- 5 Lord, 'tis amazing grace we own,  
 And well may rebel worms surprise;  
 But was not thy incarnate Son  
 A most amazing sacrifice?
- 6 "I've found a ransom," saith the Lord;  
 "No humble penitent shall die;"  
 Lord, we would now believe thy word,  
 And thy unbounded mercies try!

STODDON.

974

C. M.

Lebanon, Greenwalk.

- 1 **W**HEN gloomy thoughts and boding fears  
 The trembling heart invade,  
 And all the face of nature wears  
 A universal shade;—
- 2 Religion's dictates can assuage  
 The tempest of the soul,  
 And every fear shall cease to rage  
 At her divine control.
- 3 Through life's bewildered, darksome way,  
 Her hand unerring leads;  
 And, o'er the path, her heavenly ray  
 A cheering lustre sheds.
- 4 When feeble reason, tired and blind,  
 Sinks helpless and afraid,  
 This blest supporter of the mind  
 Affords a powerful aid.
- 5 O, may our hearts confess her power,  
 And find a sweet relief,  
 To brighten every gloomy hour,  
 And soften every grief.

STEELE

975

C. M.

Funeral Thought

*The Death and Burial of a Saint.*

- 1 **W**HY do we mourn departing friends,  
 Or shake at death's alarms?

- 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,  
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,  
As fast as time can move?  
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,  
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?  
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he blest,  
And softened every bed:  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascended high,  
And showed our feet the way:  
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,  
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise:  
Awake, ye nations under ground;  
Ye saints, ascend the skies! WATTS.

*Christ's Address to the Church at Ephesus.*

*Rev. ii. 1—7.*

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord to Ephesus,  
And thus he speaks to some of us:  
"Amidst my churches, lo, I stand,  
"And hold the pastors in my hand.
- 2 "Thy works to me are fully known;  
"Thy patience and thy toil I own;  
"Thy views of gospel truth are clear;  
"Nor canst thou other doctrine bear.
- 3 "Yet I must blame, while I approve:  
"Where is thy first, thy fervent love?  
"Dost thou forget my love to thee,  
"That thine is grown so faint to me?
- 4 "Recall to mind the happy days,  
"When thou wast filled with joy and praise;  
"Repent—thy former works renew;  
"Then I'll restore thy comforts too.
- 5 "Return at once, when I reprove,  
"Lest I thy candlestick remove,

"And thou, too late, thy loss lament :

"I warn before I strike:—Repent."

- 6 Hearken to what the Spirit saith,  
To him who overcomes by faith:  
"The fruit of life's unfading tree,  
"In paradise, his food shall be." NEWTON.

977

C. M.

York, Cambridge.

*Christ's Address to the Church at Smyrna.*

Rev. ii. 11.

- 1 **T**HE message first to Smyrna sent,  
A message full of grace,  
To all the Saviour's flock is meant,  
In every age and place.
- 2 Thus to his church, his chosen bride,  
Saith the great First and Last,  
Who ever lives—though once he died:  
"Hold thy profession fast.
- 3 "Thy works and sorrow well I know,  
"Performed and borne for me;  
"Poor though thou art, despised and low,  
"Yet who is rich like thee?
- 4 "I know thy foes, and what they say,  
"How long they have blasphemed:  
"The synagogue of Satan, they,  
"Though they would Jews be deemed.
- 5 "Though Satan for a season rage,  
"And prisons be your lot,  
"I am your friend, and I engage  
"You shall not be forgot.
- 6 "Be faithful unto death, nor fear  
"A few short days of strife:  
"Behold the prize you soon shall wear—  
"A crown of endless life."

978

7s &amp; 6s.

Amsterdam.

*Christ's Address to the Church at Sardis.*

Rev. iii. 1—6.

- 1 **W**RITE to Sardis," saith the Lord,  
"And write what he declares—  
"He whose Spirit, and whose Word,  
"Upholds the seven stars:

- "All thy works and ways I search,  
 "Find thy zeal and love decayed:  
 "Thou art called a living church,  
 "But thou art cold and dead.  
 2 "Watch—remember—seek, and strive;  
 "Exert thy former pains:  
 "Let thy timely care revive,  
 "And strengthen what remains.  
 "Cleanse thy heart, thy works amend;  
 "Former times to mind recall:  
 "Lest my sudden stroke descend,  
 "And smite thee once for all.  
 3 "Yet I number now in thee,  
 "A few who are upright;  
 "These my Father's face shall see,  
 "And walk with me in white:  
 "When in judgment I appear,  
 "They for mine shall stand confessed:  
 "Let my faithful servants hear,  
 "And wo be to the rest." COWPER.

*Christ's Address to the Church at Philadelphia.*

Rev. iii. 7—13.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Holy One, and true,  
 To his beloved faithful few:  
 "Of heaven and hell I hold the keys,  
 "To shut or open, as I please.  
 2 "I know thy works, and I approve;  
 "Though small thy strength, sincere thy love:  
 "Go on my word and name to own,  
 "For none shall rob thee of thy crown.  
 3 "Before thee see my mercy's door  
 "Stands open wide, to shut no more:  
 "Fear not temptation's fiery day,  
 "For I will be thy strength and stay.  
 4 "Thou hast my promise—hold it fast;  
 "Thy trying hour will soon be past:  
 "Rejoice—for lo! I quickly come,  
 "To take thee to my heavenly home.  
 5 "A pillar there, no more to move,  
 "Inscribed with all my names of love:  
 "A monument of mighty grace,  
 "Thou shalt for ever have a place."



- 6 Such is the conqueror's reward,  
 Prepared and promised by the Lord:  
 Let him who hath the ear of faith,  
 Attend to what the Spirit saith. NEWTON.

980

L. M. Newcourt, Rothwell.

*Christ's Address to the Church at Laodicea.*

Rev. iii. 14—20.

- 1 **H**EAR what the Lord, the great Amen,  
 The true and faithful Witness, says:  
 He formed the vast creation's plan,  
 And searches all our hearts and ways.
- 2 To some he speaks, as once of old,  
 "I know thee—thy profession's vain:  
 "Since thou art neither hot nor cold,  
 "I'll spit thee from me with disdain.
- 3 "Thou boastest, 'I am wise and rich,  
 " 'Increased in goods, and nothing need;  
 "And dost not know thou art a wretch,  
 "Naked, and poor, and blind, and dead.
- 4 "Yet while I thus rebuke, I love:  
 "My message is in mercy sent,  
 "That thou mayst my compassion prove:  
 "I can forgive, if thou repent.
- 5 "Wouldst thou be truly rich and wise?  
 "Come, buy my gold, in fire well tried—  
 "My ointment, to anoint thine eyes—  
 "My robe, thy nakedness to hide.
- 6 "See, at thy door I stand and knock:  
 "Poor sinner, shall I wait in vain?  
 "Quickly thy stubborn heart unlock,  
 "That I may enter with my train."

## PRAYER AND CONFERENCE MEETINGS.

981

L. M. 6L.

Eaton, America.

- 1 **A**LL hail, thou lovely Lamb of God ;  
This day with us make thine abode,  
And cheer our spirits with thy love ;  
We long to see thy smiling face,  
We would pursue the Christian race  
To thy eternal realms above.
- 2 O, heal the sick, and raise the dead,  
And feed us with immortal bread ;  
Warm every heart, loose every tongue ;  
O, let thy love our souls inflame ;  
We shall rejoice to praise thy name,  
And make redeeming love our song.
- 3 We love thy courts ; O, let us feel  
More of thy love ; we're thirsting still ;  
Our souls for larger draughts would soar ;  
Nor would we e'er contented be,  
Till all our souls are made like thee,  
And safely reach the heavenly shore.

ALLINE.

982

L. M. Blendon, Tallis' Evening Hymn.

*Loving-Kindness. Isa. lxiii. 7.*

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,  
And sing the great Redeemer's praise ;  
He justly claims a song from me ;  
His loving-kindness, oh, how free !
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,  
Yet loved me notwithstanding all ;  
He saved me from my lost estate ;  
His loving-kindness, oh, how great !
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along ;  
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,  
He near my soul has always stood ;  
His loving-kindness, oh, how good !

- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart  
 Prone from my Jesus to depart ;  
 But though I have him oft forgot,  
 His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;  
 Oh, may my last expiring breath  
 His loving-kindness sing in death.

MEDLEY.

983

L. M.

Truro, Chester.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul ! lift up thine eyes ;  
 See where thy foes against thee rise,  
 In long array, a numerous host ;  
 Awake, my soul ! or thou art lost.
- 2 See where rebellious passions rage,  
 And fierce desires and lusts engage ;  
 The meanest foe of all that train  
 Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 3 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground ;  
 Perils and snares beset thee round ;  
 Beware of all, guard every part,—  
 But most the traitor in thy heart.
- 4 Clad in the armor, from above,  
 Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love,  
 Come now, my soul, the charm repel,  
 And powers of earth and powers of hell.

BARBAULD.

984

C. M.

Barby, Victory.

- 1 **B**EST be the dear, uniting love,  
 That will not let us part ;  
 Our bodies may far off remove—  
 We still are one in heart.
- 2 Joined in one Spirit to our Head,  
 Where he appoints we go ;  
 And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,  
 And show his praise below.
- 3 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,  
 The same in mind and heart,  
 Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,  
 Nor life, nor death can part.
- 4 But let us hasten to the day,  
 Which shall our flesh restore ;

When death shall all be done away,  
And Christians part no more! **WESLEY.**

985

L. M.

Wells, Duke Street.

*Welcome to Christian Friends.*

- 1 **B**RETHREN, beloved for Jesus' sake,  
A hearty welcome here receive ;  
May we together now partake  
The joys which he alone can give !
- 2 May he, at whose kind care we meet,  
Send his good Spirit from above ;  
Make our communications sweet,  
And cause our hearts to burn with love !
- 3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,  
When thus we meet to pray and praise ;  
We only wish to speak of him,  
And tell the wonders of his grace.
- 4 We'll talk of all he did and said,  
His sufferings and his dying love,  
The path he marked for us to tread,  
And how he triumphs now above.
- 5 Thus as the moments pass away,  
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;  
Then hasten on the glorious day,  
When we shall meet to part no more.

986

C. M.

Turner, Knaresborough.

*The Throne of Grace.*

- 1 **C**OME boldly to the throne of grace ;  
Our great High-Priest is there ;  
Come, venture to that holy place,  
Beneath his guardian care.
- 2 Come boldly to the throne of grace,  
Where Jesus kindly pleads ;  
Ours cannot be a desperate case,  
While Jesus intercedes.
- 3 Come boldly to the throne of grace,  
The centre of his love ;  
Where sweet attractions never cease,  
To draw our hearts above.
- 4 Come boldly to the throne of grace ;  
The Saviour's pierced heart  
Is touched, with our afflicted case,  
In its most tender part.
- 5 Come boldly to the throne of grace,  
And all our trials name ;

In every point our Lord will trace,  
That he endured the same.

6 Come boldly to the throne of grace,  
With all our wants and fears;  
The Saviour's hand shall kindly chase  
Away the bitterest tears.

7 Come boldly to the throne of grace;  
There shall our spirits soar;  
There we will pray, and never cease,  
Till time shall be no more.

GEMS.

987

11s & 10s. Come, ye Disconsolate.

1 **C**OME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,  
Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel;  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell  
your anguish;  
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot  
heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;  
He speaks, the Comforter, in mercy saying—  
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot  
cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, pure from  
above;  
Come to the feast prepared—come ever know-  
ing  
Earth has no sorrows but heaven can re-  
move.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

988

7s & 6s.

Mount Vernon.

*Social Meeting.*

1 **D**RAW nigh to us, Jehovah,  
In our solemn meeting;  
In this propitious hour,  
O, may we feel thy power,  
In this social meeting.

2 Draw nigh to us, blest Jesus,  
In our solemn meeting;  
O, may we find thy favor,  
Thou ever blessed Saviour,  
In this social meeting.

3 Draw nigh to us, blest Spirit,  
 In our solemn meeting;  
 Convince and renovate us,  
 Anew in Christ create us,  
 In this social meeting.

## 989

C. M.

Hymn 10, Clarendon.

- 1 **H**ERE, in thy presence, O our God,  
 We've met to seek thy face;  
 O, let us feel th' eternal word,  
 And feast upon thy grace.
- 2 O, may this be a happy hour,  
 To every mourning soul;  
 Display thy love, make known thy power,  
 And make the wounded whole.
- 3 O, may I speak of heavenly fire,  
 Each stupid soul inflame,  
 And sacred love our tongues inspire  
 To praise thy worthy name.
- 4 Let every soul the Saviour see,  
 And taste his love divine;  
 And every heart for ever be  
 United, Lord, with thine.

## 990

L. M.

Buckfield, Nantwich.

- 1 **H**OW blest the sacred tie that binds,  
 In union sweet, according minds!  
 How swift the heavenly course they run,  
 Whose hearts, and faith, and hopes are one!
- 2 To each, the soul of each how dear!  
 What jealous love, what holy fear!  
 How doth the generous flame within  
 Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow,  
 For human guilt and mortal woe;  
 Their ardent prayers together rise,  
 Like mingled flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together oft they seek the place,  
 Where God reveals his awful face;—  
 At length they meet in realms above,  
 A heaven of joy—because of love.

BARBAULD.

991

C. M.

Barby, Ferry.

*The Heavenly Jerusalem.*

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM! my glorious home!  
Name ever dear to me!  
When shall my labors have an end,  
In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 O when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths have no end?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know;  
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes  
I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and wo,  
Or feel, at death, dismay?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,  
Around my Saviour stand;  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem! my glorious home!  
My soul still pants for thee;  
Then shall my labors have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

MONTGOMERY.

992

L. M.

Marietta.

- 1 **J**ESUS, where'er thy people meet,  
There they behold thy mercy seat;  
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,  
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 Here may we prove the power of prayer,  
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 3 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;  
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;  
O, rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

993

C. M.

Calcutta, Winter.

- 1 **L**ORD, when together here we meet,  
 And taste thy heavenly grace,  
 Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,  
 We're loath to leave the place.
- 2 But, Father, since it is thy will  
 That we must part again,  
 O, may thy special presence still,  
 With every one remain.
- 3 And let us all in Christ be one,  
 Bound with the cords of love ;  
 Till we, before thy glorious throne,  
 Shall joyful meet above.
- 4 All sin and sorrow from each heart  
 Shall then for ever fly ;  
 Nor shall a thought, that we must part,  
 Once interrupt our joy.

994

C. M.

London, Braintree.

*Praise to God for hearing Prayer. Ps. 66.*

- 1 **N**OW shall my solemn vows be paid  
 To that Almighty Power,  
 Who heard the long requests I made  
 In my distressful hour.
- 2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare  
 To make his mercies known ;  
 Come, ye that fear my God, and hear  
 The wonders he hath done.
- 3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,  
 I sought his heavenly aid ;  
 He saved my sinking soul from hell,  
 And death's eternal shade.
- 4 If sin lay covered in my heart,  
 While prayer employed my tongue,  
 The Lord had shown me no regard,  
 Nor I his praises sung.
- 5 But God—his name be ever blest—  
 Hath set my spirit free,  
 Nor turned from him my poor request,  
 Nor turned his heart from me. WATTS.

995

L. M.

Portugal, Duke Street.

*At a Church Meeting before Experiences.*

- 1 **N**OW we are met in holy fear  
 To hear the happy saints declare



The free compassions of a God,  
The virtues of a Saviour's blood.

- 2 Jesus, assist them now to tell  
What they have felt, and now do feel;  
O Saviour, help them to express  
The wonders of triumphant grace.
- 3 While to the church they freely own  
What for their souls the Lord hath done,  
We join to praise eternal love,  
And heighten all the joys above. BURNHAM.

996

C. M.

St. Ann's.

*Social Worship.*

- 1 O LORD, our languid souls inspire,  
For here we trust thou art;  
Send down a coal of heavenly fire,  
To warm each waiting heart.
- 2 Show us some token of thy love,  
Our fainting hope to raise;  
And pour thy blessing from above,  
That we may render praise.
- 3 Within these walls let holy praise,  
And love, and concord dwell;  
Here give the troubled conscience peace,  
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,  
The humble mind bestow;  
And shine upon us from on high,  
To make our graces grow.
- 5 May we in faith receive thy word,  
In faith present our prayers;  
And, in the presence of our Lord,  
Unbosom all our cares.
- 6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,  
Enforced by mighty grace,  
Awaken many sinners round,  
To come and fill the place. NEWTON.

997

C. M.

Miller.

*Fellowship.* Col. ii. 2.

- 1 O UR souls, by love together knit,  
Cemented, mixed in one—  
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice—  
'Tis heaven on earth begun.

- Our hearts have often burned within,  
And glowed with sacred fire,  
While Jesus spoke, and fed, and blest,  
And filled th' enlarged desire.
- 2 We're soldiers, fighting for our God;  
Let trembling cowards fly:  
We'll stand unshaken, firm, and fixed—  
With Christ to live and die.  
Let devils rage, and hell assail,  
We'll fight our passage through:  
Let foes unite, and friends desert—  
We'll seize the crown in view.
- 3 The little cloud increases still;  
The Heavens are big with rain:  
We wait to catch the teeming shower,  
And all its moisture drain.  
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows;  
But pour a mighty flood:  
O, sweep the nations, shake the earth,  
Till all proclaim thee God. LYRE.

## 998

P. M.

- 1 'TIS pleasant to sing  
The sweet praise of our King,  
As here in this valley of sorrows we move;  
'Twill be pleasanter still,  
When we stand on the hill,  
And give thanks to our Saviour, our Master,  
above.
- 2 'Tis sweet to recline  
On thy bosom divine,  
And experience the comforts peculiar to thine:  
While, born from above,  
And upheld by thy love,  
With singing and triumph to Zion we move.
- 3 On Canaan's fair land  
We shortly shall stand,  
With crowns on our heads, and with harps in  
our hands:  
Our harps shall be tuned;  
The Lamb shall be crowned:—  
Salvation to Jesus through heaven resound.

999

L. M.

Pilesgrove.

*Exhortation to Prayer.*

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet,  
In coming to a mercy seat!  
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,  
But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;  
Gives exercise to faith and love;  
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;  
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;  
And Satan trembles, when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
Success was found on Israel's side;  
But when through weariness they failed,  
That moment Amalek prevailed.
- 5 Have you no words? ah, think again!  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath, thus vainly spent,  
To Heaven in supplication sent,  
Your cheerful songs would oftener be—  
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

COWPER.

1000

11s.

Hopkins, Hinton.

*Why sleep we?*

**W**HY sleep we, my brethren? come, let us  
arise:  
O, why should we slumber in sight of the  
prize?  
Salvation is nearer; our days are far spent:  
O, let us be active; awake! and repent.  
O, how can we slumber! the Master is come,  
And calling on sinners to seek them a home:  
The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite—  
The weary they welcome, the careless invite.  
O, how can we slumber! our foes are awake;  
To ruin poor souls every effort they make:

## PRAYER AND CONFERENCE MEETINGS.

To accomplish their object no means are un-  
tried—

The careless they comfort, the wakeful mis-  
guide.

- 4 O, how can we slumber! when so much was  
done,

To purchase salvation, by Jesus, the Son!  
Now mercy is proffered, and justice displayed;  
Now God can be honored, and sinners be saved.

- 5 O, how can we slumber! when death is so near,  
And sinners are sinking in endless despair!  
Now prayers may avail, and they gain the high  
prize,

Before they in torment shall lift up their eyes.

- 6 O, how can we slumber! ye sinners, look round,  
Before the last trumpet your hearts shall con-  
found:

O, fly to the Saviour; he calls you to-day:  
While mercy is waiting, O, make no delay.

HOPKINS.

## DOXOLOGIES.

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1 L. M.

**P**RAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

---

2 L. M.

**A**LL glory to thy wondrous name,  
Father of mercy, God of love ;  
Thus we exalt the Lord, the Lamb,  
And thus we praise the heavenly Dove.

---

C. M.

**T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be everlasting honors paid,  
Henceforth, for evermore.

---

4 C. M.

**H**ONOR to thee, almighty Three,  
And everlasting One :  
All glory to the Father be,  
The Spirit and the Son.

---

5 C. M.

**L**ET God the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit, be adored,  
Where there are works to make him known,  
Or saints to love the Lord.

6

S. M.

THE grace of Christ our Lord,  
The Father's boundless love,  
The Spirit's blest communion too,  
Be with us from above.

---

7

S. M.

YE angels round the throne,  
And saints that dwell below,  
Worship the Father, praise the Son,  
And bless the Spirit too.

---

8

S. M.

GIVE to the Father praise ;  
Give glory to the Son ;  
And to the Spirit of his grace  
Be equal honor done.

---

9

7s.

SING we to our God above,  
Praise eternal as his love :  
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

---

10

C. P. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Be praise amid the heavenly host,  
And in the church below,  
From whom all creatures drew their breath,  
By whom redemption blessed the earth,  
From whom all comforts flow.

---

11

H. M.

TO God the Father's throne  
Your highest honors raise ;  
Glory to God the Son,  
To God the Spirit praise ,  
With all our powers, | Thy name we sing,  
Eternal King, | While faith adores.

12

H. M.

**T**O our eternal God,  
The Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit all divine,  
Three mysteries in one,  
Salvation, power, | By all on earth,  
And praise be given | And all in heaven.

---

13

C. P. M.

**N**OW to the great and sacred Three,  
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be  
Eternal praise and glory given,  
Through all the worlds where God is known,  
By all the angels near the throne,  
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

---

14

8s, 7s &amp; 4.

**G**LORY be to God the Father,  
Glory to th' eternal Son;  
Sound aloud the Spirit's praises;  
Join the elders round the throne;  
Hallelujah—  
Hail the glorious Three in One.

# ANTHEMS.

---

1

*Devotion and Virtue.*

- 1 **S**AVE me from my foes ;  
Shield me, Lord, from harm ;  
Let me safe repose  
On thy mighty arm.  
Thou art God alone ;  
Those who seek thy heavenly face,  
Thou wilt bless, and they shall own  
Thy matchless grace.
- 2 Pleasant is the land  
Where Jehovah's known,  
Where a pious band  
Bow before his throne,  
Who, with loud acclaim,  
Sing his great and wondrous love,  
Who, ere long, shall praise his name  
With saints above.
- 3 Let my faith and love  
With my years increase ;  
Let me never rove  
From the paths of peace ;  
But through life display  
Holy deeds and actions pure,  
That, when life has passed away,  
May bliss be sure.
- 

2

*Time flying.*

**L**IKE the rivers, time is gliding ;  
Brightest hours have no abiding ;  
Use the golden moments well :  
Life is wasting,  
Death is hasting ;  
Death consigns to heaven or hell.      GEMS.



3

*What is your Life?*

- 1 **O**H, what is life?—'Tis like a flower  
That blossoms—and is gone:  
It flourishes its little hour,  
With all its beauty on:—  
Death comes—and, like a wintry day,  
It cuts the lovely flower away.
- 2 Oh, what is life?—'Tis like the bow  
That glistens in the sky:  
We love to see its colors glow—  
But while we look, they die:  
Life fails as soon: to day 'tis here—  
To-morrow it may disappear.
- 3 Lord, what is life?—If spent with thee,  
In humble praise and prayer,  
How long or short our life may be,  
We feel no anxious care:  
Though life depart, our joys shall last  
When life and all its joys are past.

GEN 9.

4

*The Dying Christian to his Soul.*

- 1 **V**ITAL spark of heavenly flame,  
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
O the pain, the bliss of dying!  
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark! they whisper! angels say,  
"Sister spirit, come away."  
What is this absorbs me quite,  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
- 3 The world recedes; it disappears.  
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring.  
Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly!  
O grave, where is thy victory?  
O death, where is thy sting?

POPE

## 5

*Ascension of Christ.*

1 "SIT thou on my right hand, my Son!"  
saith the Lord.

"Sit thou on my right hand, my Son!

"Till, in the fatal hour

"Of my wrath, and my power,

"Thy foes shall be a footstool to thy throne!"

2 "Prayer shall be made through thee, my Son!"  
saith the Lord.

"Prayer shall be made through thee, my Son!

"From earth and air and sea,

"And all that in them be,

"Which thou for thine heritage hast won!"

3 "Daily be thou praised, my Son!" saith the  
Lord.

"Daily be thou praised, my Son!

"And all that live and move,

"Let them bless thy bleeding love,

"And the work which thy worthiness hath  
done!"

HEBER.

## 6

*The Song of Miriam.*

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark  
sea!

Jehovah hath triumphed! his people are free!

Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken!

His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid  
and brave,—

How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath  
but spoken,

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in  
the wave!

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!

Jehovah hath triumphed! his people are free!

Praise to the Conqueror! praise to the Lord!

His word was our arrow—his breath was our  
sword!

Who shall return, to tell Egypt the story

Of those she sent forth in the hour of her  
pride?

The Lord hath looked out from his pillar of  
glory,

And all her brave thousands are dashed in  
the tide!

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !  
 Jehovah hath triumphed ! his people are free !

## 7 *The last Day.*

- 1 **T**HAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
 When heaven and earth shall pass away !  
 What power shall be the sinner's stay ?  
 How shall he meet that dreadful day ?
- 2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,  
 The flaming heavens together roll,  
 When, louder yet, and yet more dread,  
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ;
- 3 Oa, on that day, that wrathful day,  
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
 Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,  
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

## 8 *For Advent or Christmas.*

### 1.

- 1st Voice. **W**ATCHMAN ! tell us of the night ;  
 What its signs of promise are.
- 2d Voice. Traveller ! o'er yon mountain's height  
 See that glory-beaming star !
- 1st Voice. Watchman ! does its beauteous ray  
 Aught of hope or joy foretell ?
- 2d Voice. Traveller ! yes ; it brings the day,  
 Promised day of Israel !
- 1st Voice. Watchman ! }  
 2d Voice. Traveller ! } Yes ; it brings, &c.

### 2.

- 1st Voice. Watchman ! tell us of the night ;  
 Higher yet that star ascends.
- 2d Voice. Traveller ! blessedness and light,  
 Peace and truth its course portends ?
- 1st Voice. Watchman ! will its beams alone  
 Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
- 2d Voice. Traveller ! ages are its own :  
 See ! it bursts o'er all the earth.
- 1st Voice. Watchman ! }  
 2d Voice. Traveller ! } Ages are its own, &c.

### 3.

- 1st Voice. Watchman ! tell us of the night,  
 For the morning seems to dawn
- 2d Voice. Traveller ! darkness takes its flight ;  
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

- 1st Voice. Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;  
                   Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
 2d Voice. Traveller! lo! the Prince of peace,  
                   Lo! the Son of God is come!  
 1st Voice. Watchman! } Lo! the Prince of peace,  
 2d Voice. Traveller! }                   &c.

## 9

*Morning.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, when the day is  
                   dawning,  
       Then will I pay my vows to thee:  
       Like incense wafted on the breath of morning,  
       My heart-felt praise to heaven shall be.  
 2 Yes, thou art near me; sleeping or waking,  
       Still doth thy care unchanged remain:  
       If ever I wander, thy ways forsaking,  
       O lead me gently back again.

## 10

*Autumn Evening.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the beauteous western light;  
       It melts in deepening gloom:  
       So calmly Christians sink away,  
       Descending to the tomb.  
 2 The winds breathe low; the withering leaf  
       Scarce whispers from the tree:  
       So gently flows the parting breath,  
       When good men cease to be.  
 3 How beautiful on all the hills  
       The crimson light is shed!  
       'Tis like the peace the Christian gives  
       To mourners round his bed.  
 4 How mildly on the wandering cloud  
       The sunset beam is cast!  
       'Tis like the memory, left behind,  
       When loved ones breathe their last.  
 5 And now, above the dews of night,  
       The yellow star appears:  
       So faith springs in the hearts of those  
       Whose eyes are bathed in tears.  
 6 But soon the morning's happier light  
       Its glories shall restore;  
       And eyelids, that are sealed in death,  
       Shall ope, to close no more.                   PEABODY.

## 11

*The Wanderer addressed.*

- 1 **T**ELL me, wanderer, wildly roving  
From the path that leads to peace;  
Pleasure's false enchantments loving—  
When will thy delusion cease?  
Once, like thee, by joys surrounded,  
I could kneel at pleasure's shrine:  
Then my brightest hopes were bounded  
By delights as false as thine.
- 2 But those visions never blest me;  
Soon their fleeting day was o'er:  
Then the world, that had caressed me,  
Charmed me with its smiles no more.  
Such is pleasure's transient story:  
Lasting happiness is known  
Only in the path to glory—  
In the Saviour's love alone.

GEMS.

## 12

*Praise ye the Lord.*

- 1 **O** PRAISE ye the Lord; prepare a new  
song,  
And let all his saints in full concert join;  
With voices united the anthem prolong,  
And show forth his praises with music divine.
- 2 Let praise to the Lord, who made us, ascend;  
Let each grateful heart be glad in its King:  
The God whom we worship our songs will  
attend,  
And view with complacence the offering we  
bring.
- 3 Be joyful, ye saints, sustained by his might;  
And let your glad song awake with each  
morn:  
For those who obey him are still his delight;  
His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.
- 4 Then praise ye the Lord; prepare a glad song,  
And let all his saints in full concert join:  
With voices united the anthem prolong,  
And show forth his praises with music di-  
vine.

## 13

*Diffusion of the Gospel*

- 1 **O**'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,  
Cheered by no celestial ray,

Sun of righteousness, arising,  
 Bring the bright, the glorious day :  
 Send the gospel  
 To the earth's remotest bound.

2 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,  
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light ;  
 And from eastern coast to western,  
 May the morning chase the night :  
 And redemption,  
 Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel—  
 Win and conquer—never cease ;  
 May thy lasting, wide dominions  
 Multiply and still increase :  
 Sway thy sceptre,  
 Saviour, all the world around.

## 14

*The Dying Saint.*

1 **H**APPY soul, thy days are ended,  
 All thy mourning days below ;  
 Go, by angel guards attended,  
 To the sight of Jesus, go.  
 Waiting to receive thy spirit,  
 Lo! the Saviour stands above ;  
 Shows the purchase of his merit,  
 Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion,  
 To thy great Redeemer's breast ;  
 To his uttermost salvation,  
 To his everlasting rest.  
 For the joy he sets before thee,  
 Bear a momentary pain ;  
 Die, to live a life of glory ;  
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

METH. COLL.

## 15

*Judgment Day.*

1 **L**O! we see the sign appearing ;  
 Jesus comes, the Judge severe :  
 Hell is trembling, earth is quaking ;  
 Sinners shrink with awful fear.  
 Come to judgment ;  
 Stand, your awful doom to hear.

2 See, the world in flame all burning ;  
 Hills and mountains fly away :

The moon in blood, the stars all flaming,  
Comets blazing through the sky,  
Thunder rolling;  
Sinners now for help do cry.

3 From the general conflagration,  
Mount the righteous up on high—  
Gain the hope of their salvation;  
Live with God, no more to die.  
Hallelujah!  
Glory to the Lamb, they cry.

4 Stop, my soul; look back and wonder;  
See the wicked left behind:  
Hear them crying, weeping, wailing,  
For a moment's ease to find;  
Doomed to sorrow—  
In the lake of hell confined.

HARROD'S COLL.

## 16 *Holy Spirit invoked.*

1 **O** COMFORTER divine,  
Let beams of heavenly love  
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,  
To raise our souls above.

2 By thy inspiring breath  
Make every cloud of care,  
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,  
A smile of glory wear.

## 17 *Star in the East.*

1 **B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the  
morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine  
aid:

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;  
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall:  
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining—  
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odors of Edom and offerings divine?  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

- 4 Vainly they offer each ample oblation ;  
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure :  
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;  
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

HEBER.

## 18

C. M.

- 1 **L**IFT up to God the voice of praise,  
 Whose breath our souls inspired ;  
 Loud and more loud the anthems raise,  
 With grateful ardor fired !
- 2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
 Whose goodness, passing thought,  
 Loads every moment, as it flies,  
 With benefits unsought.
- 3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
 From whom salvation flows,  
 Who sent his Son our souls to save  
 From everlasting woes.
- 4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
 For hope's transporting ray,  
 Which lights through darkest shades of death,  
 To realms of endless day.

## 19

*Universal Praise.*

**W**E praise thee, O Lord ; we acknowledge  
 thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship thee, the Father  
 everlasting.

To thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and  
 all the power therein.

To thee cherubim and seraphim continually  
 do cry--

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth—  
 Heaven and earth are full of thy great glory.

## 20

*GLORIA PATRI.*

**G**LORY be to the Father, and to the Son, and  
 to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the be-  
 ginning, is now, and ever shall be, world with-  
 out end—Amen.



# THE ARRANGEMENT.

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BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.....	1 to	46
CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.....	47 ..	52
UNIVERSAL PRAISE.....	53 ..	60
FALL OF MAN.....	61 ..	62
THE SCRIPTURES.....	63 ..	69
MORAL AND CEREMONIAL LAW.....	70 ..	75
VANITY OF CREATED THINGS.....	76 ..	83
CHRIST.....	84 ..	85
His Incarnation.....	85 ..	92
Life and Ministry.....	93 ..	96
Sufferings and Death.....	97 ..	102
Resurrection.....	103 ..	103
Ascension.....	109 ..	115
Intercession.....	116 ..	117
Coronation.....	118 ..	120
Characters.....	121 ..	134
Praise to Christ.....	135 ..	141
GOSPEL.....	142 ..	149
SCRIPTURE DOCTRINE.....	150 ..	195
Depravity.....	150 ..	153
Atonement.....	159 ..	160
Repentance.....	161 ..	163
Faith.....	164 ..	172
Regeneration.....	173 ..	175
Pardon.....	176 ..	179
Justification.....	180 ..	183
Grace.....	184 ..	187
Perseverance.....	188 ..	189
Sanctification.....	190 ..	191
Redemption.....	192 ..	
Adoption.....	193 ..	194
Precious Promises.....	195 ..	
THE GOSPEL CALL.....	196 ..	200
ALARMING.....	201 ..	222
INVITING.....	223 ..	251
SINNER AWAKENED.....	252 ..	266
CONVICTION.....	267 ..	276
PENITENTIAL.....	277 ..	299
CONVICTION AND CONVERSION.....	300 ..	306
CONVERT.....	307 ..	331

BAPTISM.....	332 ..	346
CHRISTIAN .....	347 ..	415
SAINT AND SINNER.....	416 ..	419
HOLY SPIRIT.....	420 ..	431
CHRISTIAN GRACES.....	432 ..	485
FULL REDEMPTION.....	486 ..	501
REJOICING AND PRAISE .....	502 ..	530
WORSHIP .....	531 ..	539
Family.....	540 ..	551
Public .....	552 ..	588
Lord's Day.....	589 ..	610
CHURCH .....	611 ..	624
LORD'S SUPPER.....	625 ..	636
MINISTRY .....	637 ..	650
SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.....	651 ..	661
PRAYER .....	662 ..	677
PRAYER AND WATCHFULNESS.....	678 ..	687
CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.....	688 ..	694
TRUSTING IN GRACE.....	695 ..	710
REJOICING IN A REVIVAL .....	711 ..	718
CHRISTIAN WARFARE.....	719 ..	721
FORMAL RELIGION.....	722 ..	725
BACKSLIDING .....	726 ..	731
DEDICATIONS .....	732 ..	733
MORNING AND EVENING.....	734 ..	756
Morning.....	734 ..	746
Morning or Evening.....	747 ..	748
Evening .....	749 ..	756
SEASONS.....	757 ..	772
MARRIAGE AND BIRTH DAY.....	773 ..	776
TIMES AND SEASONS.....	777 ..	819
Youth .....	777 ..	790
Old Age .....	791 ..	794
Afflictions .....	795 ..	797
Fasts .....	798 ..	801
Thanksgiving .....	802 ..	807
Sunday Schools .....	808 ..	810
Sickness and Recovery.....	811 ..	819
PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.....	820 ..	837
TIME AND ETERNITY.....	838 ..	849
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.....	850 ..	874
FUNERALS.....	875 ..	896
END OF THE WORLD AND GENERAL		
JUDGMENT .....	897 ..	913
HELL AND HEAVEN.....	914 ..	923
MARINERS.....	924 ..	947
PROMISCUOUS.....	948 ..	980
PRAYER AND CONFERENCE MEETINGS...	981 ..	1000

# TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

---

ABSENT from flesh, O blissful thought !.....	850
A charge to keep I have,.....	678
A fountain of life and of grace.....	502
Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God .	223
Ah ! lovely appearance of death.....	875
Ah ! tell me no more of this world's vain store,	521
Ah ! what can I, a sinner, do ?.....	252
Ah ! whither should I go,.....	277
Alas ! alas ! how blind I've been,.....	202
Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed,.....	278
All glory to the dying Lamb,.....	662
All hail the great Immanuel's name !.....	118
All hail, thou lovely Lamb of God.....	981
All praise to our Redeeming Lord,.....	688
All praise to the Lord.....	924
All ye who love the Lord, rejoice,.....	416
All ye that pass by.....	948
All ye who laugh and sport with death,.....	203
Almighty God, in humble prayer.....	663
Almighty God of truth and love.....	279
Almighty God, thy word is cast,.....	552
Almighty Maker, God,.....	503
Almighty Maker of my frame,.....	664
Almighty Saviour, here we stand,.....	332
Amazing grace ! how sweet the sound,.....	184
Amazing sight ! the Saviour stands.....	224
Am I a soldier of the cross ?.....	437
And am I born to die ?.....	898
And am I only born to die ?.....	949
And are we wretches yet alive !.....	27
And are we yet alive !.....	689
And canst thou, sinner, slight.....	253
And does the Spirit kindly move,.....	254
And have I measured half my days,.....	791

And is this life prolonged to me,.....	838
And let this feeble body fail,.....	820
And let our bodies part.....	690
And must I be to judgment brought?.....	897
And must I part with all I have?.....	482
And now the scales have left my eyes,.....	267
And what am I? my soul, awake.....	531
And will the great, eternal God.....	732
And will the Lord thus condescend,.....	225
And wilt thou yet be found,.....	280
Angels, assist to sing.....	53
Angels, from the realms of glory.....	86
Angels, roll the rock away!.....	103
Another six days' work is done,.....	589
Anxious I strove to find the way,.....	307
Appointed by thee, we meet in thy name,...	691
Are sinners now so senseless grown.....	611
Arise, my soul, arise,.....	180
Arise, my soul, with rapture rise.....	734
As every day thy mercy spares,.....	735
As in soft silence, vernal showers.....	553
As Lot bid his city adieu.....	950
As on the cross the Saviour hung.....	176
As, panting in the sultry beam,.....	612
As the hart, with eager looks,.....	457
As the serpent raised by Moses.....	226
Astonished and distressed,.....	268
Author of faith, we seek thy face,.....	665
Awake, and sing the song,.....	308
Awake, arise, ye stupid souls,.....	204
Awake, awake, my sluggish soul,.....	205
Awaked by Sinai's awful sound.....	300
Awake, my drowsy soul, awake,.....	736
Awake, my heart, arise, my tongue,.....	181
Awake, my soul, and with the sun,.....	737
Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,.....	982
Awake, my soul! lift up thine eyes;.....	983
Awake, my zeal, awake my love,.....	839
Awake, our drowsy souls.....	590
Awake, our souls, away our fears,.....	951
Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes,.....	767
Away, my unbelieving fear .....	695
Away with our sorrow and fear,.....	821
 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne.....	 504
Begin, my soul, th' exalted lay,.....	54
Begone, my earthly cares, away,.....	749

Behold a stranger at the door !.....	227
Behold, how sinners disagree,.....	462
Behold the lofty sky,.....	591
Behold the grave where Jesus lay.....	333
Behold the morning sun,.....	592
Behold the Saviour of mankind.....	99
Behold the sons, the heirs of God,.....	451
Behold the wretch, whose lust and wine,...	281
Behold ! with awful pomp.....	899
Beneath the poisonous dart.....	301
Bless, O my soul, the living God,.....	12
Blest are the humble souls that see.....	347
Blest are the meek, he said,.....	473
Blest are the sons of God :.....	193
Blest are the sons of peace,.....	540
Blest are the souls, who hear and know.....	142
Blest are the undefiled in heart,.....	348
Blest be the dear uniting love.....	984
Blest be the everlasting God,.....	104
Blest be the tie that binds,.....	468
Blest Comforter divine,.....	420
Blest is the man, for ever blest.....	162
Blest is the man whose softening heart,....	433
Blest Lord, behold the guilty scorn.....	554
Blest morning, whose young dawning rays,..	593
Blessed Redeemer, how divine,.....	442
Blest with the joys of innocence,.....	61
Blow ye the trumpet, blow,.....	228
Break through the clouds, dear Lord, and shine	795
Brethren, beloved for Jesus' sake.....	985
Bright King of glory, dreadful God !.....	84
Broad is the road that leads to death,.....	952
By cool Siloam's shady rill.....	777
By whom shall Jacob now arise?.....	555
By whom was David taught.....	719
CAN aught beneath a power divine.....	173
Come boldly to the throne of grace.....	986
Come, children, learn to fear the Lord.....	778
Come, every pious heart,.....	111
Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,.....	541
Come, gracious Spirit, come ;.....	421
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,.....	556
Come, heavenly peace of mind,.....	477
Come, Holy Spirit, come,.....	422
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,.....	423
Come, let our voices join.....	808

Come, let us anew our journey pursue,.....	772
Come, let us join our cheerful songs,.....	135
Come, let us search our ways, and see ;.....	443
Come, let us, who in Christ believe,.....	505
Come, let us now forget our mirth,.....	779
Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart..	558
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,.....	269
Come, poor sinner, come to Jesus ;.....	229
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,.....	559
Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,.....	953
Come, sinners to the gospel feast,.....	196
Come, sound his praise abroad,.....	594
Come, thou Almighty King,.....	506
Come, thou condescending Jesus !.....	774
Come, thou omniscient Son of man ;.....	486
Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit,.....	557
Come to Calvary's holy mountain ;.....	231
Come to the house of prayer,.....	560
Come, tune, ye saints, your noblest strains,..	109
Come, weary souls, with sins distressed.....	230
Come, we, that love the Lord,.....	464
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish	987
Come, ye weary, heavy laden,.....	232
Comfort, ye ministers of grace,.....	637
Commit thou all thy griefs,.....	349
Consider all my sorrows, Lord,.....	811
Convinced of sin, men now begin.....	711
Could I so false, so faithless prove,.....	35

DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness.....	613
Dear Jesus, let thy pitying eye,.....	726
Dear refuge of my weary soul,.....	350
Death cannot make our souls afraid ;.....	822
Death may dissolve my body now,.....	851
Death ! 'tis a melancholy day,.....	914
Death, with his dread commission sealed....	954
Deep are the wounds which sin has made,..	130
Deep in our hearts, let us record.....	100
Deceived by subtle snares of hell.....	02
Delay not, delay not ; O sinner, draw near...	233
Deluded souls ! who think to find.....	852
Descend, celestial Dove.....	334
Descend from heaven, immortal Dove ;.....	424
Destruction's dangerous road.....	206
Did Christ o'er sinners weep ?.....	351
Didst thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,.....	432
Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord ;.....	561

Do flesh and nature dread to die?.....	853
Do thou, my soul, in sacred lays,.....	26
Do we not know that solemn word.....	335
Draw nigh to us, Jehovah,.....	988
Dread Sovereign, let my evening song.....	750
<b>EARLY</b> , my God, without delay,.....	595
Earth has engrossed my love too long.....	915
Encompassed with clouds of distress.....	352
Enslaved by sin, and bound in chains,.....	192
Equip me for the war,.....	720
Ere the blue heavens were stretched abroad,	85
Eternal God! Almighty Cause!.....	46
Eternal God! enthroned on high!.....	792
Eternal Power! whose high abode,.....	55
Eternal Source of every joy!.....	802
Eternal Spirit, source of light,.....	425
Eternal Spirit, we confess.....	426
Eternal Wisdom, thee we praise!.....	47
Eternity is just at hand.....	840
Exalt the Lord our God,.....	20
<b>FAITH</b> adds new charms to earthly bliss,...	444
Faith has for its foundation broad,.....	353
Faith is the brightest evidence;.....	445
Far as thy name is known.....	614
Far from affliction, toil and care,.....	876
Far from my thoughts, vain world be gone,	532
Far from the utmost verge of day,.....	916
Father, adored in worlds above!.....	666
Father divine, thy piercing eye,.....	533
Father of all, we bow to thee,.....	667
Father of all, thy care we bless.....	542
Father of glory! to thy name.....	44
Father of mercies, God of love!.....	282
Father of mercies, in thy house.....	638
Father of mercies, in thy word.....	63
Father of mercies, send thy grace.....	435
Father of spirits! mighty God!.....	33
Father, to thee my soul I lift;.....	487
Father, we wait to feel thy grace.....	625
Firm was my health, my day was bright,....	812
Fools, in their hearts, believe and say,.....	150
Forgive us, Lord; to thee we cry,.....	868
Forth from the dark and stormy sky,.....	534
Frequent the day of God returns,.....	596
From all who dwell below the skies.....	507

From deep distress, and troubled thoughts...	177
From every earthly pleasure,.....	354
From Greenland's icy mountains,.....	651
From thee, my God, my joys shall rise,.....	355
From whence these direful omens round,....	102
 GENTLE Jesus, lovely Lamb,.....	488
Give glory to Jesus, our Head.....	877
Give me a sober mind.....	679
Give me the faith which can remove, .....	639
Give to our God immortal praise!.....	48
Give to the winds thy fears,.....	696
Giver and Guardian of my sleep.....	738
Glory to God on high.....	625
Glory to God on high.....	562
Glory to God, who walks the sky.....	958
Glory to thee, my God, this night.....	751
Go, and the Saviour's grace proclaim.....	652
Go, Spirit, to the world divine.....	959
Go, ye heralds of salvation,.....	653
Go, ye messengers of God,.....	654
God, from his throne, with piercing eye,....	151
God, in the gospel of his Son,.....	64
God is a name my soul adores;.....	22
God is a Spirit, just and wise,.....	481
God is the Refuge of his saints,.....	615
God of Almighty love,.....	680
God of eternity, from thee,.....	841
God of evening and of morning.....	752
God of my life, through all its days,.....	56
God of my life, to thee.....	773
God of my life, how good, how wise.....	356
God of my life, what iust return,.....	283
God of my mercy and my praise,.....	471
God of our salvation, hear us.....	565
God of the morning, at whose voice,.....	739
God of the seas, thine awful voice,.....	925
God only wise, Almighty Good,.....	543
Grace! 'tis a charming sound;.....	185
Great God, attend while Zion sing,.....	563
Great God, indulge my humble claim.....	564
Great God, in vain man's narrow view.....	21
Great God, I own the sentence just,.....	823
Great God, our voice to thee we raise;.....	809
Great God, this sacred day of thine.....	597
Great God, thy holy law requires,.....	465
Great God, 'tis from thy sovereign grace,....	186
Great God, to thee I make.....	255



Great God, what do I see and hear?.....	900
Great is the Lord, exalted high,.....	42
Great Lord of angels, we adore,.....	640
Great was the day, the joy was great.....	427
Guide us, O thou great Jehovah,.....	926
HAD I a throne above the rest,.....	454
Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews.....	470
Hail ! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !.....	45
Hail ! my ever blessed Jesus,.....	309
Hail ! thou once despised Jesus,.....	508
Hail ! ye days of solemn meeting,.....	960
Happy beyond description, he.....	448
Happy the church, thou sacred place.....	616
Happy the heart, where graces reign,.....	466
Happy the man that finds the grace, .....	509
Happy the man, to whom his God,.....	178
Happy the man whose cautious steps.....	961
Hark ! from the tombs a doleful sound.....	878
Hark ! hark—the notes of joy,.....	712
Hark ! how the gospel trumpet sounds !.....	510
Hark, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,...	93
Hark ! the herald angels say,.....	105
Hark ! the herald angels sing,.....	87
Hasten, O sinner, to be wise,.....	208
Hath God been faithful to his word,.....	447
Hear, gracious God, my humble moan ;.....	358
Hear me, O Lord, in my distress,.....	284
Hear, O ye careless sinners, hear,.....	209
Hear what the Lord, the great Amen.....	980
Hear, what the voice from heaven pro- claims,.....	854
Hearts of stone, relent, relent,.....	962
Heaven has confirmed the dread decree,.....	855
He comes,—he comes ! to judge the world !..	901
He dies ! the friend of sinners dies !.....	106
He lives ! the great Redeemer lives !.....	116
He lives, who lives to God alone,.....	357
He wills that I should holy be :.....	489
Help, Lord, for men of virtue fail,.....	798
Help Lord, to whom for help I fly,.....	681
Here, in thy presence, O our God,.....	989
High in yonder realms of light.....	918
Hither we come, our dearest Lord,.....	336
Ho ! every one that thirsts, draw nigh ;.....	197
Holy and reverend is the name.....	18
Holy Ghost, disperse our sadness,.....	428

Hosanna to Jesus, on high,.....	879
Hosanna to the royal son,.....	511
House of our God, with cheerful anthems ring	769
How are our natures spoiled by sin !.....	159
How are thy glories here displayed.....	627
How are thy servants blest, O Lord !.....	927
How beauteous are their feet,.....	143
How blest the righteous are,.....	880
How blest the righteous when he dies.....	856
How blest the sacred tie that binds.....	990
How bright these glorious spirits shine,.....	917
How can a sinner know,.....	182
How did my heart rejoice to hear.....	566
How far, alas ! in sinful ways.....	727
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord ;	195
How great, how solemn is the work.....	337
How great, how terrible that God.....	207
How happy are the little flock.....	902
How happy every child of grace.....	512
How happy, gracious Lord, are we.....	513
How happy is he, born or taught.....	359
How happy is the man who hears,.....	360
How happy is the pilgrim's lot,.....	824
How honorable is the place,.....	617
How is thy glorious power adored.....	928
How long shall death, the tyrant, reign,.....	857
How oft, alas ! this wretched heart,.....	179
How oft the world's alluring smile,.....	361
How oft unthinking sailors feel,.....	929
How pleasant, how divinely fair,.....	587
How pleasant 'tis to see.....	544
How pleasing is the voice,.....	758
How precious is the book divine,.....	65
How rich are thy provisions, Lord.....	623
How rich thy gifts, Almighty King,.....	803
How sad our state by nature is !.....	285
How shall a lost sinner, in pain.....	728
How shall I my Saviour set forth ?.....	234
How shall I walk my God to please,.....	545
How shall the sons of men appear,.....	160
How short and hasty is our life,.....	842
How strong thine arm is, mighty God !.....	136
How sweet and awful is the place,.....	629
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight !.....	472
How sweet the songs of Zion sound.....	930
How sweetly, along the gay mead.....	759
How tedious and tasteless the hours,.....	514

How vain are all things here below !.....	362
How will my heart endure.....	210
Humble souls, who seek salvation,.....	338
I, AND my house will serve the Lord.....	546
I asked the Lord that I might grow.....	303
I hate the tempter and his charms.....	963
I have fought the good fight, I have finished my race.....	955
"I lift my banners," saith the Lord, .....	618
I lift my soul to God,.....	364
I long to behold him arrayed.....	825
I love the Lord ; he heard my cries.....	813
I love the volumes of thy word ;—.....	66
I love thy kingdom, Lord,.....	619
I love to steal awhile away,.....	535
I see the pleasant bed.....	858
I send the joys of earth away,.....	367
I own my guilt, my sins confess .....	270
I soon shall accomplish my race,.....	859
I wait a few sorrowful years.....	843
I waited patient for the Lord ;.....	309
I wander like a captive slave.....	256
I would not live alway, I ask not to stay,...	844
I'll praise my Maker with my breath,.....	515
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,.....	305
I've sailed o'er the ocean, I've roamed round the earth.....	933
If God had bid his thunders roll.....	310
Imposture shrinks from light,.....	67
In all my Lord's appointed ways.....	339
In all my vast concerns with thee,.....	37
In God's own house pronounce his praise,...	569
In Israel's fane, by silent night,.....	780
In Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,.....	340
In lands strange and distant, how sweetly the sound.....	931
In sin by blinded passions led,.....	392
In sweet exalted strains.....	733
In the floods of tribulation.....	956
In the soft season of thy youth.....	781
In the sun, and moon, and stars,.....	903
In the wide waste of water.....	932
In this world of sin and sorrow,.....	826
In thy great name, O Lord, we come,.....	570
In thy name, O Lord, assembling,.....	568
In vain men talk of living faith,.....	449

In vain my fancy strives to paint.....	881
In vain the giddy world inquires.....	366
In what confusion earth appears.....	919
Indulgent Father, by whose care.....	753
Inspirer of the ancient seers.....	68
Is it a thing of good report,.....	450
Is this the kind return,.....	957
It is the Lord—enthroned in light,.....	368
It is the voice of love divine.....	110

JEHOVAH reigns ; he dwells in light,.....	6
Jehovah reigns ; his throne is high,.....	41
Jerusalem, my glorious home,.....	991
Jesus, and shall it ever be,.....	371
Jesus, at thy command,.....	311
Jesus, full of all compassion,.....	271
Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep,.....	697
Jesus hath died, that I might live.....	490
Jesus is gone above the skies,.....	631
Jesus invites his saints,.....	630
Jesus, I love thy charming name,.....	132
Jesus, I my cross have taken,.....	370
Jesus, I sing thy matchless grace.....	126
Jesus, lover of my soul,.....	934
Jesus, my Saviour, and my God,.....	188
Jesus, my strength, my hope.....	682
Jesus, my truth, my way,.....	683
Jesus, our best-beloved friend,.....	312
Jesus, our Saviour, and our God ;.....	123
Jesus!—O word divinely sweet !.....	632
Jesus shall reign, where'er the sun.....	655
Jesus, the word of mercy give,.....	641
Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord,.....	669
Jesus, thou Sovereign Lord of all,.....	670
Jesus, thy blessings are not few,.....	458
Jesus, we bow before thy throne ;.....	671
Jesus, we look to thee.....	692
Jesus, where'er thy people meet,.....	992
Jesus, with all thy saints above,.....	516
Join all the glorious names,.....	121
Joy to the world—the Lord is come !.....	88
Just o'er the grave I hung,.....	814

KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake..... 693

LAUNCHED on a sea, where troubled waves, 935

Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us,..... 936

Let all the earth their voices raise,.....	920
Let carnal minds the world pursue,.....	313
Let every creature join,.....	57
Let every mortal ear attend,.....	198
Let every tongue thy goodness speak,.....	517
Let me but hear my Saviour say,.....	698
Let others boast how strong they be,.....	49
Let party names no more,.....	440
Let Pharisees of high esteem.....	469
Let sinners take their course,.....	536
Let the old heathens tune their song.....	137
Let the wild leopards of the wood, .....	152
Let Zion's watchmen all awake,.....	642
Life and immortal joys are given.....	164
Life is the time to serve the Lord.....	845
Lift up your heads in joyful hope.....	89
Lift up your hearts to things above,.....	694
Lift your heads, ye friends of Jesus :.....	904
Like Israel, safe upon the shore,.....	314
Lo! God is here ; let us adore.....	571
Lo! the young tribes of Adam rise.....	782
Long as I live, I'll bless thy name,.....	17
Long have I walked this dreary road,.....	257
Long unafflicted, undismayed.....	796
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,.....	572
Look, ye saints, the day is breaking.....	656
Lord, at thy feet we sinners lie,.....	272
Lord, at thy table I behold.....	634
Lord, at thy temple we appear.....	860
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing :.....	573
Lord, help me to repent,.....	286
Lord, how secure my conscience was,.....	70
Lord, I am vile, conceived in sin,.....	153
Lord, I believe a rest remains,.....	492
Lord, I believe thy every word,.....	491
Lord, I despair myself to heal ;.....	287
Lord, I would spread my sore distress.....	154
Lord, in the temples of thy grace,.....	574
Lord of the harvest, God of grace,.....	575
Lord of the harvest, hear,.....	643
Lord of the worlds above,.....	598
Lord of heaven, and earth, and ocean,.....	804
Lord, shall we part with gold for dross?.....	235
Lord, thou, with an unerring beam.....	32
Lord, 'tis an infinite delight.....	861
Lord, we adore thy bounteous hand,.....	633
Lord, we are blind, poor mortals, blind ;.....	24
Lord, we confess our numerous faults,.....	187

Lord, what a heaven of saving grace.....	537
Lord, when together here we meet,.....	693
Lord, when we see a saint of thine,.....	862
Love divine, all love excelling,.....	713
MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned,.....	125
Man has a soul of vast desires ;.....	76
Mark the soft-falling snow,.....	657
Master, I own thy lawful claim,.....	699
May I resolve, with all my heart,.....	315
May the grace of Christ our Saviour,.....	576
Men of God, go, take your stations ;.....	644
Mercy and judgment are my song !.....	807
Mighty God, while angels bless thee,.....	138
Millions there are on heathen ground,.....	658
Mistaken souls ! that dream of heaven,.....	165
Mortals, awake, with angels join,.....	90
Must all the charms of nature, then.....	783
My barns are full, my stores increase,.....	211
My brethren, from my heart beloved,.....	645
My conscious guilt is now so great,.....	258
My dear Redeemer and my Lord,.....	94
My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so !.....	372
My God, accept my early vows,.....	747
My God, I am thine ; what a comfort divine,.....	518
My God, my everlasting hope,.....	793
My God, my King, thy various praise,.....	16
My God, my life, my love,.....	672
My God, my portion, and my love,.....	77
My God, permit me not to be.....	538
My God, permit my tongue.....	599
My God, the spring of all my joys,.....	373
My gracious, loving Lord,.....	722
My gracious Redeemer, I love,.....	467
My lovely Jesus, while on earth,.....	740
My Saviour, when my thoughts recall.....	288
My son, know thou the Lord,.....	784
My soul, be on thy guard,.....	376
My soul, come, meditate the day,.....	882
My soul doth magnify the Lord,.....	463
My soul forsakes her vain delight.....	374
My soul lies cleaving to the dust,.....	375
My soul, repeat his praise,.....	3
My soul would fain indulge a hope,.....	460
My thoughts on awful subjects roll,.....	864
My thoughts, that often mount the skies,....	863

# TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

569

NAKED as from the earth we came,.....	883
Nature will raise up all her strife,.....	316
No, I'll repine at death no more,.....	865
No, I shall envy them no more,.....	78
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,.....	921
Not all the blood of beasts,.....	129
Not by the laws of innocence,.....	166
Not different food nor different dress,.....	439
Not the malicious, nor profane,.....	190
Not to condemn the sons of men,.....	167
Now begin the heavenly theme,.....	964
Now far above the starry skies,.....	635
Now have our hearts embraced our God,....	965
Now, in the heat of youthful blood.....	785
Now is the accepted time,.....	236
Now is the time, the accepted hour,.....	212
"Now let a spacious world arise,".....	50
Now let our drooping hearts revive,.....	88½
Now let our mournful songs record.....	112
Now let our souls, on wings sublime,.....	377
Now let our voices join.....	478
Now may the Lord of earth and skies,.....	762
Now shall my solemn vows be paid,.....	994
Now the shades of night are gone,.....	741
Now to the Lord a noble song,.....	519
Now to the Lord, who makes us know.....	139
Now we are met in holy fear,.....	995
Now we hail the happy dawning,.....	714
O, AM I born to die,.....	259
O, bless the Lord, my soul,.....	31
O, blessed souls are they.....	163
O charity, thou heavenly grace,.....	434
O, could I find some peaceful bower.....	455
O, could my soul this morning rise,.....	742
O, could our thoughts and wishes fly,.....	827
O fly, mourning sinner, saith Jesus to me,...	237
O for a closer walk with God,.....	729
O for a glance of heavenly day,.....	260
O for a heart to praise my God,.....	493
O for a thousand tongues to sing,.....	141
O for that tenderness of heart.....	673
O God, by whom the seed is given.....	577
O God, who mad'st the earth and sky,.....	937
O God, our help in ages past,.....	886
O God, to whom revenge belongs,.....	417
O God, what offering shall I give,.....	496
O God, whose favorable eye,.....	433

O happy day, that fixed my choice.....	966
O happy soul, that lives on high,.....	378
O heavenly King, look down from above;....	520
O, how can praise my tongue employ.....	379
O Jesus, full of truth and grace,.....	494
O Jesus, our Lord,.....	140
O, learn of me, the Saviour cried, .....	474
O Lord, another day is flown,.....	548
O Lord, how vile am I,.....	273
O Lord, I would delight in thee,.....	380
O Lord, our languid souls inspire.....	996
O love divine, how sweet thou art !.....	290
O love divine, what hast thou done !.....	101
O love, I languish at thy stay,.....	495
O my soul, what means this sadness !.....	459
O praise ye the Lord, his greatness proclaim,	578
O Sun of righteousness divine.....	579
O tell me no more of this world's vain store,	521
O tell me, thou life and delight of my soul...	134
O that I could my Lord receive,.....	291
O that I could repent ;.....	292
O that I could revere.....	293
O that I knew the secret place,.....	381
O that I were as heretofore.....	731
O that my load of sin were gone.....	274
O that my soul was now as fair.....	382
O that the Lord would hear my cry,.....	294
O that thy statutes, every hour,.....	383
O, the Almighty Lord,.....	39
O, the immense, the amazing height.....	763
O thou, before whose gracious throne,.....	816
O thou, by long experience tried,.....	386
O thou God of my salvation.....	522
O thou who all things canst control.....	684
O thou who camest from above,.....	674
O thou who dry'st the mourner's tear.....	797
O thou, whose tender mercy hears,.....	289
O time, how few thy value weigh.....	768
O turn, ye poor sinners, for why will you die,	967
O, what amazing words of grace,.....	238
O, what a wretched sinner Lord,.....	261
O, what shall I do my Maker to praise !....	523
O, where shall rest be found,.....	384
O, wretched souls are they who hear.....	201
O ye mourners, cease to languish,.....	887
O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave,.....	620
O'er mountain tops, the mount of God,.....	621
Of justice and of grace I sing,.....	547



Oft as the bell, with solemn toll,.....	885
Oft have I sat in secret sighs,.....	815
Oft have I turned my eye within,.....	385
Omnipresent God, whose aid.....	754
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.....	828
On thee, each morning, O my God,.....	748
On the first Christian sabbath eve.....	600
On the mountain's top appearing.....	715
On Thibet's snow-capped mountains.....	659
On thy church, O Power divine.....	622
On wings of faith, mount up my soul, and rise	829
Once I thought my mountain strong,.....	730
Once more, before we part,.....	580
Once more, my soul, the rising day,.....	743
Once on the raging seas I sailed.....	938
One awful word which Jesus spoke,.....	213
One prayer I have.—all prayers in one.....	480
One there is above all others.....	124
Our country is Immanuel's ground.....	317
Our earth we now lament to see,.....	675
Our heavenly Father, hear,.....	676
Our Lord is risen from the dead ;.....	113
Our little bark, on boisterous seas.....	939
Our Saviour bowed beneath the wave,.....	341
Our souls, by love together knit.....	997
PATIENCE! O, 'tis a grace divine !.....	475
Peace, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand.....	866
Peace, troubled soul ; thou need'st not fear..	700
People of the living God,.....	318
Perpetual blessings from above,.....	387
Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin,.....	388
Poor sinners ! little do they think.....	262
Praise to the Lord on high,.....	646
Prepare us, Lord, to view thy cross,.....	701
Prisoners of hope, lift up your heads,.....	497
Proclaim, saith Christ, my wondrous grace,,	342
Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet,.....	295
QUESTIONS and doubts be heard no more,	144
RAISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye..	214
Raise your triumphant songs.....	28
Rejoice evermore with angels above,.....	524
Rejoice for a brother deceased.....	888
Rejoice, the Lord is King.....	119
Rejoicing now in glorious hope.....	319

Religion's form is vain,.....	72
Religion is the chief concern,.....	78
Remark, my soul, the narrow bound,.....	77
Repent, the voice celestial cries,.....	16
Return, O wanderer, return,.....	239
Righteous God, whose vengeful phials,.....	903
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.....	389
Rise, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,...	8
Rise, O my soul ; pursue the path.....	162
 SAFELY through another week,.....	 601
Saints, at your heavenly Father's word,.....	483
Salvation ! O, the joyful sound !.....	194
Saviour of men, thy searching eye,.....	647
Saviour, we wait the day,.....	390
Saw ye not the cloud arise,.....	716
Say, should we search the globe around.....	805
Say, sinner, hath a voice within,.....	263
Say, who is she that looks abroad,.....	623
Searcher of hearts, to thee are known.....	34
See, gracious God, before thy throne,.....	799
See, from Zion's sacred mountain,.....	717
See how brown autumn spreads the field ...	765
See how rude winter's icy hand.....	766
See how the willing converts trace.....	343
See, sinners, in the gospel glass,.....	240
See the calm, but faithless sea,.....	940
See the eternal Judge descending.....	903
See the Lord of glory dying.....	978
See what a living stone,.....	692
Seek, my soul, the narrow gate,.....	215
Serene I laid me down.....	744
Shall atheists dare insult the cross ?.....	145
Shall I, for fear of feeble man,.....	648
Shall I, to gain the world's applause,.....	329
Shall the vile race of flesh and blood,.....	19
Shall we go on to sin,.....	391
Shall Wisdom cry aloud,.....	241
Shepherd divine, our wants relieve,.....	685
Shepherds rejoice, lift up your eyes,.....	91
Shine, mighty God, on this our land,.....	806
Should famine o'er the mourning field.....	169
Show pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive,.....	296
Since we, and all our treasures too,.....	452
Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,.....	525
Sing to the Lord, who built the skies,.....	51
Sing to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts,.....	764
Sing, ye redeemed of the Lord,.....	321

Sin has a thousand treacherous arts.....	155
Sin, like a venomous disease.....	156
Sinner, art thou still secure.....	216
Sinner, behold, I've heard thy groan.....	264
Sinner, behold that downward road.....	217
Sinner, O why so thoughtless grown?.....	922
Sinners, obey the gospel word,.....	244
Sinner, stop, O stop and think.....	218
Sinners take the friendly warning.....	907
Sinners the voice of God regard ;.....	242
Sinners, this solemn truth regard,.....	174
Sinners turn ; why will ye die !.....	245
Sinners, will you scorn the messag <sup>r</sup> ,.....	243
So did the Hebrew prophet raise.....	170
So let our lips and lives express,.....	191
Soldiers of Christ, arise,.....	721
Sometimes a light surprises.....	392
Sovereign of worlds, display thy power,.....	660
Sovereign Ruler, Lord of all.....	297
Spirit of faith, come down,.....	429
Stand the omnipotent decree,.....	908
Star of peace, to wanderers weary,.....	941
Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay.....	430
Still, for thy loving kindness, Lord.....	724
Still, out of the deepest abyss.....	830
Stoop down, my thoughts, that used to rise,..	867
Strait is the way, the door is strait,.....	175
Stretched on the cross, the Saviour dies ;....	98
Sure the blest Comforter is nigh.....	431
Sure there's a righteous God,.....	52
Surrounded by a host of foes,.....	831
Sweet is the memory of thy grace,.....	11
Sweet is the task, O Lord.....	603
Sweet is the work, my God, my King.....	604
Sweet peace of conscience, heavenly guest !	476
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,.....	393
Sweet was the time, when first I felt,.....	394
TAKE comfort, Christians, when your friends	889
Tell me no more of earthly toys.....	322
Terrible thought ! shall I alone,.....	219
Thankless the prodigal receives.....	303
Thanks for mercies, Lord, receive :.....	582
That awful day will surely come,.....	909
That God who made the worlds on high,....	71
The angel comes ; he comes to reap.....	910
The billows swell, the winds are high,.....	942
The Christian has a faith divine,.....	305

The Christian warrior—see him stand.....	396
The counsels of redeeming grace,.....	69
The day is past and gone,.....	755
The day of Christ, the day of God,.....	527
The earth for ever is the Lord's,.....	624
The earth is the Lord's, and all it contains,	702
The evils that beset our path,.....	79
The eye of God is every where,.....	36
The fields are all white, and the harvest is near,	969
The flowery spring at God's command,.....	757
The giddy world, with flattering tongue,....	323
The glories of my Maker, God,.....	58
The God Jehovah reigns ;.....	114
The God of love will sure indulge.....	868
The grave is now a favored spot.....	890
The great archangel's trump shall sound....	911
The great Redeemer we adore,.....	344
The happy in Jesus may sleep,.....	324
The joy that vain amusements give,.....	80
The King of glory sends his Son,.....	92
The King of heaven his table spreads.....	636
The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound....	128
The law commands, and makes us know,...	72
The Lord his blessing pours.....	529
The Lord is my Shepherd, he makes me repose,	133
The Lord is our Shepherd, our Guardian and Guide.....	970
The Lord is risen indeed ;.....	107
The Lord Jehovah reigns,.....	7
The Lord my pasture shall prepare,.....	703
The Lord of life, the Saviour, dies,.....	298
The Lord of sabbath let us praise,.....	606
The Lord on mortal worms looks down.....	220
The Lord receives his highest praise,.....	446
The Lord, the Sovereign King,.....	59
The Lord will come ! the earth shall quake..	912
The Lord will happiness divine,.....	299
The man is ever blest.....	418
The message first to Smyrna sent,.....	977
The mighty frame of glorious grace,.....	115
The moment a sinner believes,.....	171
The offerings to thy throne which rise,.....	581
The once-loved form, now cold and dead....	891
The peace which God alone reveals,.....	583
The power to bless my house,.....	549
The Saviour meets his flock to day,.....	605
The sinner's flattering dreams are fled.....	304
The sovereign Father, good and kind,.....	325

The thing my God doth hate.....	498
The time is short, the season near,.....	846
The true Messiah now appears,.....	117
The voice that bids us all repent,.....	265
Thee we adore, eternal name,.....	847
Thee will I love, my strength, my tower ;...	526
There is a God ! all nature speaks,.....	1
There is a God, who reigns above.....	2
There is a house not made with hands,.....	869
There is a land of pure delight.....	832
There is a home of peaceful rest.....	923
They must be as the troubled sea,.....	419
Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love.....	607
This is the day when Christ arose,.....	745
This is the word of truth and love,.....	146
This, this is the God we adore,.....	528
Thou art my refuge, O my God ;.....	971
Thou didst, O mighty God, exist.....	9
Thou great Physician of the soul,.....	275
Thou, Jesus, thou my breast inspire.....	499
Thou Lamb of God, thou Prince of peace,...	704
Thou, O Lord, didst hear my cry,.....	746
Thou seest my feebleness,.....	686
Though hard the winds are blowing,.....	943
Though sorrow may stay for a night.....	705
Though troubles assail, and dangers affright,	706
Thrice happy souls who, born of heaven,....	309
Through all the changing scenes of life,....	707
Through this wide wilderness I roam,.....	400
Thus far the Lord has led me on,.....	756
Thus far 'tis well ; you read, you pray,.....	787
Thus it became the Prince of grace,.....	345
Thus I resolved before the Lord,.....	848
Thus saith the first, the great command,....	73
Thus saith the Holy One, and true.....	979
Thus saith the Lord, The spacious fields....	74
Thus saith the Lord to Ephesus,.....	976
Thy faithfulness, Lord, each moment we find,	199
Thy favors, Lord, surprise our souls ;.....	4
Thy life I read, my dearest Lord,.....	892
Thy mercies fill the earth, O Lord,.....	441
Thy names, how infinite they be,.....	23
Thy works of glory, mighty Lord,.....	944
Time ! what an empty vapor 'tis !.....	849
'Tis finished, 'tis done, the spirit is fled....	893
'Tis God the Spirit leads.....	397
'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow,.....	95
'Tis pleasant to sing,.....	998

'Tis trembling hardness that I feel.....	305
To-day the Saviour calls.....	246
To God I made my sorrows known,.....	25
To God, my Saviour and my King.....	326
To Jesus, the crown of my hope,.....	833
To keep the lamp alive,.....	708
To-morrow, Lord, is thine,.....	247
To our Almighty Maker, God,.....	147
To praise the ever-bounteous Lord,.....	761
To thee alone, O God, I call,.....	266
To thee, before the dawning light,.....	539
To thee, my God, my days are known,.....	398
To whom, my Saviour shall I go,.....	327
Tossed upon life's raging billow,.....	945
Turn, he cries, ye sinners, turn;.....	200
'Twas in an hour when wrath prevailed.....	97
'Twas the commission of our Lord,.....	346
 " UNHAPPY city, hadst thou known".....	 248
Unshaken as the sacred hills,.....	189
Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,.....	894
Up to the hills I lift my eyes.....	584
Up to the Lord, who reigns on high,.....	5
Uprising from the silent tomb,.....	108
 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men.....	 183
Vain, delusive world, adieu !.....	709
Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear,.....	870
Vain world, vain world, I bid adieu.....	306
Vain world, thy cheating arts give o'er,.....	401
 WELCOME, delightful morn,.....	 609
Welcome, sweet day of rest,.....	608
Welcome, ye hopeful heirs of heaven,.....	328
We wander in a thorny maze,.....	81
" We've no abiding city here,".....	329
What are these in bright array,.....	834
What contradictions meet,.....	649
What hath God wrought? might Israel say,.....	410
What is our God, or what his name,.....	15
What is the thing of greatest price,.....	249
What jarring natures dwell within.....	157
What mean these jealousies and fears?.....	973
What now is my object and aim.....	500
What secret hand, at morning light.....	972
What scenes of horror and of dread.....	871
What shall I render to my God,.....	585
What shall the dying sinner do,.....	148
What shall we ask of God in prayer?.....	677

What vain desires, and passions vain,.....	409
What various hindrances we meet,.....	999
What wisdom, majesty and grace,.....	149
When all thy mercies, O my God,.....	710
When at this distance, Lord, we trace.....	96
When blooming youth is snatched away,....	896
When Christ to judgment shall descend,.....	725
When darkness long has veiled my mind,...	402
When fancy spreads her boldest wings,.....	82
When frowning death appears,.....	221
When gathering clouds around I view.....	436
When gloomy thoughts, and boding fears,...	974
When God, provoked with daring crimes,...	800
When, gracious Lord, when shall it be,.....	586
When I can read my title clear,.....	403
When I survey the wondrous cross,.....	408
When I, with pleasing wonder, stand,.....	43
When, in the light of faith divine,.....	83
When, in the vale of lengthened years,.....	794
When languor and disease invade,.....	817
When lowering clouds deform the sky,.....	276
When man grows bold in sin,.....	30
When, my Saviour, shall I be.....	501
When, O my Saviour, shall this heart.....	404
When on her maker's bosom.....	775
When, on the third auspicious day,.....	610
When overwhelmed with grief,.....	405
When pining sickness wastes the frame,....	818
When quiet in my house I sit.....	551
When renovating grace begins,.....	330
When rocks and when shallows beset us around .....	946
When sickness shakes the languid frame,...	819
When the last trumpet's awful voice,.....	874
When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,	406
When verdure clothes the fertile vale,.....	760
When, with my mind devoutly pressed.....	331
Whence do our mournful thoughts arise.....	38
Where high the heavenly temple stands.....	127
Where is my God? does he retire.....	122
Where'er the Lord shall build my house.....	550
Wherefore should man, frail child of clay,..	461
Wherewith shall I approach the Lord,.....	587
While I am banished from thy house,.....	588
While o'er our guilty land, O Lord,.....	801
While on the verge of life I stand,.....	835
While Sinai roars, and round the earth.....	75
While with ceaseless course the sun.....	770

Who are these arrayed in white.....	836
Who can describe the joys that rise,.....	479
Who shall ascend thy heavenly place, .....	411
Why do the proud insult the poor,.....	872
Why do we mourn departing friends.....	975
Why is my heart so far from thee,.....	407
Why sleep we, my brethren? come, let us arise,.....	1000
Why should I fear the darkest hour,.....	413
Why should the dread of sinful man,.....	687
Why should the world's alluring toys,.....	172
Why should we start and fear to die,.....	873
With earnest longings of the mind,.....	456
With grateful hearts and tuneful lays, .....	776
With mines of wealth are sinners poor.....	412
With my substance I will honor,.....	438
With reverend awe, tremendous Lord,.....	718
With reverence let the saints appear,.....	40
With tears of anguish I lament,.....	158
Within these walls be peace,.....	810
World, adieu! thou real cheat,.....	414
Would you behold the works of God,.....	947
Would you win a soul to God?.....	650
"Write to Sardis," saith the Lord,.....	978

YE angels, who stand round the throne,.....	120
Ye dying sons of men.....	250
Ye fleeting charms of earth, farewell.....	837
Ye glittering toys of earth, adieu:.....	131
Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm,.....	788
Ye humble saints, proclaim abroad,.....	10
Ye humble souls, complain no more,.....	453
Ye humble souls, approach your God,.....	13
Ye little flock, whom Jesus feeds,.....	415
Ye lovely bands of blooming youth,.....	789
Ye messengers of Christ,.....	661
Ye mourning saints, whose streaming tears, ..	895
Ye nations of the earth, rejoice,.....	60
Ye servants of the Almighty King,.....	29
Ye sons of Adam, vain and young.....	790
Ye sons of men, with joy record.....	14
Ye thirsty for God, to Jesus give ear,.....	251
Ye virgin souls, arise,.....	213
Ye, who in former days.....	222
Young men and maidens, raise,.....	530

ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame,.....	484
--	-----



# INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

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*N. B.—Turn to the particular article that you wish to find, as you would in a dictionary or concordance. If you do not find your subject under one word, search for it under another word of similar import.*

*The figures refer to the numbers of the hymns, which are placed at the top of the pages, and also at the beginning of the hymns.*

---

- AARON and Christ, 117.  
Abounding grace, 181. iniquity, 798.  
Absence from God intolerable, 909. from Christ, lamented, 514. from public worship painful, 456.  
Absent Saviour, gone to heaven, 631. memorial of the, 631.  
Abraham's faith and obedience, 445, 483.  
Accepted time, 196, 212, 236, 247, 265.  
Account, strict, must be given to God, 897.  
Adam, sovereign of the creatures, 50. corrupt nature from, 61.  
Adieu, vain world, 414, 367, 306, 709.  
Adoption, 193.  
Advocate, Christ our, 121, 122.  
Affection, inconstant, 407.  
AFFLICTIONS, needful, 795, 796. of Zion, 620. saints and sinners, 417, 811, 956.  
Age, middle, 791, 792. old, anticipated, 793, 794.  
Aged sinner, difficulty of his repenting, 152. at death and judgment, 785. saint, support of, 793.  
Alarming, 161, 201, 222, 916.  
All-seeing God, 32—37.  
Almost Christian, 952.  
Alms, or liberality, 433, 434.  
Anger and love of God, 11, 30, 39.

- Antichrist's reign*, 618.  
*Anxiety to find Christ*, 585.  
*Apostasy*, 222.  
*Apparel*, spiritual, 181.  
*Armor of the Christian*, 721.  
*Ascension of Christ*, 113.  
*Ashamed not of Christ*, 320, 365.  
*Assurance of heaven*, 403, 851. desired, 909.  
*Atheism*, practical, 150. and infidelity, 145.  
*Atonement of Christ*, 98, 101, 129, 139, 159, 160  
 180, 393, 508, 527, 626, 632.  
*Attributes of God*, 1—46.  
*Autumn*, 765.  
*Awakened sinner*, 70, 202, 252, 266.  
*Awakening and inviting*, 196, 251.  
*BABYLON*, ruin of, predicted, 618.  
*BACKSLIDING*, and returning, 407, 726, 731. la-  
 mented, 731.  
*Balaam's wish*, 880.  
*Banner*, 719.  
*Banquet of love*, 628.  
*BAPTISM*, 332—346. of Christ, 340, 344.  
*Bearing the cross*, 370, 432. one another's bur-  
 dens, 688.  
*Beatitudes*, 347.  
*Beauty of the works of God*, 503. of the robe  
 of righteousness, 181.  
*Believe and be saved*, 167.  
*Believer baptized*, 335, 346.  
*Belshazzar*, 262.  
*Birth-day*, 773.  
*Birth of Christ*, 84—92. miracles attending, 87  
 89, 92.  
*Blasphemy complained of*, 798.  
*Blessed*, the, described, 162, 347, 418, 854.  
*Blood of Christ*, cleansing, 129, 153, 190. salva-  
 tion by the, 180, 527, 669.  
*Brazen serpent*, 170, 226.  
*Broad way*, 959. and narrow way, 206, 217, 958.  
*Brotherly love*, 472, 540.  
*CALL of the gospel*, 241—246. accepted, 628  
 196—200.  
*Candor and moderation*, 957.  
*Captain of salvation*, 121.  
*Carnal joys parted with*, 367, 374.  
*Ceremonies*, mere external, vain, 439.  
*Change effected by the gospel*, 146.  
*CHARACTERS of Christ*, 121—134.

*Charity and love*, 433, 434, 469, 485.

*Children*, death of, 891.

**CHRIST** and his incarnation, 84—92. life and ministry, 93—96. his sufferings and death, 97—102. his resurrection, 103—108. his ascension, 109—115. his intercession, 116, 117. his coronation, 118—120. *His characters*, 121. Advocate, 122. Eternal life, 123. Friend of sinners, 124, 125. Head of the church, 126. High-Priest, 127. Judge, 128, 119. Sacrifice, 129. Physician, 130. Pearl of great price, 131. precious to them that believe, 132. Shepherd, 133, 134. our example, 94, 471. a Lamb, 192. Refuge, 934. Redeemer, 141. his kingdom, 655, 920. his weeping, 248, 351. his reign, 712. his knocking, 27, 212, 224, 225, 505. meeting his flock, 605. praise to Christ, 135—141. all in all to Christians, 514, 523. his absence lamented, 514. signs of his coming, 902, 905. his second appearing, 898, 899, 901, 904, 912. his address to the church at Ephesus, 976. Smyrna, 977. Sardis, 978. Philadelphia, 979. Laodicea, 980. See *Anthems*.

**CHRISTIAN**, 347—415.

*Christian*, almost one, 952. qualifications, 411, 624. graces. (See *Graces, Christian*.) character, 395. the weak, not to be despised, 439. life, 347, 362, 364, 372—375, 383, 391, 403, 405, 407. backsliding and returning, 726, 731. in darkness, 758, 739. his faith fainting, 352. fearing God, 399. encouraged, 459. sitting at Jesus' feet, 393. enjoying light, 392. rejoicing in a revival, 711—716. race, 951. watching and praying, 393. love, 472, 990. friends welcomed, 985. parting, 468, 984, 993. soldier, 396, 437. armor, 721. warfare, 376, 720, 721, 831. trembling, 460. cast down, yet hoping, 459. desiring to be as in times past, 394. hidden life of the, 378. happy in God, 82. flying to Christ for refuge, 350, 358.

**CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP**, 688—694.

**CHRISTIAN WARFARE**, 719—721.

*Christianity*, inward witness of, 144.

**CHURCH**, 611—624. beauty of the, 566. God's presence there, 598. going to the, 566. happiness of the, 616. increase of the, 806. its protection, 617. its worship and order, 614. future glory, 622. prayer for the, 555. mem-

- bers of the, characterized, 411. meetings, 995.
- City*, no abiding, 329. Jesus wept over the, 248.
- Cleansing* blood of Christ, 74, 190, 285.
- Close* of worship, 552, 573.
- Clothing*, spiritual, 181.
- Collection*, charitable, 438.
- Comfort* of religion, 974, 403. true and false, 433. from holiness and pardon, 178. under sorrows of body and mind, 403. in afflictions, 436, 956. of God's people, 637. under loss of ministers, 884.
- Coming* of Christ, 898, 901, 912.
- Commission* of Christ, 28, 167. of ministers extensive, 654.
- Communion* with God, 729. with Christ and saints, 630, 634, 990. with God desired, 532. See *Lord's supper*.
- Company*, good and bad, 450.
- Compassion* of God, 3, 11, 515, 517.
- Complaint* of the church, 611. of absence from public worship, 453. of dulness, 423. of deceit and flattery, 798. of sloth and negligence, 372, 423.
- Condescension* of God to our affairs, 5. of Christ, 92. to our worship, 4.
- Conference* meetings, 558, 570, 574. and prayer, 981—1000.
- Confessing* Christ, 648.
- Confession* of sin, 202. of repentance and pardon, 153, 154, 162, 163, 177, 178, 279, 282, 286, 294, 296, 297, 494.
- Conscience*, 148. secure and unawakened, 70. its guilt relieved, 177. tender 279. peace of, 476, 477.
- Consolations* of religion, 512, 518. of the gospel, 523.
- Contributions*, 433.
- Contrite* heart, 286.
- Converse* with God, 539, 595.
- Conversion* of sinners, 300—306. its nature and author, 190. difficulty of, 175. delayed, 782, 785, 790. the joy of heaven, 479.
- CONVERT**, 307—331, 939, 990.
- CONVICTION** of sin, 267—276. by the law, 70, 183.
- CONVICTION** and **CONVERSION**, 300—306. by the cross of Christ, 391.
- Coronation* of Christ, 118.
- Courage*, Christian, called up, 951. in temptation

- and trouble, 403. in duty and sufferings, 698, 951.
- Covenant engagements*, 966.
- Covetousness*, 78, 83.
- CREATION and PROVIDENCE**, 47—52, 525.
- Creation of the world*, 50. called upon to praise God, 54, 58.
- Creatures*, their love dangerous, 362. praising God, 57, 58.
- Cross of Christ*, 98, 648.
- Crucifixion*, 98, 699. of sin, 175, 191.
- Crucifying Christ afresh*, 391.
- DAILY devotion**, 35, 37, 536.
- Danger of neglect*, 212, 258, 263. of love to the world, 362. of the wicked, 209. of hell, 203, 916.
- Darkness*, Christian in, 730. new convert in, 314, 316, 324, 325, 330. Christ our hope and light in, 77, 373, 797.
- David and Goliath*, 719.
- Day of judgment*, 128, 897—913. the latter approaching, 656.
- Death of Christ caused by sin*, 98, 267, 967, 968. is expiatory, 99, 101.
- DEATH and RESURRECTION**, of men, 850—874, 891, 975. of the sinner, 221, 914. of an aged sinner, 785. of a rich sinner, 78, 872. of a widow, 877. of pious friends, 887—889. approaching, 205. sometimes sudden, 847. of a saint, 880, 881, 854, 873, 975. support in, 912. desirable, 860, 882, 875. welcome messenger, 862. delightful, 875, 888, 893. dreadful or delightful, 914. overcome by faith, 823. preparation for it, 850. God's presence in it, 822. made easy by a sight of Christ and heaven, 832, 961. and eternity, 823, 826, 850, 858, 861, 862, 867. and heaven, 853, 918. of children, 891, 892, 895. of youth, 896. and glory, 869, 882. and the resurrection, 865. and judgment, 897.
- Deceit and flattery*, 798.
- Deceitfulness of worldly joys*, 367.
- Declension lamented*, 555, 579.
- Dedication*, 640. of self and of all to God, 312, 496. of a house for worship, 732, 733.
- Deity of Christ*, 51, 84, 85, 241.
- Delay*, sinner exhorted not to, 233.
- Delight and safety in the church*, 563, 568, 598. in God, 380, 456, 563, 568, 598. in converse with Christ, 532, 537. in gospel ordinances, 532, 537, 608.

- Deliverance* from deep distress, 369. from despair, 177. from sin, 301. from spiritual enemies, 403, 616, 707. from evil companions, 323. by prayer, 369. seasonable, 483. from shipwreck, 947.
- Denial* of self, 175, 191, 949.
- Dependence* and trust in God, 487, 708, 735.
- Depravity*, 150—158. of nature, 61, 201, 268, 572. of manners, 574.
- Desertion* and hope, 456.
- Desire* to turn and live, 292. for holiness, 489, 704.
- Despair*, sinful, 973. and presumption, 70, 963.
- Destruction*, multitudes in the way of, 206. escaping from, 217.
- Devil*, his enmity to Christ, 62. his fiery darts, 403.
- Devotion*, 522, 536, 539. daily, secret, 772. fervent, desired, 365.
- Diligence*, Christian, 951.
- Disconsolate* souls encouraged, 987.
- Dismission* of public worship, 552, 561, 565, 573, 575, 576, 577, 580, 582, 583.
- Dissolution* of the world, 51, 207.
- Distress* relieved, 177.
- Divine* nature of Christ, 84, 527. and human, 85, 241.
- DOCTRINE**, Scripture, 150—194, 201. of the gospel, 729.
- Doubts* and fears of Christians censured, 464. suppressed, 38, 872.
- Dulness*, spiritual, 372. exhortation against, 1000.
- Duties* of religion, 191. of parents, 541. to God and man, 71, 411, 624, 951.
- Dwelling* with God on earth, 624.
- EARTH**, no rest in it, 76. is the Lord's, 702. will be destroyed, 911.
- Earthly* joys, forsaken, 367, 374.
- Effects* of the gospel, 657, 718.
- Emptiness* of the world, 172, 209, 306. and fullness in Christ, 197, 198, 524.
- END OF THE WORLD**, 51, 207, 897—913, 969.
- Enemies* of the church prayed for, 471. Christ's triumph over them, 618.
- Enjoyment* of Christ, 532, 537.
- Error*, hiding itself, 67.
- Eternity*, 840. of God, 8. and time, 838—849

*Evening*, 749—756. twilight, 535. Saturday, 749. Sabbath, 596. and *morning hymns*, 548, 734—756.

*Examination of self*, 531.

*Example of Christ*, 94, 121, 471. for children, 546.

*Exhortation*, 504. to repentance, 218. to acquaintance with God, 23, 694. to fly to Christ, 237. to prayer, 999. to peace and holiness, 951. to arise from slumber, 1090.

*Experience related*, 995, 647.

*FAITH*, 129, 164, 165, 167, 170, 353, 445. of the Christian, 395. power of, 444. and assurance, 365. in the blood of Christ, 153, 178, 692. in God, in the time of distress, 169. in divine grace and power, 177. in things unseen, 445. and sight, 869. and repentance, 164. and obedience, 164, 165. fainting, 352. and unbelief, 164, 167. conquering, 171, 823. the way of salvation, 166, 167. weak, lamented, 285. over death and the grave, 823. without works, is dead, 165, 445, 449.

*Faithfulness of God*, 10, 199, 447, 515, 517. of the Christian, 395, 411.

*Fall and recovery of man*, 61, 62, 572.

*Falsehood and blasphemy*, 798. and deceit, forbidden, 398.

*Family government*, 543, 545—547, 549.

*FAMILY WORSHIP*, 540—551, 738, 754.

*Farewell to missionaries*, 653. to earth, 837.

*FAST, PUBLIC*, 798—801.

*Fear of God*, 399, 448. of man, a snare, 648. of death, overcome, 823.

*Fearful soul, perishing*, 952.

*Feast of the gospel, made by divine love*, 628, 629. free for all, 196—199, 241, 518, 636. its provisions and guests, 628, 629, 633.

*Fellowship with Christ, desired and enjoyed*, 532, 537, 608, 630. Christian, 688—694, 468, 472, 984, 985, 990, 993, 997.

*Few saved*, 206, 217, 952.

*Fig-tree*, 213.

*Flesh and sin mortified*, 175, 191, 949. and spirit, 409. our tabernacle, 869.

*Flock of Christ*, 415. met by him, 697.

*Folly and madness of sin*, 156.

*Food, spiritual*, 532.

*Forgiveness of sin*, 309. sought, 280. as we for-

- give, prayed for, 668. prayed for, 296. obtained on confession, 153, 154. plentiful with God, 177.
- FORMAL RELIGION**, 722—725.
- Formality* in worship, 480, 722—724.
- Forms*, mere outward, vain, 153, 723.
- Fountain* of life, 463, 502. of Christ's blood, 285. of living water, 717, 231.
- Frailty* and folly of man, 664, 842. of life, 815.
- Friend*, God is our, and Father, 41. Christ our, 121, 124, 125, 227, 945.
- Friends*, meeting of, 693. welcome, 985. parted with, 468, 984, 993.
- Friendship*, its blessings, 416, 544.
- Fruits* of the Spirit, 347. of the gospel, 146. of faith, 165. of holiness and grace, 191.
- FULL REDEMPTION**, 486—501, 683, 827.
- Fulness* of the gospel, 196, 197, 244. in Christ, 494, 502, 524, 527, 702.
- FUNERALS**, 205, 247, 855, 875—896. of ministers, 876, 884. of a saint, 881, 887—890, 975. of a child, 891, 892, 895. of a widow, 877, 949, 959.
- GARDEN** of Gethsemane, 95.
- General* praise, 54, 140. sickness, 954.
- Gentiles*, Christ revealed to the, 143, 628. God of the, 920. believing in the true God, 147, 920. church of the, 655.
- Glory* and grace in the person of Christ, 519, 563. human, fading, 888.
- Glorying* in Christ and his cross, 365.
- GOD AND HIS ATTRIBUTES**, (alphabetically arranged,) 1—46. his being, 1, 2. compassion, 3. condescension, 4, 5. dominion, 6, 7. eternity, 8, 9. faithfulness, 10. goodness, 11—14, 517. greatness, 15—17. holiness, 18, 19, 525. and vengeance, 20. incomprehensibility, 21, 22. infinity, 23. invisibility, 24. kindness, 25, 515, 517, 982. majesty, 26. long-suffering, 27. love and mercy, 28. majesty and condescension, 29, 30, 920. mercy, 31. omniscience and omnipresence, 32—37, 647. omnipotence, 38, 39. power and majesty, 40, 920. perfections, 41, 42, 515. wisdom, 43. trinity, 44, 45. unity, 46. adored in his works, 578. his ways mysterious, 145. our defence and salvation, 405. a refuge to the troubled, 696, 971. and in national calamities, 615. our guide and support in life and death, 172, 543, 975, 927, 517. terrible in thunder and judgment, 764. our preserver



and friend, 543, 586, 975. present in his churches, 615. the security of his people, 706. will provide for his children, 706. his universal dominion, 59. worthy of our praise, 57, 416, 515, 569. the fountain of life, 392. fear of, 399. dedication to, 312, 315. communion with, 160. trust in, 392. praise to, 55, 56, 506. the supreme good, 82. his controversy with the nations, 905.

*Godhead*, 84, 85.

*Good report*, things of, 450. works, 449. resolution, 929. tidings to saints, 627. shepherd, 415.

*GOSPEL*, 142—149, 75, 14. power of God to salvation, 146, 148. rational defence of, 145. its provisions and invitations to all, 196, 244. suited to our wants, 238. excellences of, 64, 592. forbids all sin, 165, 191, 391. its character, glory, and success, 427, 529, 622, 657. attended by miracles, 92. not ashamed of the, 365. ministry of, 143. blessed effects, 146. and law distinguished, 72, 183. practical tendency of it, 191. its worship and order, 614.

*GOSPEL CALL*, 196—200.

*Government of self*, 682. of children, 541, 543, 545, 546.

*Grace*, favor without merit, 162, 206. of Christ, 655. and nature, conflict of, equal to power, 39. pardoning, 177. salvation by, 184—187, 699. justifying, 183. sanctifying and saving, 699. and holiness, 191. work of, 185. and works, 166. preventing, 356. promise of, 62. tried by afflictions, 189. all-sufficient in duty and sufferings, 38, 190, 698.

*GRACES, CHRISTIAN*, (alphabetically arranged,) 432—485. bearing the cross, 432. charity, 433, 434,—438. 440. comfort, 435, 436. fortitude, 437. justice and equity, 442, 443. faith, 444—447. fear of God, 448. good works, 449, 450, 485. gravity and decency, 451. gratitude, 452. happy poverty, 453. hatred of sin, 454, 455. hope and desertion, 456. hope, 459, 460. humility, 461. joy, 463, 464, 478, 479. love, 466—472. meekness, 473, 474. panting for God, 457. patience, 475. peace, 476. peace longed for, 477. Pharisee and publican, 462. resignation, 480. sincerity and hypocrisy,

481. self-denial, 482, 483. zeal, true and false, 484.
- Gratitude*, 109, 529, 710. humble, 452. want of it lamented, 750.
- Grave*, the, 890. no device there, 845.
- Grieve* not the Spirit, 253, 254.
- Guide*, Christ a, 121, 926. God's word our, 739.
- HAPPINESS*, 361. in God only, 77, 378, 514, 672. in God's presence, 373. in religion, 509, 523. on earth, 464.
- Happy* change, 302. choice, 360. saint, and cursed sinner, 418. man described, 163, 178, 347.
- Hardness* of heart, 260, 265. lamented, 283.
- Harvest* of the gospel, 643. summer, 761. last, 910.
- Health* preserved, 49, 743, 750. sickness and recovery, 812.
- Heart* known to God, 35. hard, 265. sinful, 268. given to God, 313.
- Heathen* have not the gospel, 651, 658.
- Heaven*, 853, 915, 918, 921, 923. the Christian home, 512, 522. hope of, supporting, 308. prospect of, makes death easy, 319, 825, 828, 830, 832, 836. the everlasting felicity of, 355. and earth, 367. panting for, 406.
- Heavenly* Jerusalem, 991. mindedness desired, 538. joy on earth, 464, 532. treasure, the only true riches, 412.
- HELL AND HEAVEN*, 914—923.
- Hell*, 916, 203. and death, 864.
- Helpless* state of the penitent sinner, 287. hoping and praying, 25.
- Hidden* life of the Christian, 378.
- Holiness* and grace, 165, 190, 191. its characters, 347. necessary preparation for heaven, 921.
- HOLY SPIRIT*, 420—431, 559, 572. prayer to, 393, 463, 556.
- Hope*, 354, 413. trembling, 460. of the Christian encouraged, 459. of the resurrection, 823. of heaven, supporting, 104, 403. of perfect love, 696. in God, 827. maketh death easy, 832.
- Hosanna*, for the Lord's day, 602.
- Humanity* and divinity of Christ, 85.
- Humility*, 453, 461. and meekness, 129, 473, 474.
- Hypocrites* and hypocrisy, 723. judged, 725, 435, 798. known and abhorred by God, 480. and almost Christians, 952.

- IMMANUEL*, 85, 121.  
*Impenitence*, the danger of, 165.  
*Imposture*, 67.  
*Improvement of time*, 513. of life, 838, 839, 841.  
*Inconstancy of our love*, 407.  
*Increase of the church*, 806.  
*Ingratitude complained of*, 842. lamented, 957.  
*Iniquity abounding*, 798.  
*Instability of worldly enjoyments*, 79, 445.  
*Instruction of children*, 541, 543, 545.  
*Invitations of Scripture*, 241. of Christ to sinners, 212, 224—229, 232, 238, 953, 246, 251. of the gospel, 629. and promises, 458.  
*INVITING*, 223—251.  
*Invocation of the Holy Spirit*, 420, 422, 425, 428. morning, 738.  
*Isaac and the altar*, 483.  
*Israel delivered from Egypt and brought to Canaan*, 42, 48. their history, 42.  
*JACOB*, by whom arise? 555.  
*Jehovah*, 6, 7, 168.  
*Jerusalem wept over*, 248.  
*Jesus*, the truth, way and light, 683. crowned, 118.  
*Jewish church*, 48.  
*Joy*, heavenly upon earth, 464. and sorrow, 705. soon interrupted, 407, 953. in heaven on the conversion of a sinner, 479. in Christ's presence eternally, 355.  
*JUDGMENT day*, 210, 897—913. of hypocrites, 725. youth reminded of, 782, 790. Christ's coming to, 139.  
*Justice and equity*, 442, 443, 465. and mercy, 517.  
*Justification by faith*, 162, 177, 178, 180—183. and sanctification, 181, 285.  
*KINGDOM of Christ*, 114, 119. of heaven promised to the poor, 453, 655.  
*Knocking*, Christ at the door, 212, 224, 225, 227.  
*Knowledge of the forgiveness of sin*, 512, 518. and faith in Christ, 365. vain without love, 466.  
*LAST trumpet*, 911. conflict, 859.  
*LAW*, moral and ceremonial, 70—75. convinces of sin, 70. condemns, but cannot save, 164, 183. delight in the, 418. fulfilled by Christ, 148.  
*Liberty*, spiritual, 291.  
*Life*, wonderfully preserved, 49, 743. short, 975. frail, and succeeded by eternity, 847. the time to serve the Lord, 845. its shortness, 849, 846.

- Light*, Christ the, of Jews and Gentiles, 860.  
in darkness, 373, 797.
- Little flock*, 415, 697, 902. cloud, 716.
- Longing* after God and his house, 599. after Christ, 612. for his love, 495, 704. to be like him, 404, 702. to be with Christ, 825, 833, 835. for heaven, 406, 825.
- LORD's* day, 589—610. morning, 592, 593. 595, 740, 745, 601, 603. evening, 596, 600, 609. prayer, 666, 667, 676.
- LORD's* supper, 106, 625—636. evangelical graces exercised, 627.
- Loss* of dear friends, 868.
- Love* of God, in sending his Son, 28. of Christ, 522, 713, 833, 960.
- Love* to God, 522, 526 ; to the church, 6, 9, 619. to enemies, 471. to creatures dangerous, 362. and sympathy, 347, 469. superior to knowledge, faith and hope, 466. religion vain without it, 470.
- Loving* kindness, 982.
- MAGISTRATES*, qualifications and duties of, 807.
- Maa*, his fall and recovery, 62. his vanity as mortal, 19. his frailty, 664.
- MARINERS*, 924—947.
- Marks* of a Christian, 347. of true faith, 165. of holiness, 191. of sincerity, 592
- Marriage*, 774—776, 990.
- Martyr's* song, 955.
- Master* of a family, 547.
- Meekness*, 473, 474.
- Meeting*, social, 988. for worship, 689. in the name of the Lord, 688, 692. protracted, 960. prayer and conference, 981—1000.
- Message* of the gospel, 194, 243 ; of gospel ministers, 143.
- Messiah*, Jesus the true, 117. born, 87.
- Midnight* cry, 913.
- Millennium*, prayer for, 671
- Mind*, spiritual, 539.
- Ministers*, watchmen, 637—650. their important commission, 642, 654. ordination of, 638, 640, 650. their desire to save souls, 639. their griefs and joys, 649. sick, 816. their death, 884. funeral of a, 876.
- MINISTRY*, 637—650.
- Missionary*, 438. meetings, 644, 651—661. labors, 659.

- Missionaries*, ordination and departure of, 652, 661. farewell to, 653.
- Moderation* and candor, 961.
- MORNING and EVENING, 734—756.
- Morning*, 309. hymns, 734—746. of Lord's day, 740, 745, 972, 601, 608—610.
- Morning or Evening*, 747, 748.
- Mortality* of man, 873.
- Mourning* for sin, 291. sinner invited by Christ, 237.
- Multitude* in the way to destruction, 206, 217.
- NAMES and offices of Christ, 139.
- Narrow* gate, 215. way, 175, 217, 543, 949.
- Nation*, blessed and punished, 800.
- National* distresses, 801. deliverance, 806. thanksgiving, 802—806.
- Nativity* of Christ, 88—92.
- Nature* of fallen man sinful, 150. and grace, 316, 325. dissolution of, 207.
- Neglect* of religion dangerous, 845.
- Neighbor*, love to, 73.
- New* birth, 313. necessity of, 300. life, 391.
- New year*, 769—772.
- OBEDIENCE and faith, 165. better than sacrifice, 74. safety and happiness of, 359. sincere, 162, 163, 178.
- Offices and titles of Christ, 121, 139. of the Spirit, 426.
- OLD AGE and *Middle*, 791—794.
- Old* man of sin crucified, 191, 949.
- Omnipotence of God, 38—40.
- Omniscience of God, 33—35, 37, 754
- Ordinances of the gospel, 532, 608.
- Ordination of ministers, 640, 642, 644, 646, 652 661.
- Original* sin, 62.
- PARADISE, 464. on earth, 958.
- Pardon*, 176—179, 309, 628. and direction, 364. and confession, 163, 178. and strength from Christ, 625.
- Parents*, duty of, 541, 543, 545. and children, 788.
- Parting* of Christians, 690. with missionaries, 653.
- Pastoral*, 637, 639, 641, 643, 647, 648.
- Patience*, 177, 475, 704. of God producing repentance, 27.
- Peace* of the Christian, 439, 701, 981. in believ-

- ing, 688. of conscience, 476, 477. and holiness encouraged, 778. and submission under trials, 483, 883.
- Pearl of great price*, 131.
- PENITENTIAL*, 277—299, 280, 430, 673, 962.
- Perfections of God*, 9, 10, 15, 18, 22, 23, 26, 41, 44, 46. Christian sought for, 683. of heavenly bliss, 492, 501. of holiness and happiness in heaven, 355, 920, 921.
- Persecutors punished*, 417. their folly, 611.
- Perseverance*, 189, 694. in holiness, 191. in grace desired, 188, 190, 347. of saints by grace to heaven, 104, 365, 850, 950.
- Pestilence*, 954.
- Pharisee and publican*, 462.
- Physician*, Christ our, 130.
- Pilgrim*, 388, 400. rejoicing on his way, 321, 478, 824. seeking a city, 317, 329. his song, 389.
- Pleasures of the world* deceitful and dangerous, 83. forsaken, 367, 374. of social worship, 464, 567. heavenly, aspired after, 367, 374.
- Poor*, friends of the, 423. in spirit happy, 453.
- Portion*, God our only, 77.
- Poverty of spirit*, 347.
- Power and grace of Christ*, 143. of Jesus' name, 118. of the Spirit, 426, 703. of faith, 165. of the gospel, 146. of Christians through Christ, 444, 698.
- Practical atheism*, 30, 150. religion, 165. tendency of the gospel, 191.
- PRAISE TO CHRIST*, 135—141, 964.
- PRAISE, UNIVERSAL*, 53—60.
- Praise to God*, 506. for creation, 109. to the Redeemer, 77, 120, 135—137, 140, 150, 949. for redemption, 28, 109, 138, 326. for daily preservation, 743, 750. for private deliverances, 583. for the gospel, 147. for health restored, 812, 813. and prayer, 513. for hearing prayer, 994. for rain, 525. from all saints, 416, 569. from all nations, 568. universal and rejoicing, 505, 507, 513, 514, 520, 522, 526, 626, 662. through all ages, 56.
- PRAYER*, 662—677. Lord's, 666, 667, 676. of believers, 429, 564, 576. for unbelievers, 669. for help to pray, 670. for holy fire, 674, 680. for victory, 585, 678, 681, 682.

- PRAYER and WATCHFULNESS**, 678—687, 388, 390.  
 for direction, 67. for Christ's presence, 558,  
 574. to be kept from backsliding, 327. to  
 the Spirit, 420, 421, 425, 428, 556. for op-  
 posers of revivals, 554. for deliverance, 279.  
 for a revival, 553, 559. exhortation to and  
 blessings of, 999. before a sermon, 557. for  
 the millennium, 671. for repentance, 673.  
 for perfection, 685. and intercession, 429,  
 564, 576. and thanksgiving, 520. for chil-  
 dren, 541. with reading the Scriptures, 68.
- PRAYER and CONFERENCE MEETINGS**, 981—1000.  
*Preaching* pleasing and profitable, 143.  
*Precious* promises, 195.  
*Preparation* of the heart, 499. for death, 975.  
 desired, 822. for heaven, 914, 921.
- Presence* of God in worship, 4, 532, 537. light  
 to the soul in darkness, 70, 373. our life, 77,  
 672. support in death, 822, 873. makes  
 heaven, 386, 672.
- Preservation* in public dangers, 615. of our  
 lives, 49, 743, 750. of the faithful, 365.
- Presumption* and despair, 70.
- Pride*, 385. and humility, 462. atheism and  
 oppression punished, 798.
- Prison* of the body, 593, 869, 878.
- Prisoners* of hope, 497.
- Privileges* of the living, 839. of the gospel val-  
 ued, 143.
- Prodigal* son, 281, 303.
- Professions* insincere, 213, 215.
- PROMISCUOUS**, 948—980.
- Promises* of the gospel, 510, 701. to the peni-  
 tent, 237. precious, 195.
- PROSPECT OF HEAVEN**, 820—837, 319.
- Prosperity* and adversity, 883. dangerous, 536.  
 of sinners vain, 78, 83.
- Protection*, God our, 702, 703. prayer for, 681.  
 in sleep, 754. from spiritual enemies, 267. of  
 the church, 189, 617.
- Providence*, 5, 946. bereaving, adored, 883.  
 prosperous and afflictive, 883. and creation,  
 42. general and especial, 525. its mystery  
 unfolded, 52. in air, earth and sea, 40, 525,  
 947.
- Prudence* and zeal, 848.
- PUBLIC WORSHIP**, 552—598.

- Publican* and Pharisee, 462.  
*Punishment* of the wicked, 164, 167, 418.  
*Purity* of heart, blessedness of it, 190, 347. of heavenly bliss, 921.  
*RACE*, the Christian, 739, 951.  
*Rain* prayed for, 762.  
*Reading* the Scriptures, 68, 69.  
*Real* life, 357.  
*Reason*, feeble and groveling, 517.  
*Reconciliation* of sinners to God, 28. entire, sought for, 501, 700.  
*Recovery* from the ruin of the fall, 62. from sickness, 813.  
*Redeeming* love, 109, 964.  
*Redemption*, 192. the price of, 516. praise for, 28, 516. complete, sought after, 490.  
*Reflections*, sick bed, 814.  
*Regeneration*, 144, 173, 174, 187. longed for, 61.  
*REJOICING* and *PRAISE*, 502—530.  
*Rejoicing* in God, 321, 464, 478, 955.  
*REJOICING* in a revival, 711—718.  
*Reliance* on God, 515. on Christ and the gospel, 285.  
*Religion*, 786. early, 777, 780, 781. duties of, 175, 191. pleasures of, 464. formal, 722—725. prospects of, 464, 832. and justice, 411. in words and deeds, 191, 411. vain without love, 470. support of, 191. revival of, 711—718. prayed for, 553, 554, 559, 572. consolations of, 518, 974.  
*Renouncing* the world, 322, 401.  
*Repentance*, 27, 161, 179, 279, 288, 294. prayed for, 673. in view of the crucifixion of Christ, 278. gives joy in heaven, 274, 479. confession and pardon, 162, 163, 178, 736. of the prodigal, 281.  
*Resignation*, 368, 480. to bereaving providences, 883.  
*Rest* remains for the saints, 492.  
*Restoration* from the fall, 100. from sickness, 813.  
*Resurrection* of Christ, 103, 107, 108, 111, 590, 593. prospect of, 857, 975. gives hope of heaven, 104. of the body, 823, 865, 874. of a saint and death of a sinner, 872.  
*Retirement* and meditation, 538.  
*Returning* joy, 402. sinner, 153, 154, 296, 321, 479, 726, 727. his self abhorrence, 407.



*Revival of religion*, enjoyed by prayer, 711—718. prayer for a, 553, 554, 559, 572. beginning, 711, 716. progressing, 711—718. rejoicing in a, 717.

*Reward* waiting for the righteous, 690.

*Rich* fool surprised, 852. sinner dying unenvied, 78, 211. man and Lazarus, 919.

*Riches*, earthly, their vanity, 78. their danger, 211.

*Righteous*, temper and character of the, 347. their conduct, 165, 191. their raiment, 181. their happiness, 822. in death, 854, 856, 860. difference between them and the wicked, 418.

*Righteousness* of Christ, 181, 347. of self insufficient and renounced, 153.

*Robe* of righteousness, 181.

*Ruin* of Babylon, 618.

*SABBATH*, 589—610. eternal, 607. morning, 595, 745, 601. evening, 596, 600.

*SABBATH SCHOOLS* 808—810.

*Sacramental*, 98, 111, 118, 119, 328, 625—636, 990.

*Sacrifice* of Christ, and atonement, 100, 192, 632. the noblest, 129. all sufficient, 153. faith in the, 129.

*Safe* to land, 944, 947. at home, 403.

*Safety* in God, 405. in the storm, 942. security of Zion in national calamities, 798. sought in God, 738.

*SAINT* and *SINNER*, 416—419.

*Saints* happy, and sinners miserable, 418. chastened and pardoned, 417. tried, 189. one in Christ, 688. expiring, 858, 954. judging the world, 416. rewarded at last, 604. in glory, 193, 917. in heaven, 834, 836.

*Salvation*, 185. joyful sound, 194. of the worst of sinners, 190. by grace, 184, 699. through faith in the blood of Christ, 180, 527, 602, 669. and defence in God, 495.

*Sanctification* through faith, 285. evidence of it, 190, 191.

*Sanctified* afflictions, 417.

*Satan*, his temptation, 963. his fiery darts, 403.

*Saturday* evening, 749.

*Saviour*, his ministry, 93. transfiguration, 96. death, 102. his ascension, 105, 109. praise to the, 138. his addresses to the churches, 976—

980. young persons invited to the, 788. desire to be with the, 835.
- Scoffers*, complained of, 798. addressed, 203.
- SCRIPTURES, 63—69, 549, 551. compared with the book of nature, 591.
- SCRIPTURE DOCTRINE, 159—195.
- Sea*, God's dominion over the, 925. the world like a, 935, 936, 940, 943, 946.
- Seamen*, hymns suited to their manner of life, 924—947. wicked seamen, 928. far at sea, 941. driving to port, 943.
- Search for truth*, 67.
- SEASONS, 757—772.
- Secret devotion*, 538, 539. prayer, 533, 772.
- Second coming of Christ*, 899, 904. signs of, 898, 901, 902, 905.
- Seed of the woman* 52. of the word, 575, 577.
- Seeking for the narrow gate*, 215. grace and refuge, 534. the divine presence, influence and light, 677. direction and aid from God, 663, 665, 595, 599. to win souls, 647.
- Self confidence vain*, 698. flattery, 30. crimination, 387. denial, 175, 482, 949, 959. dedication, 283, 496, 700. examination, 460, 531.
- Sensual pleasures forsaken*, 367, 374. dangerous, 83, 362.
- Serpent*, brazen, 170. raised by Moses, 226.
- Servants of God*, their safety, 927.
- Service of God* the highest joy, 599.
- Shame*, 329. of Christ abjured, 371.
- Shepherd*, Christ our, 121, 133, 697, 703, 970. inquiry for the, 134.
- Shipwreck prevented*, 944.
- Shortness of life*, 209, 975.
- Sick-bed reflection*, 814.
- SICKNESS and RECOVERY, 811—819. comfort in, 819. healed, 813.
- Sight of Christ in heaven*, 424, 537. beatific, 355, 860.
- Signs of Christ's coming*, 902, 905.
- Sinai*, 75, 183.
- Sin*, 61, 150. indwelling, 70, 153, 403. evils of it, 407. deceitfulness of it, 155. folly and madness of it, 156. effects of it, 192, 275, 572. abounding, 798. misery of, 151, 201. conviction of, 70. lamented, 158, 269. resolutions against, 27. prayer for victory over, 27, 225.

- confessed, pardoned and subdued, 153, 154, 190, 274, 285. crucified, 391. hatred of, 454, 455. opposed, 175.
- Sincerity*, 178. and hypocrisy, 480. and watchfulness, 592.
- Sinner*, man a, by nature and practice, 150. weighed and found wanting, 214
- SINNERS AWAKENED**, 252—266. cursed, 418. traitors and captives, 192. in danger by delay, 212. the hardness of their heart, 260. must be born again, 300. addressed, 161, 217, 232, 250. expostulated with, 216, 218, 243, 922, 962, 967. exhorted not to delay, 233. God's answer to the, 264. friend of, 124, 125. hiding place for, 276. invited by Christ, 212, 224—227, 229, 237, 248. invited to Christ, 209, 212, 224—227, 231, 232, 238, 239, 242—244, 248, 250, 306. invited to the gospel feast, 196. trembling, 255, 262. submitting to God, 270, 305. confessing, 225. complaint of the, 257. lamenting, 152, 258. prayer of a penitent, 279, 294, 297. forgiven, 309. in the judgment, 212. looking backward and wailing, 222, 252, 258. the vilest saved, 190. death of the, terrible, 221, 785, 914.
- Sitting at Jesus' feet*, 393.
- Slanderer* complained of, 150.
- Slavery of Satan*, deliverance from it desired, 70.
- Sleep*, spiritual, reasons against, 1000.
- Sloth*, spiritual, lamented, 372, 423.
- Social worship*, 54, 565, 968, 981, 989, 990, 996.
- Society of sinners* avoided, 418.
- Soldier of Christ*, 396, 719—721.
- Son of God eternal*, 121, 92. of David, 511.
- Song of Moses and the Lamb*, 136, 308. of Simon, 860, 965.
- Soul*, its worth, 235, 249, 867. of a sinner on a dying bed, 864. must leave the body, 882. forced into eternity, 914. sinking into hell, 785. of the righteous beautifully arrayed, 181. panting after God, 457. in a separate state, 515, 869.
- Sorrow for sin*, 278, 158. laid before God, 296. removed, 274. comfort under, 403. and joy, 705.
- Spirit*, Holy, his influence, 254, 553, 559, 572. miraculous gift of, 427. his offices and operations, 426. the earnest of heaven, 869. breathed after, 423. shall not always strive, 263.

- Spiritual*, apparel, 181. duties, 175, 191. deliverance, 403, 616. meat, drink and clothing, 539. race, 951.
- SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL**, 572, 651—661.
- Spring*, 759, 760.
- Star* at Christ's birth, 92. of Bethlehem, 938.
- Storm* and thunder, 49. the final, 912. refuge from the last, 276. of trouble, hope in, 403.
- Strength* in God, 686, 721. everlasting, 38, 951. from Christ, 181. for the weak, 698.
- Striving* for holiness, 689, 691.
- Study* of the Scriptures, 68, 69, 551.
- Stupidity* prayed against, 491, 684. exhortation against, 1000.
- Submission*, 483, 866. to bereaving dispensations, 883. rewarded, 483. to death, 850, 865.
- Sudden* death, 847. and seasonable deliverance, 483.
- Sufferings* of Christ, 98, 99, 101, 948. for Christ, 347.
- Sufficiency* of grace, 38, 698.
- Summer*, 761.
- Support* under trials, 403. in prospect of death, 823.
- Supreme* good, the, 82.
- Surety*, Christ our, 121.
- Swift*ness of time, 849.
- TABLE** of grace, 532. of the Lord's supper, 633.
- Temptations* of the world, 83. strength against them, 38, 698. conquered by faith, 83.
- Tender* conscience, 279.
- Terrible* thought, 219.
- THANKSGIVING**, 308, 452. public, 583. national, 802—806.
- Thief*, 176.
- Thirsting* for righteousness, 498. to be Christ-like, 490, 492, 500, 683, 704.
- Throne* of grace free to sinners, 177, 986.
- Thunder*, 75, 276, 718, 764. and storm, 42. God of, 763.
- TIME** and **ETERNITY**, 838—849.
- Time* misimproved, 756, 842. improvement of, short, 513, 840, 843, 846. importance and swiftness of, 771, 768.
- TIMES** and **SEASONS**, 777—819.
- Times*, evil, 417, 937. safety of the righteous in them, 798. and seasons, 79—81, 468, 548, 589, 596, 607, 610, 740, 749, 753, 757, 763, 766, 767,

- 770, 772, 776, 779, 783, 784, 786, 787, 789, 791—  
799, 801, 803, 807, 819, 814, 984, 985, 993, 413.
- Titles and offices of Christ*, 121, 139.
- To-day*, (see 246,) 208, 212. the accepted time, 205, 236, 247.
- To-morrow*, 247.
- Tongue* the glory of the frame, 812. governed, 778, 848.
- Treachery* complained of, 798.
- Tree of life*, and river of love, 633.
- Trinity*, 541. praised, 45, 506, 530.
- Triumph of Christ over his enemies*, 618. over death, 823. of God's people over unbelief, 696. over national desolations, at the last day, 416.
- Trumpet of the archangel*, 51. the last, 899, 911.
- Trust* in creatures vain, 515. in Christ recommended, 167. well-founded, 365. in view of death, 867.
- TRUSTING IN GRACE**, 695—710. providence, 349, 402. in God, 682, 696, 886. in Christ, 683, 697.
- Turn and live*, 200, 209, 245.
- Twilight*, 535.
- Type of Christ*, 117.
- UNBELIEF** and impenitence, 164. danger of, 167. prayer against, 285. repelled, 695.
- Understanding of the Scriptures*, 68.
- Uncharitableness* and charity, 439.
- Unconverted old age*, 785. unfit for heaven, 921.
- Unholy souls* not fit for heaven, 921.
- Union of Christ and saints*, 630. of faith, and works, and peace, 165. of Christians, 688—690.
- Unity of the Spirit*, 690. of friends, 544.
- UNIVERSAL PRAISE**, 53—60.
- Use of the moral law*, 183.
- VALUE** of the moral law, 183.
- VANITY OF CREATED THINGS**, 76—83. of the world, 209, 306, 362. of man, 19, 664. of self-righteous, 163. of youth alluring, 782, 790.
- Vengeance* against the enemies of the church, 416.
- Victory of Christ over his enemies*, 618. of the saints, 951. over the fear of man, 648. over

- the world, 836. over death, 866. over the grave, 823.
- View* of eternity, 826. of heaven, 828, 829.
- Virtues* of men failing, 175, 347, 798.
- Vision* of the dry bones, 572.
- Voice* of God in the law, 73. of Christ, 241.
- Vows* paid in the church, 585. of holiness, 383. and promises broken by the wicked, 798.
- WAITING* on the Lord, 38, 177, 364. for God in his temple, 724. for Christ's second coming, 631.
- Walking* with God, 729. by faith, 869.
- Wanderer*, 81, 239, 497. confession of a, 179.
- Wants*, spiritual, 604. of a true minister, 639.
- Warnings* of God to young sinners, 790. to prepare for death, 855, 870.
- Warfare*, the Christian, 157, 316, 325, 376, 719—721, 831.
- War* lamented, 675.
- Washing* of regeneration, 190, 346, 699. spiritual desired, 285.
- Watchfulness*, 376. and prayer, 175, 376, 388, 390, 680—682, 686, 736. over the tongue, 848. and sincerity, 592.
- Watchman*, spiritual, united, 143.
- Way*, faith the, 167. to heaven, strait, 175.
- Weak* Christians not to be despised, 439.
- Weep* not for the dead in Christ, 887.
- Welcome* to gospel ministers, 143. to the Lord's day, 608. sinners to return and be happy, 241. to Christian friends, 985.
- White* robe, 181.
- Wicked*, way of, 242, 419.
- Wickedness* of man by nature, 150. corruption of manners, 798. or practical atheism, 30.
- Wind*, waves and tempests, 59. and storms succeeded by a calm, 944.
- Winter*, 766.
- Wisdom*, Christ the, 241. invitations of, 241. of redeeming time, 841. worth of, 509. prayed for, 663.
- Wise* choice, 521.
- Witness* to Christianity, 144. of acceptance with God, 182, 518.
- Wolf* is nigh, 697.
- Word*, Christ the, made flesh, 85. of God inspired, 65. sufficiency of, 63. its efficacy, 718.
- Words* and deeds of Christians, 162, 163, 178, 191, 411.

- Work* of creation, 50. beauty of, 503. of providence and grace, 48, 525. of creation and salvation, 42, 48, 181, 426, 591, 592. of nature praising God, 54.
- Works* of the law not saving, 183. without faith vain, 449.
- World*, its creation, preservation and dissolution, 50. unsatisfying, 77, 367, 374. its temptations, 83. its deception and vanity, 80, 401. not our home, 317, 329. like a sea, 940. renounced, 322, 401.
- Worldlings*, 209, 211.
- Worldly* mindedness, prayer against, 76, 423. joys fading, 172.
- Worship*, 531—539. family, 540—551. public, 552.
- Worship* of God delightful, 532, 535, 537, 552—559, 561, 562, 570, 572, 574, 579, 580, 582, 588, 600, 619, 642, 644, 723, 960. private, 535. morning, 736. public, 558, 561, 570, 574, 580, 582. before sermon, 594, 557, 568, 570. after sermon, 540, 552, 600. place of, 558, 574. beginning of, 570. formality in, 723. dismissed, 243, 561, 565, 560, 580, 582. and order of the gospel, 536, 614. absence from, 586. longed for, 583, 566, 568, 595, 598. reverential, 20, 40. vain without sincerity, 480. in a family, 542, 735, 737, 741, 748, 751.
- Worth* of the soul, 401, 867.
- Wreck* of nature, 203, 207.
- YEAR*, season of the, 757—766. close of the, 767, 768.
- YEAR*, New, 769—772.
- Youth*, 80, 81, 777—790. its vanity, 782, 790. reminded of judgment, 782, 790. exhorted to remember the Creator, 785.
- ZEAL* in the Christian race, 951, 974. for the gospel, 365. want of, lamented, 372.
- Zion*, its order and worship, 614. city of, described, 372. its triumph, 613. exalted, 621. its safety, 616. its praise, 998. the joy of saints, 566. the wanderer returning, 321. knocking at the gate of, 388. restored, 715. comforted, 620.

# INDEX OF SCRIPTURES.

---

<b>GENESIS.</b>		<b>RUTH.</b>	
i.	50	i. 16—19.	318
ii. 17.	61		
iii. 1, 15, 17.	62	<b>I. KINGS.</b>	
v. 22.	729	viii. 27—30.	4
vi. 3.	254		
vi. 9.	729	<b>I. CHRONICLES.</b>	
xxii. 6—14.	483, 706	xxviii. 9.	784
xxviii. 16, 17.	571		
<b>EXODUS.</b>		<b>JOB.</b>	
xv. 11.	18	i. 21.	883
xiv. 26, 27. }	136	iii. 17, 18.	875, 890
xvi. 35. }		iv. 17, 21.	19
		xi. 7.	22, 23
<b>LEVITICUS.</b>		xvi. 22.	843
iv. 29.	129	xvii. 1—11.	843
vi. 13.	674	xxii. 21.	223
xiv. 51.	153	xxiii. 9—11.	25
xxv. 8—13.	228	xxvii. 8.	723
		xxix. 2.	394
<b>NUMBERS.</b>		xxxii. 15.	754
xiii.	319	xxxvii. 5—23.	22, 23
xxiii.	880	xli. 1, 21, 31.	925
<b>DEUTERONOMY.</b>		<b>PSALMS.</b>	
v. 29.	448	i. 1, 2.	515, 669
vi. 4.	46	iii. 5, 6.	756
vi. 7.	551	iv. 6.	366, 412
vii. 9.	10	iv. 3.	743
viii. 2.	400	iv. 8.	750
xxxiii. 27.	934	ix. 17.	864
		xix. 1—3.	743
<b>JOSHUA.</b>		xix. 5—9.	739
xxiv. 15.	315, 546	xxxii. 7.	276
		xxxvi. 9.	121, 392
		xlii.	457, 564



xlii. 1—3.	588
xlii. 5.	358, 459
xliv. 2.	669
xlvi.	616, 219
xlvi.	616
xlix. 14.	416
l.	78
li. 1.	295
li. 10.	949
lv. 6—8.	367
lxv. 11.	757
lxvii.	622
lxviii. 18.	658
lxviii. 19.	849
lxxiii. 25.	77, 672
lxxiii. 28.	82
lxxxi. 13.	729
lxxxiv. 10.	608
lxxxvi. 11.	448
lxxxix. 48.	878
xc. 1.	886
xc. 9.	3, 842
xcii.	603
xcv. 9—11.	430
xcix. 5.	18
c. 1—5.	504
ciii. 13.	669
ciii. 1—7.	12
civ.	578
civ. 33.	503
cvii. 23—29.	925
cvii. 30.	311
cxii.	359
cxii. 4.	797
cxviii. 19—24.	607
cxviii. 24.	527, 608
cxix. 25.	362
cxix. 67.	796
cxix. 105.	65
cxxii.	607
cxxx. 1.	830
cxxxiii.	440, 442
cxxxvii.	619
cxxxviii. 5.	478
cxxxix. 1—17.	32
cxxxix. 23, 24.	277, 480
cxliii. 2.	166
cxliii. 8.	756

PROVERBS.

iii. 7.	448
iii. 13—18.	509
iii. 24.	750
vi. 6—11.	372
vii. 2.	680
viii. 17.	788
viii. 22—32.	241
xviii. 24.	124
xxiii. 17.	399

ECCLESIASTES.

i. 2.	76
iii. 11.	22, 23
ix. 7—10.	838
xi. 9.	790, 782
xii. 1, 7.	785
xii. 13.	448
xii. 14.	782

ISAIAH.

iv. 5.	892
xxx. 33.	916
xxxi. 5, 6.	619
xxxiii. 17—24.	220
xl. 1, 8.	637
xl. 9, 10.	143
xl. 27—31.	951
xl. 27—31.	38
xliv. 16.	619
xliv. 14—17.	620
lii. 7—15.	143
lii. 7, 10.	715
liii. 3.	85
lv. 1—3.	197, 198
lv. 7.	242
lvii. 15.	475
lviii. 1.	644
lxi. 10.	181
lxiii. 3.	704
lxiii. 4—7.	192
lxv. 20.	785
lxvi. 2.	722

JEREMIAH.

viii. 11.	722
viii. 22.	130
ix. 23, 24.	497

x. 7.	448	<b>HABAKKUK.</b>	
xvii. 9.	268	ii. 4.	167
xxiii. 29.	718	ii. 14.	655
xxxi. 18—20.	239		
<b>LAMENTATIONS.</b>		<b>ZEPHANIAH.</b>	
i. 12.	278	iii. 14—17.	615
<b>EZEKIEL.</b>		<b>HAGGAI.</b>	
xvii. 19.	293	ii. 7.	905
xxxiii. 11.	200	<b>ZECHARIAH.</b>	
xxxvi. 26.	493	ii.	806
xxxvi. 37.	559	iii. 2.	639
xxxvii. 3.	572	iii. 6, 7.	640
xxxvii. 4, 10.	699	xiii. 1.	285
<b>DANIEL.</b>		<b>MALACHI.</b>	
iv. 27.	214	iii. 16, 17.	220
v. 5, 6.	262		
v. 27.	214	<b>MATTHEW.</b>	
vi. 10.	536	ii. 1—11.	92
vii. 10.	26	iii. 12.	486
vii. 14.	655	iv. 1—11.	94
<b>HOSEA.</b>		v. 3—12.	347
vi. 3, 4.	407	v. 5.	453
vi. 6.	74	vii. 12.	442, 443
vii. 11.	407	vii. 13, 14.	217
xi. 4.	842, 538	vii. 22, 23.	215
xiii. 9.	285	viii. 25.	728
<b>AMOS.</b>		viii. 26.	280
iv. 12.	878	ix. 12.	156, 130
v. 21—25.	725	ix. 37, 38.	643
v. 21—25.	74	xi. 28, 29.	229, 230
vii. 2.	555	xi. 28, 30.	232
ix. 2, 3.	35	xiii. 16, 17.	143
<b>JONAH.</b>		xiii. 46.	131
ii. 2.	944	xv. 13.	722
<b>MICAH.</b>		xv. 19.	238
ii. 7.	563	xvi. 26.	975
vi. 6—8.	74, 729	xviii. 14.	892
vii. 7.	163	xviii. 20.	692
<b>NAHUM.</b>		xix. 20, 22.	783
i. 7.	13	xxi. 9.	511
i. 15.	383, 143	xxii. 37—40.	73, 442
		xxv. 21.	499
		xxvi. 41.	390
		xxvii. 45.	278
		xxvii. 51, 52.	99

xxviii. 1—8.	593
xxviii. 19, 20.	346

MARK.

i. 35.	740
ii. 17.	156
viii. 34.	482
viii. 36.	235, 249
viii. 38.	320
ix. 24.	285
ix. 43, 44.	916
x. 14.	660
x. 48.	271
xi. 20.	213
xii. 29.	46
xv. 33.	278
xvi. 2—6.	593
xvi. 15—18.	427

LUKE.

i. 46.	463
i. 68.	192
ii. 25—38.	92, 860
iv. 18, 19.	93
vi. 12.	94
vii. 34.	199
vii. 38.	295
viii. 22.	311
x. 24.	143
xii. 5.	448
xii. 16—21.	211
xii. 22.	701
xii. 52.	902
xii. 16, 21.	78
xiii. 23.	206
xiii. 24.	175
xiii. 28.	906
xiii. 34.	619
xiv. 16—23.	196
xiv. 22.	250, 458
xv. 7, 10.	295, 299
xv. 11—24.	244
xvi. 17.	10
xvi. 19—26.	864
xvi. 24, 28.	219
xviii. 1.	175, 684
xviii. 10—14.	462
xviii. 13.	295

xix. 10.	372
xix. 38, 40.	511
xix. 41.	351
xix. 42.	248
xxi. 19.	475
xxiii. 29—43.	117
xxiii. 29—43.	176
xxiv. 1—8.	593
xxiv. 50, 51.	110

JOHN.

i. 1—14.	85, 494
i. 29.	240
i. 47.	162
iii. 3—8.	174
iii. 14—16.	170
iii. 16—18.	167
iii. 36.	164
iv. 9.	838, 839
iv. 14.	280
iv. 24.	480
v. 2—16.	287
v. 25.	146
vi. 31, 33.	197
vi. 31, 33.	198
vi. 67—69.	327
vii. 37.	238
viii. 56.	445
ix. 4.	250
xi. 16.	802
xiii. 25.	290
xiv. 2, 3.	121
xiv. 6, 14.	160
xiv. 16, 17.	431
xiv. 26.	422
xvi. 16.	631
xx. 1.	593

ACTS.

ii. 1—11.	427
ii. 32—36.	109
ii. 37.	148
ii. 38.	346
iv. 32.	629
vi. 7.	641
xiii. 26.	194
xiii. 46.	655
xvi. 14, 15, 33.	470

xvii. 30.	161	xv. 56, 57.	862, 866
xx. 24.	403		
xxiv. 16.	476		
xxvi. 28.	949		

## ROMANS.

i. 16.	146, 365, 458
ii. 4.	27, 295, 299
iii. 10—18.	150
iii. 10—18.	221
iii. 19—22.	72
iii. 19—22.	183, 724
iii. 20—28.	166
iv. 6—8.	162, 178
v. 1—5.	475
v. 10, 11.	508
vi. 23.	123
vii. 9.	305
vii.	70
vii. 11.	155
vii. 12—19.	158
vii. 14—21.	175
viii. 1, 2.	409
viii. 14.	556
xii. 14.	411
xiii. 11.	767
xiv. 17.	287
xiv. 17—19.	439
xv. 5.	94

## I. CORINTHIANS.

i. 9.	10
i. 18—31.	144, 145
ii. 9, 10.	921
iv. 12.	411
vi. 3.	416
vi. 10, 11.	367
vii. 29.	846, 489
ix. 27.	175
x. 16, 71.	630
x. 32.	439
xi. 1.	94
xii. 31.	429
xiii. 1—3.	470
xiii. 2—7, 13.	469
xv. 10.	186
xv. 52—58.	911
xv. 55.	106

## II. CORINTHIANS.

ii. 15, 16.	646
iv. 6.	330
v. 1—9.	850
v. 1, 5—18.	869
v. 7.	104
v. 14.	196, 647
v. 17.	313, 331
vi. 2.	236
vii. 1, 5.	489
vii. 10.	295, 299
viii. 9.	115
ix. 15.	28
xii. 7, 9, 10.	698
xii. 9, 10.	625
xii. 9, 11.	686, 501

## GALATIANS.

ii. 20.	121
iii. 10, 11, 22.	72
iii. 13.	192
iii. 26.	164
iii. 28.	472
iv. 4.	62
iv. 5.	192
iv. 6.	662
v. 14.	73
v. 17.	157
v. 22, 23.	882
vi. 7, 8.	155
vi. 14.	170

## EPHESIANS.

i. 3—6.	702
i. 7.	192
i. 17—20.	426
i. 22.	126
ii. 1, 5.	194
ii. 5.	184
ii. 12.	78
iii. 9, 10.	85
iii. 18, 19.	101
iv. 15.	126
vi. 11, 18.	721
vi. 16.	403

PHILIPPIANS.

i. 23.	835, 857, 882
ii. 6—8.	85
ii. 6.	84
ii. 6—10.	115
iii. 8.	101, 689
iv. 8.	451

COLOSSIANS.

i. 4.	440
i. 9—13.	426
i. 16.	85
i. 18.	126
ii. 12.	335
ii. 15.	62
iii. 1—3.	378
iii. 3.	291
iv. 5.	175

I. THESSALONIANS.

iv. 1.	729
iv. 13.	896
iv. 13—18.	868, 866, 865
iv. 15—17.	899
v. 22.	679
v. 24.	10

I. TIMOTHY.

i. 13.	629
i. 15.	199
ii. 3.	807
ii. 5.	121
iii. 16.	85

II. TIMOTHY.

i. 12.	365, 403
iii. 5.	949
iv. 7, 8.	850

TITUS.

ii. 3—7.	699
ii. 10—13.	191
ii. 13.	631

HEBREWS.

i. 5.	84
i. 11, 12.	9
iii. 7—11.	594

iii. 9—11.	430
iii. 13.	155
iv. 1—11.	492
iv. 7.	594
iv. 9.	607
iv. 12.	292
iv. 13.	36
vi. 12.	475
vii. 25.	130, 180
viii. 10.	498
ix. 14.	152
ix. 24.	116
ix. 27.	855, 847
x. 1—12.	117
x. 12.	116
x. 23.	10
x. 29.	430
x. 36.	475
xi. 1, 3, 8, 10.	445
xi. 13—16.	512
xi. 34.	665, 831
xii. 2.	170
xii. 5—11.	795
xii. 15.	150
xii. 29.	11
xiii. 1.	440
xiii. 14.	329
xiii. 17.	642

JAMES.

i. 3, 4.	475
i. 17.	487
i. 26.	175
ii. 10.	72
ii. 17—20, 26.	449
iv. 13, 14.	247
iv. 14,	849, 79
v. 10, 11.	475

I. PETER.

i. 3—5.	104
i. 8.	129
i. 15.	18
i. 19.	152
i. 22.	440
ii. 4, 7.	132
ii. 20.	475
ii. 21, 22.	94

iii. 18.	267	iii. 14—20.	980
v. 7.	696	iii. 20.	227, 224, 225
v. 10.	683		212, 505
II. PETER.		iii. 21.	416
ii. 22.	222	iv. 8.	18
iii. 5—15.	51	v. 5—11.	121
iii. 10.	908, 911	v. 6—9.	137
I. JOHN.		v. 9	192, 152
i. 3.	182	v. 11.	26
ii. 1.	122	v. 11—13	135
ii. 16.	83	v. 20.	123
iii. 1, 2.	193	vi. 14—17.	189
iv. 16.	283	vi. 15, 16.	121
v. 7.	44	vi. 17.	904
v. 10.	144	vii. 9, 15.	867
v. 4—5.	83	viii. 13—17.	836
REVELATION.		xiv. 10, 11.	909
i. 5—7.	139	xiv. 13.	854
i. 10.	602	xv. 3.	308
ii. 1—7.	976	xix. 13, 16.	121
ii. 8—14.	977	xx. 11.	210
ii. 17.	493, 694	xx. 12.	852
ii. 26, 27	416	xxi. 27.	921
iii. 1—6.	978	xxii. 1, 2, 14.	633
iii. 7—13	979	xxii. 1—5.	829
		xxii. 17.	238
		xxii. 20.	139
		xxii.	857



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